OCT 2 9 '57

The Saturday Evening
# POST
November 2, 1957 – 15¢

## How Kids Trap Me on TV
BY ART LINKLETTER

**Tatum of the Tarheels**

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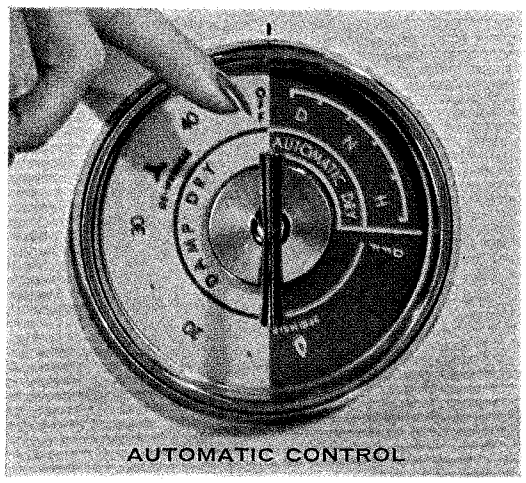
Automatically dries clothes so soft...so smooth...so wrinkle-free you'll have much less to iron!

# Perfect, all-automatic drying for all your wash in the new 1958 General Electric Dryer

*Dries a typical load of family wash in less than 35 minutes*




**Now all-automatic control** does all the "thinking" for you . . . automatically provides exactly the right drying time and temperature to give just right drying every time! Direct, warm air flow gives speedy drying at low safe temperatures. Dries synthetics in less than 8 minutes; a family wash in about half an hour.

LIVE BETTER ELECTRICALLY

**After small down payment. See your dealer for his prices and terms. Most models available in Canada.*

**Fast, perfect drying . . .** any time at all . . . is right at your fingertips! There's just one dial to set because this wonderful new General Electric Dryer is *all*-automatic! No need for you to guess or worry about the correct drying time and temperature. Just turn the control to

**D . . .** for delicate silks and synthetics

**N . . .** for normal loads of cottons and linens

**H . . .** for heavy loads of jeans, bedspreads, rugs

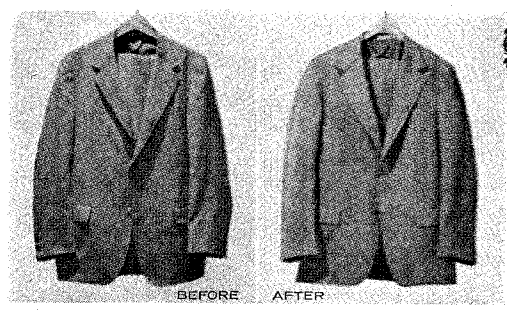
**Other features:** Air Freshener gives clothes a fresh, breezy-day fragrance. Foot pedal opens full-width magnetic door. Lint Guard catches all lint. Smooth Porcelain Basket protects delicate fabrics.

**Use on either 115 volts or 230 volts . . .** the automatic control provides exactly the right drying time and temperature to suit every load—every fabric you *wash*. For high-speed drying (times shown) and automatic de-wrinkling of synthetic suits, use normal 230-volt installation.

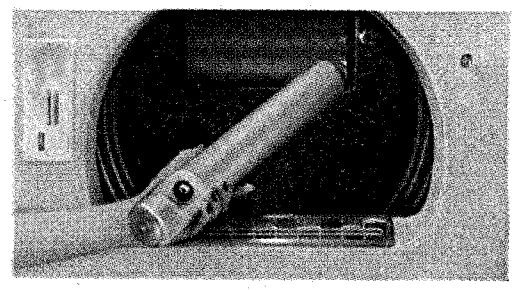
Available in beautiful Mix-or-Match colors plus white. Automatic Dryer Model DA-920R illustrated about $2.80* per week. General Electric Company, Louisville 1, Kentucky.

*Progress Is Our Most Important Product*

GENERAL ELECTRIC




**Automatic De-Wrinkler** "tumble-presses" properly tailored synthetic garments —even smooths out wrinkles from wearing.



**Automatic Sprinkler** dampens shirts, dresses, starched pieces . . . has them ready for easy ironing in minutes.

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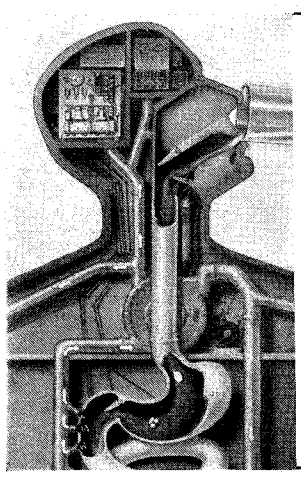
# When you can't take time out...take BUFFERIN®

## BUFFERIN acts twice as fast as aspirin to relieve pain

### Won't upset your stomach as aspirin often does



**1.** Medical science knows that a pain reliever must get into the blood stream to relieve pain.

**2.** Bufferin combines aspirin with two antacid ingredients. These speed the pain reliever out of the stomach and into the blood stream *twice as fast* as aspirin. So . . .

**3.** Bufferin acts *twice as fast* as aspirin to relieve pain. And it won't upset your stomach as aspirin often does.

**When pain** makes you feel that you can't possibly go on, remember this:

Bufferin acts *twice as fast* as aspirin . . . to relieve headaches, painful cold miseries, muscular pains and other discomforts. (Diagram, left, shows why.)

What's more, Bufferin won't upset your stomach as aspirin often does. You can even take it in the large, continuous doses often needed for temporary relief of minor arthritic pain with no ill effects.

Ask your physician about faster, safer Bufferin for your aches and pains. Many doctors recommend it.

**If you suffer from the pain of arthritis or rheumatism, ask your physician about Bufferin.**

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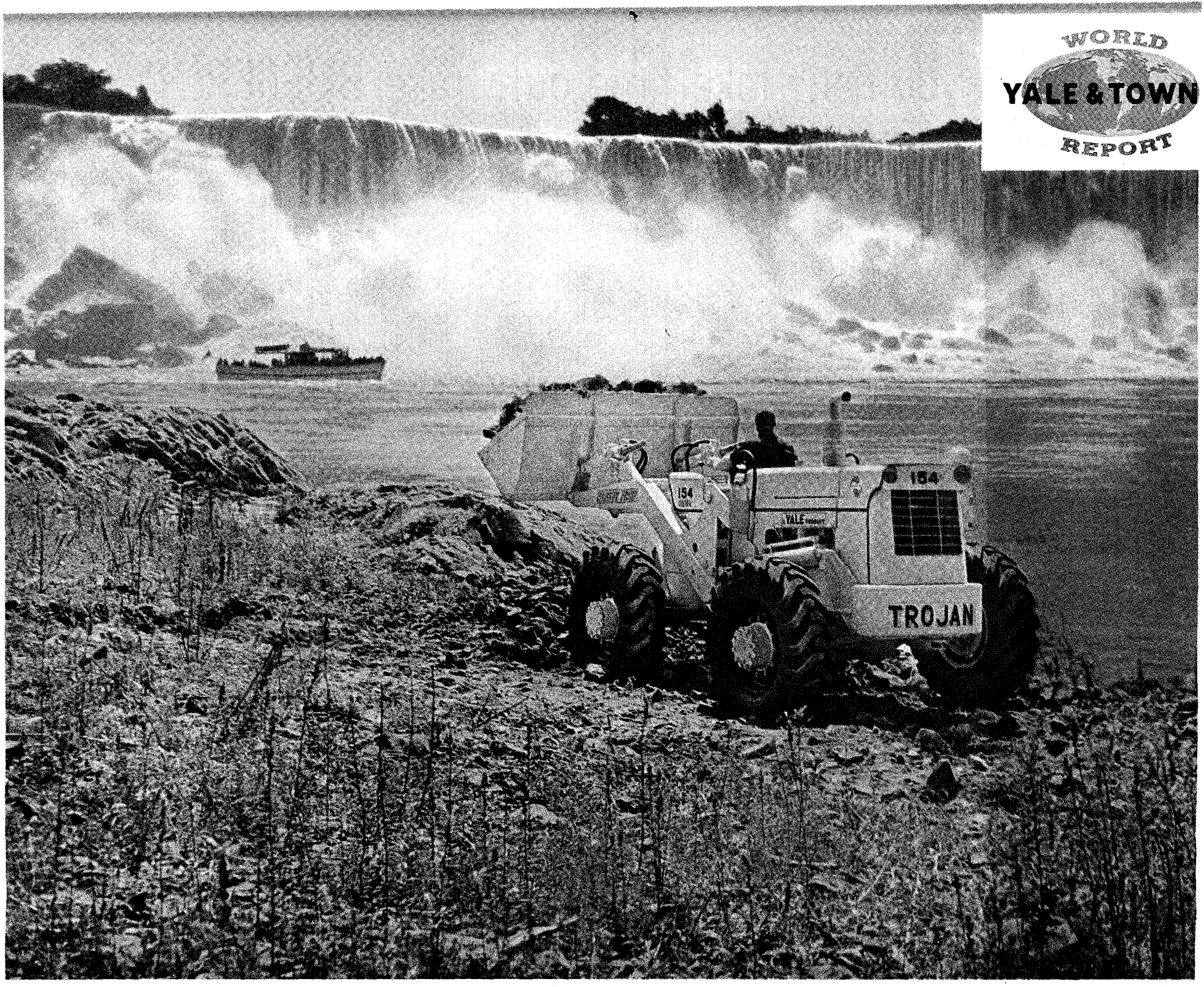


# SEVEN-FOOT DUSTPAN TIDIES UP NIAGARA'S SHORE

Each year 3,500,000 visitors to Niagara Falls catch their breaths as they hear what seems to be the ceaseless roar of a thousand lions. It's the awesome voice of 280,000 cubic feet of water leaping every second into the gorge 167 feet below. This is nature's power—mighty, majestic, turbulent. Nearby, on the Niagara River shore, power is seen again—in the man-made form of a sturdy tractor shovel scooping tons of rock, gravel and debris into its 90-inch bucket. This show of strength is even more impressive when Trojan* tractor shovels work at building roads, removing snow, stockpiling materials, excavating or reclaiming land. As the latest addition to the Yale & Towne family of products, Trojan front-end loaders embody the quality of manufacture and spirit of leadership that have made Yale lift trucks and hoists, and Yale locks and hardware, renowned throughout the world. For these trucks, hoists and front-end loaders are the muscles of man in industry and construction; these locks and hardware assure safety in home and business.

### STAGECOACH MAKES A RUN FOR SAFETY IN THE ALPS

Nestled at the foot of the famous 14,782-foot Matterhorn, the village of Zermatt, Switzerland, is a mecca for mountain climbers. Getting there —by hill-hugging train—is a thrill in itself. Then Alpine enthusiasts board an out-of-the-past horse-drawn bus. When they arrive at the Zermatterhof, the town's most elegant hotel, they are on safe ground: like buildings the world over, this modern hotel is under the sure protection of Yale locks and hardware.

### STEEL STEVEDORES SPIN JAPAN'S TRADE HUB

When Commodore Perry saw it in 1854, it was a lonely huddle of 87 houses. Today, Yokohama is a huge, humming hive of commerce. Powering the gargantuan job of loading and unloading goods, such as heavy bales of raw silk, are Yale industrial lift trucks. These steel-muscled helpmates of world trade and industry handle staggering loads of materials with a speed and efficiency that result in lower costs, higher living standards.

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## IN THIS ISSUE

*November 2, 1957* — *Vol. 230, No. 18*

### 4 Short Stories


New Man in Her Life . . . . . *Arthur Orrmont* 24
The Sin of Sister Louise . . . . . *Louis Paul* 28
Three Days' Leave . . . . . *William Chamberlain* 31
The Crying Cop . . . . . *Robert Carson* 36


### 8 Articles


Kids Say the Darndest Things! (First of three articles) . . . *Art Linkletter* 22
Ivan Goes to Sea . . . . . *Hanson W. Baldwin* 25
Lawyer for the Defense . . . . . *William F. Longgood* 26
Jim Tatum of the Tarheels . . . . . *Mal Mallette* 30
The Face of America: Pirates on the Porch . . . *Photograph by George Burns* 32
Artificial Arteries Can Save Your Life . . . . . *Steven M. Spencer* 34
They Don't Need Progress . . . . . *Myra Lockwood Brown and John Bird* 38
Rezoning Who? (Cartoon Spread) . . . . . *Ted Key* 45


### 2 Serials


Murder on My Street (First of seven parts) . . . . . *Edwin Lanham* 19
Trouble at Midas Creek (Fifth of seven parts) . . . *Robert Ormond Case* 43


### Other Features


Letters . . . . . 4
Editorials . . . . . 10
Post Scripts . . . . . 40
Verse . . . 46, 67, 76, 86, 98, 110
Keeping Posted . . . . . 116

## THE COVER

If Junior should lower his head, he probably would blow out the candle, and then he could make a wish. His feelings might run somewhat as follows: "I wish the whole crowd would get out of here and stop this nerve-racking funny business. Instead of letting me play serenely with the customary toys, they keep tooting horns and exploding snappers and uncurling paper blowers in my face. Now I'm all tuckered out and hungry; so they put me at the supper table, and do I get some nice squashed food and a soothing pull at the bottle? No, they bring in this big new plaything, but they won't let me touch it! O.K., this to them: Y-A-A-H-H-H! . . ." Query: Junior is making George Hughes a fine cover—why doesn't Uncle Snapshot go ahead and make a memorable photograph?


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Send old address with the new, enclosing if possible your address label. The Post Office will not forward copies unless you provide extra postage. Duplicate copies cannot be sent.


## The LION'S ROAR

**Published here monthly . . . Column No. 228** — **The greatest star of the screen!**

After hearing and reading a great deal about the motion picture "Les Girls"—in fact we don't recall having seen so much in advance about any recent picture—this corner made it a point to catch a sneak preview.

★ ★ ★ ★

We surrender. It is everything we heard about it.

★ ★ ★ ★

Cole Porter's "Les Girls" ("rhymes with playgirls," say its sponsors) is a Sol C. Siegel Production for M-G-M release.

★ ★ ★ ★

Producer Siegel, famed for "Three Coins In The Fountain" and "High Society", has hit the jackpot again.

Heartily recommended is this tour of amour and Europe with Gene Kelly and "Les Girls", the latter being three of the most luscious reasons-why-boys-leave-home ever to dance across the screen.

★ ★ ★ ★

This stunning trio is a traveling show troupe made up of such entertainers as Mitzi Gaynor at her sauciest best together with Kay Kendall and Taina Elg, two lovelies new to the American film scene.

★ ★ ★ ★

Kay Kendall in her first big musical registers as a fabulous comedienne, a real screen discovery—and Taina Elg is a standout for beauty and talent and allure.

★ ★ ★ ★

In fact, "Les Girls" is fun . . . and fresh in every department. The romantic complications are novel. The dances are bold. The dialogue is crisp. The Paris, London and Madrid backgrounds glisten in imaginatively used CinemaScope and Metrocolor.

★ ★ ★ ★

It's great to have Gene Kelly dancing again, and among *les men* in the plot is a handsome young newcomer from France, Jacques Bergerac.

★ ★ ★ ★

Of the Cole Porter song nifties, our favorites are "Ca C'est L'amour" and "Les Girls". Of the dances—a marvelous juke box bopper "Why Am I So Gone About That Gal?" and "You're Just Too Too".

★ ★ ★ ★

To director George Cukor, "Teahouse of the August Moon" scenarist John Patrick, associate producer Saul Chaplin, Vera Caspary (writer of the original story) and, of course, to producer Siegel—our salutes!

★ ★ ★ ★

This one is something special. You'll enjoy every minute and every gal in it.

★ ★ ★ ★

Take M-G-M's advice, join "Les Girls" and see a world of entertainment! —*Leo*

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Pete Penn

**Protects Horsepower**

Keep your car's horsepower at top vigor longer. Use only a brand of Pennsylvania Motor Oil. You'll get better oil mileage and less wear on close-fitting, fast-moving parts.

In your neighborhood, a reliable dealer carries and recommends a brand of oil made from Nature's finest crude . . . Pennsylvania. It's the best oil for today's high-speed engines . . . the best way to keep the power you bought.

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MEMBER OF PENNSYLVANIA GRADE — Guaranteed 100% PURE PENNSYLVANIA OIL — CRUDE OIL ASSOCIATION — Made from the highest grade crude oil in the world

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# Letters

## George Raft, Ex-Gangster

Dear Sirs:

It was with the greatest enjoyment that I read the first installment of OUT OF MY PAST [by George Raft, as told to Dean Jennings, September 21-October 19]. Certainly one of the most honest stories to have come out of Hollywood in the past decade.

DORA ALBERT
*Van Nuys, Cal.*

Dear Sirs:

Hollywood is missing a terrific bet if it doesn't make a movie out of George Raft's OUT OF MY PAST. Nothing could be more dramatic than the story of a gangster who becomes a popular movie actor. The picture's star? George Raft, of course.

SHIRLEY ANN WAXBOM
*Columbus, Ohio*

Dear Sirs:

Your first article on George Raft was one of the most amazing and interesting things I have ever read.

NORMAN R. GRASS
*San Diego, Cal.*

Dear Sirs:

My husband and I have seen many of the pictures starring George Raft and we always thought of him as a great actor and always enjoyed any movie or TV program he was in. I am sure we have never thought of Mr. Raft as being anything but a nice man, and finding out about his past does not make any difference towards our liking him. Anyone can make mistakes by getting in with the wrong crowd and if he is a good man now, I am sure he will always be one from now on.

MRS. G. A. PRATT
*Columbus, Ohio*

Dear Sirs:

I am sure I am just one of the many people who wouldn't care if George Raft was America's No. 1 enemy as long as he still continued to make the kind of movies I watched when I was a little girl.

JACQUELINE LOUIS
*Chicago, Ill.*

Dear Sirs:

The "by-line" for OUT OF MY PAST should read, "By George Raft as scraped from the bottom of the barrel by Dean Jennings."

RICHARD WEST
*Santa Barbara, Cal.*

Dear Sirs:

George Raft is neither a good actor, a good thug, nor a good man. Just a study in mediocrity.

MRS. LOUISE KEAGY
*Hagerstown, Ind.*

Dear Sirs:

The George Raft story is very good to read, and interesting, but I don't believe it.

R. J. HARRISON
*Streator, Ill.*

Dear Sirs:

Tears misted my eyes in sympathy for sensitive George Raft in sorrow, almost, as great as his own.

The renunciation of Raft by his twelve-year-old pal, whom he loved so dearly, was sheer pathos.

Unfeeling, too, the repudiation of Raft by his mother. Any understanding mother should realize that a .38 Police Special gat, carried in a shoulder holster, is normal equipment for any wholesome, red-blooded, young American lad.

The degradation and death of thousands of Americans through the activities of Mr. Raft's friends and associates should be viewed with gentle understanding by those who read your articles. Obviously, the lady who stabbed him with a hatpin, the gentleman who mutilated his ear, the other gentlemen who beat and assaulted him, were acting without provocation.

We should be "big" enough to ignore the odor of the sewer that clings to him, forget the human beings destroyed, for profit, by his friends and associates. After all, organized vice, with its murderers, dope peddlers and blackmailers, is a business and, as everyone knows, "business is business."

KENN A. KENNEDY
*Los Gatos, Cal.*

Dear Sirs:

If one is not important enough to be investigated by Kefauver, vulnerable enough to be exposed by Confidential, controversial enough to be interviewed by Mike Wallace, Communist enough to be invited to a hearing, wicked enough to be saved by Billy Graham, then one may brag—in the Saturday Evening Post—of his past juvenile delinquency and evil companions, huh?

VIRGINIA L. FETTE
*Long Beach, Cal.*

Dear Sirs:

I feel that Mr. Raft deserves a pat on the back for having enough courage to write and publish his story. There are many so-called "big shots" today who made their start through the same era, but wouldn't have the guts it takes to publish their own stories.

PAT BENTLEY
*Trenton, N.J.*

● *Because of his lack of schooling, George Raft is unable to reply to the many letters he has received—about 250 a day within the first three weeks—but he says "thank you" to all those who wrote.* —*ED.*

## The Kerosene Age

Dear Sirs:

Will you thank Maurice Zolotow for me for his story BEFORE I KNEW YOU in the September 28 Post?

I, too, grew up long ago and far away, and I grow a bit lonely as I try to explain to my grandchildren "the days that were," and what made them so.

ARTHUR K. AKERS
*Forest Hills, N.Y.*

Dear Sirs:

May I express my deepest sympathy for Maurice Zolotow's Joey, whose father has let him grow to be nearly twelve without giving him a single link with the past?

I'm so sorry for a boy who's never helped pitch a tent at a campsite, where the toilet is not in the back yard, but down the road and up the hill. Where a boy walks at night, swinging a kerosene lantern he's cleaned and filled himself. Where he chops wood for a fire whose warmth is needed when the sun goes down. Where the nearest phone is at the ranger station. (Continued on Page 6)

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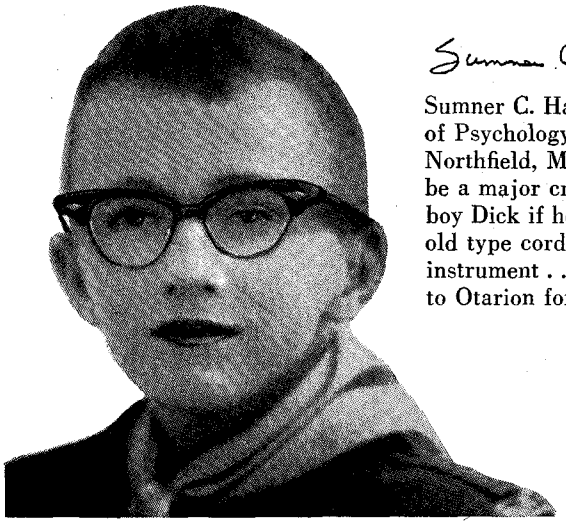
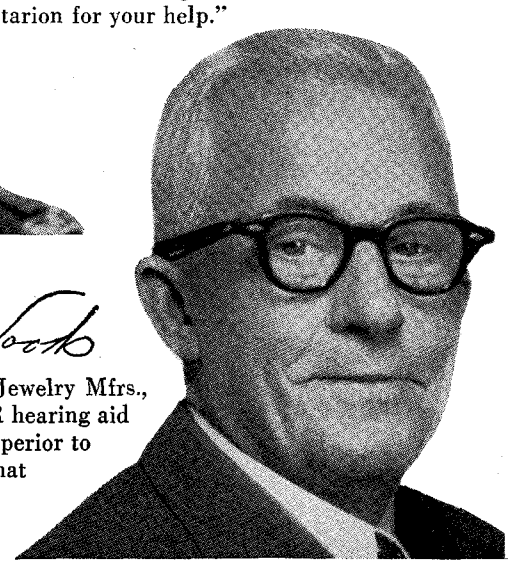
Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt, voted the world's most admired woman, writes . . . "I just didn't realize a hearing aid could be as good as this. The LISTENER certainly heralds a new day for the hard of hearing!"

Dr. Lee de Forest, inventor of the vacuum tube, father of modern radio and television, states . . . "The LISTENER is the finest hearing aid I have ever worn!"



Sumner C. Hayward, Asst. Professor of Psychology, Carleton College, Northfield, Minn., writes . . . "It would be a major crisis for our 11-year-old boy Dick if he had to go back to the old type cord-on-the-neck, earbutton instrument . . . we're grateful to Otarion for your help."



Carl F. Woods, Chairman, Swank, Inc., Jewelry Mfrs., tells us . . . "I have worn your LISTENER hearing aid for several months and find it to be so superior to any other hearing aid I have ever tried that there is no comparison."

**Now at last—hearing with <u>both</u> ears...as Nature intended**

**Thousands in all walks of life acclaim**

## *the Otarion Listener*®

# The amazing HEARING invention that *virtually defies detection!*

**Makes other type hearing aids outmoded!**
**25 years to perfect . . . two seconds to put on!**
**Your friends can look for it . . . and never see it!**

● *Amazing electronic device restores the joy of natural hearing!* 92% of all people who can be helped with a hearing aid find new joy in hearing with the *Otarion Listener!* Sound comes to you at ear-level, without distortion or confusing clothing noises! The nearest thing to natural hearing!

● *The Otarion Listener virtually defies detection!* There's nothing to hide . . . no cords, no ear buttons, no ear molds. A tiny colorless tube leads to the ear. Nothing behind your ear, in your hair, or your clothing. People will look at you, talk to you, naturally . . . and not notice you're wearing it, unless you tell them.

● *The hearing aid featured in international editorials!* Only the *Otarion Listener* has received such recognition! Exhibited at the Smithsonian Institute! Subject of public-service editorials in LIFE, N. Y. SUNDAY NEWS, TIME, NEWSWEEK, BUSINESS WEEK, LOOK, AMERICAN MAGAZINE, TODAY'S HEALTH! Reported as major news story in WALL STREET JOURNAL, and leading newspapers in every state in the Union!

● *Restores the joy of hearing*
—gives users new poise, a new life.

● *Otarion invented the world's first eyeglass hearing aid*
—made possible by super-power transistors developed by the Bell Telephone Labs . . . one of the greatest scientific achievements of the 20th Century! *Remember the name Otarion—it's like Rotarian without the first "R."*

To learn how the *Otarion Listener* can help you recapture the happiness of hearing, just send the coupon or ask for address of your local office.

Pat. Pending

*Our files are filled with similar letters of enthusiastic endorsement from grateful people throughout the world.*

# Otarion Listener

**CORPORATION • OSSINING, NEW YORK**

*Serving the hard of hearing since the 1930's.*

**Otarion Listener Corporation, Ossining 8, New York**

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Address .....

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Rolls on 4 rubber swivel wheels
Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping
The Gleaming New
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Super Roto-Matic MODEL 960
NEW EASY-GLIDE RUG TOOL
CLEANS WITH A FEATHER TOUCH!
Never before have you seen such dazzling beauty, deep-cleaning power and ease in all-around cleaning. The new "Easy-Glide" rug tool with long floating brush cleans quickly, thoroughly with a feather touch. Then too, the deluxe 8-piece set of cleaning tools includes a very light, flexible vinyl hose and special long floor-wall brush not supplied with most cleaners.
The new 1 H.P. motor and twin exhaust produce new deep-cleaning power. You'll like the convenient step-on toe switch, big double-size throw-away paper dust bag and many other advanced new features.
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Beats, Sweeps and Suction Cleans
Specially designed for easy, fast cleaning of large rugs and wall-to-wall carpet. Equipped with throw-away paper dust bag, brilliant headlight, 2-speed motor and many advanced new features.
MODEL 260
EUREKA WILLIAMS CORPORATION
BLOOMINGTON, ILLINOIS
In Canada ONWARD MANUFACTURING CO., LTD., Kitchener, Ontario


# Letters

(Continued from Page 4)

*Our* youngsters would believe Mr. Zolotow—maybe they'd even show him the crystal set they built themselves!

MRS. MADELINE P. SOLMAN
*Albany, N.Y.*

Dear Sirs:

Mr. Zolotow is mistaken in thinking that kerosene lamps are only to be found in antique shops. Here on Long Island, and probably in other suburban areas also, one can buy them in hardware stores. They are generally used, as well as candles, for emergency lighting.

JOHN J. KLABER
*Huntington, N.Y.*

## "Chimpanzee" Art?

Dear Sirs:

The Sept. 21 Post on the Editorial Page 10 deals with the subject of abstract painting [ABSTRACT ART CAN'T BE AS MYSTERIOUS AS THE CRITICS TELL US]. You are to be congratulated for the clear analysis of this fraud. It is also of great benefit to all young students studying art, for it helps them to see through this bunk!

FRANK MOSER
*Hastings-On-Hudson, N.Y.*

Dear Sirs:

In your editorial you have done both your readers and art a misservice in discussing "abstract art" in terms of chimpanzees and critics. Granted that people can be hoaxed and that critics often are more poetic than necessary, is the art rendered meaningless because it receives

meaningless criticism? This pandering to that which is most inane in American life is probably best represented by your cover artists, whose painstaking renderings of Insignificance, USA would usually make poor photographs, much less paintings.

ELLIS N. STORY, JR.
*Berkeley, Cal.*

## Religion? Fanaticism?

Dear Sirs:

John Kobler's article, AMERICA'S STRANGEST RELIGION [September 28] is very informative. But I would like to inform Mr. Kobler that snake handling is not holiness. The Bible plainly teaches "that without holiness no man shall see God." And holiness is the central theme, with Christ, of the entire Bible. But snake handling is fanaticism.

KENNY DREW FULLER
Student Minister
*Wilmore, Ky.*

Dear Sirs:

A prominent Boston tailor once said that a man who wore both belt and suspenders was psychologically insecure. Wonder what he'd say about the two snake "charmers" in your article on the Southern snake worshippers? [See cut.]

MRS. THEODORE E. KENNETT
*Islington, Mass.*

*Insecure?*

Dear Sirs:

The snake cult is what comes of allowing people to interpret the Bible their own way.

MRS. JOYCE BOTTOMS
*Millington, Tenn.*

## Boon for TV

Dear Sirs:

Re your Teleprompter story in the September 14th issue. [SURE CURE FOR STAGE FRIGHT, by Rufus Jarman]. You write about their operations in England, Italy, Spain and even Saigon, but, as usual, you never mention Canada.

Well, we have Teleprompter up here, too.

S. W. CALDWELL
*Toronto, Ont.*

Dear Sirs:

Reference is made to page 52 of your issue of September 14th. Caption of picture of Joe DiMaggio, Jerry Mahoney and Paul Winchell refers to CBS's Salute to Baseball. Closer examination of picture shows NBC to be quite readable on the TV camera. Who muffed this line?

M. L. BLAIR
*Jamestown, N.Y.*

● *To all who wrote in to chide us, we can only say, "Sorry," and hang our vacant heads.* —*ED.*

**Post Picture Credits**

*Reading across pages, then down:*

6–Richard Golden. • 19, 20, 21–Bernard D'Andrea. • 22–Sid Avery. • 23–Charles Schulz. • 24–Fritz Willis. • 25–Sovfoto, UP, Wide World. • 26–Jacob Lofman. • 27–Two from International; Wide World, UP, International, New York Daily News, Wide World. • 28, 29–Peter Stevens. • 30–Ollie Atkins. • 31–Fred Otnes. • 32, 33–George Burns. • 34, 35–Bill Shrout. • 36, 37–Mike Ludlow. • 38–Bill Shrout. • 39–Three by Bill Shrout; Gene Countryman. • 43–Mac Conner. • 116–Sid Avery, John R. Wells, anonymous, Wide World.

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# More to enjoy

*Look—no wires!*

Across the room—Model 21K83 Golden Satellite TV in Danish Modern styling. UHF optional, extra. Specifications subject to change without notice.

**Presto-chango! You've changed channels without getting up!** Only Motorola Golden Satellite TV lets you be so pleasantly lazy. It has the first wireless remote control that brings in every channel automatically fine tuned. Turns the set on and off, too. And has no delicate mechanical parts to get out of kilter. Our work in tiny, tough, supersonic missile controls helped us develop this little miracle-worker. You get *More to enjoy*.

MOTOROLA

# Motorola TV®

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*New light-duty Apache—Series 31 pickup*

*New Step-Van—One of three new Forward Control models in Apache Series*

Here for '58 with

# New Hustle !
# New Muscle !
# New Style !

Task-Force 58 is in with more models to take on more jobs—with new ways to whittle down schedule time and operating costs! With more power to do more work—including the new Workmaster V8 with a revolutionary new Wedge-

# CHEVROLET

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*New heavy-duty Spartan—Series 90, L.C.F. model*

*New medium-duty Viking—Series 60 cab and chassis*

Head design for heavy-duty models. With new ideas in chassis and body design that put these handsome broad-shouldered haulers even farther ahead in never-say-die dependability. As sure as trucks haul over 11 billion tons of freight each year . . . the right truck for *any* job is a Chevrolet truck. It stays on the job . . . saves on the job! Chevrolet Task-Force trucks for '58 are at your Chevrolet dealer's now. . . . Chevrolet Division of General Motors, Detroit 2, Mich.

# TASK·FORCE 58 TRUCKS

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# Editorials

## Why Shouldn't We Favor Nonsocialist Countries?

There is no way to figure in advance what will make the State Department mad. A few weeks ago, for example, the department was reported to be "flabbergasted, then angered" by a news report that John B. Hollister, before retiring as director of the International Cooperation Administration, had announced that, in giving aid to foreign industrial and mining projects, the policy would be to prefer private operators to governments. While still advancing to governments funds for public works, like dams and highways, we would give preference to private enterprise over socialism for ordinary business activities.

What was there in that to be angered about, or even flabbergasted? One answer was suggested in a Washington dispatch in the New York Herald Tribune in which it was pointed out that "disclosure of the directive was considered particularly damaging since it came even as a special Indian mission was en route to the United States to seek a $500,000,000 economic-development loan"!

Talk about service from your friendly loan company! The Nehru government, which has excluded two American automobile manufacturers from India and has been doing yeoman service to get Red China into the United Nations against American wishes, might possibly have put in a few anxious moments because of Mr. Hollister's memorandum, which appears to have been a restatement of a policy already in effect and not a new switch. But why should that send the State Department into a tizzy?

After all, there is the American taxpayer whose money is all the International Cooperation Administration has to play with. He assuredly must have been glad to learn that our foreign-aid policy had begun to favor free enterprise at the expense of socialism. He must also have wondered why such a routine statement of what was originally supposed to be foreign-aid policy, as expressed through the Marshall Plan and Point Four, should have made any American official "flabbergasted" and "angered," in that order. And we wonder why the Hollister statement, which was the sort of thing the public has been waiting to hear, wasn't made long ago. It was just the kind of propaganda the harassed Republican Party has been needing for some time.

## Many Reds are Rich, Prominent and Non-Bomb-Carrying

Shortly after Boris Morros, the composer and former movie producer, warned that many Red agents were "important people, financially independent and often held in high esteem," it was discovered that a millionaire couple living in Mexico had suddenly flown behind the Iron Curtain. They have since been indicted as Soviet spies.

Meanwhile Howard Fast, former Communist writer, made some interesting disclosures about rich Communist sympathizers.

Fast has written an article for a new magazine of opinion, called Prospectus, published by the New York investment firm of Gabriel Gladstone & Co.

Fast tells of the excitement in the Communist Party last fall because of the Hungarian revolution. Khrushchev had sent Soviet troops to crush it with murder. This brutality was warmly supported, says Fast, at a gathering of rich Red sympathizers "in the apartment of a millionaire *rentier*" (a person living on investments). This Red coupon clipper is a woman. She "will not speak to me now, for she considers me to be a renegade," reports Fast.

One of those present was "a businessman . . . whose doll-like wife carried a price tag of $10,000 in gowns and jewels on the hoof as she stood." He "raged at me: 'So what if 25,000 people died in Hungary! You got to pay a price for this kind of thing.'"

There was a woman who "panted with appetite" for a glorious day of death in America. She "slipped off her $5000 mink coat as she said: 'It has to be one way, the only way. You're going to have civil war, barricades, and the workers are going to have to fight and die until blood runs like water in the streets!'" That's what happened in Hungary—but the workers were fighting *against* the Communists.

Even the Department of Justice seems to have partly fallen, half consciously, for the myth that people of wealth and position could not possibly work for the Kremlin. This was revealed in court proceedings concerning Martha Dodd Stern and her husband, Alfred K. Stern. Mrs. Stern, a writer, is the daughter of the late Prof. William E. Dodd, who was American ambassador to Nazi Germany. Stern used to be an investment banker.

The Government says the Sterns are worth $1,250,000. They were living in Mexico, where subpoenas were served on them to testify before the grand jury in New York. In the two weeks before the date scheduled for their testimony, they sold securities worth $532,000. There was no Federal investigation of their finances till after they had liquidated their securities and before they left the U.S.A. Why not? Here is how the chief assistant United States attorney in New York explained it to the judge:

"We did not consider it possible that two persons of their supposed position in this community, he as a man of wealth and she as the daughter of a late ambassador, would take it upon themselves to thwart the objectives of the Government."

The Department of Justice "did not consider it possible"—despite the fact that Martha Dodd Stern had written for the Daily Worker and she and her husband had openly supported dozens of Communist fronts.

A few weeks later the Sterns disappeared from Mexico. Then they turned up in Communist Czechoslovakia, asserting they had renounced their American citizenship and had flown to Europe on Paraguayan passports. Afterward the grand jury indicted them as Soviet agents.

## The Politicians are Liquidating the "PR" Voting System

It is beginning to look as if the ward politicians have got proportional representation on the run. Only six cities and towns in the United States are left with the reform that John Stuart Mill called a "radical cure" for the evils which beset city government. Only ten years ago, there were eleven PR cities.

PR, of course, is the system whereby voters mark their choices for city council in order, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and so on. In the counting of the ballots, an ingenious system of quotas and vote transfers is set up, to guarantee that minority groups as well as majority groups will have some say in who is elected.

PR was first used in Denmark, in 1854, and has since spread all over the democratic world. Britain, Switzerland, Sweden, South Africa, India, Canada and Australia all use it in varying degrees. Ireland uses it for almost all elections.

But PR has never been very popular. Since 1917, when Boulder, Colorado, tried it, twenty-three American towns and cities have adopted it in one form or other. Seventeen have thrown it out altogether.

PR enthusiasts claim that, in assuring proportional representation for minorities as well as majorities, the system effectively curbs undue majority ambitions and preserves minority rights. Boss rule, they say, is impossible under a PR system.

Cincinnati, which has had PR for more than thirty years, is a prime example. Its municipal administration is astonishingly efficient and incorruptible. In 1952, the Citizens Research Council of Michigan studied various municipal tax rates adjusted to 100 per cent valuation. Boston led the list, with a $62.80 rate. San Francisco's rate was $56.70. Seattle's was $52.40. Denver's was $51.56. Pittsburgh's was $44.20.

Cincinnati's tax rate was $31.30.

For all its virtues, PR invariably arouses violent loathing in the dominant political party. In the last New York aldermanic election before PR, the Democrats polled 66 per cent of the vote. They won 95 per cent of the seats on the board. When PR came in two years later, the Democratic representation on the new council dropped to precisely 66 per cent. Republicans and Liberals won several seats for the first time in years. Unfortunately, so did the Communists a few years later. That probably killed PR in New York.

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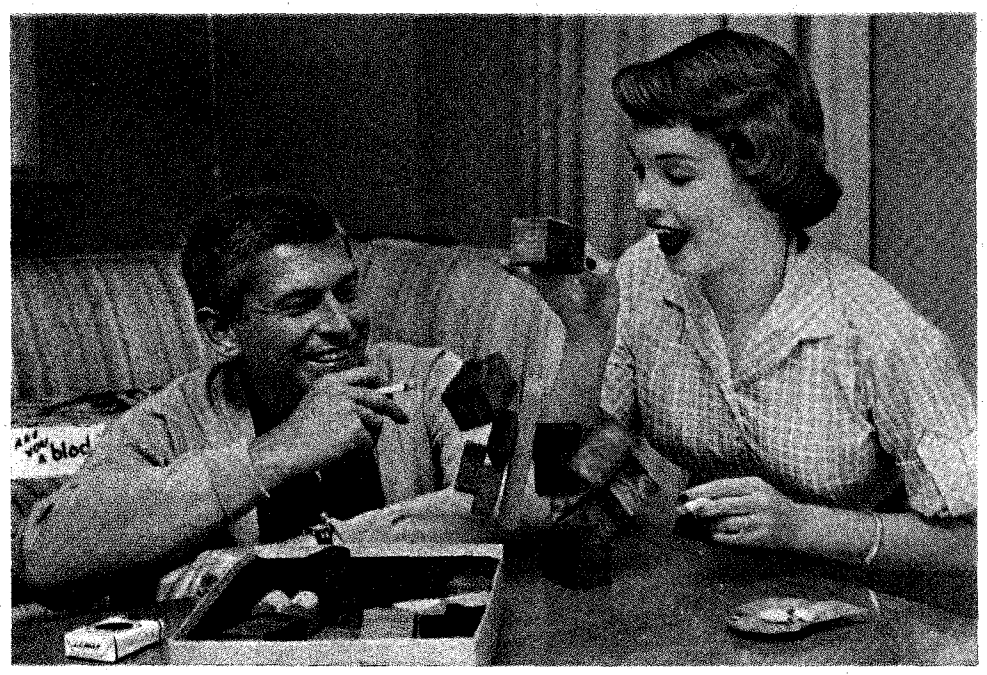

# LIGHT UP A *light* SMOKE— LIGHT UP A LUCKY!

*When you smoke a Lucky, you're smoking light!*

All cigarette, and light as they come—that's a Lucky! It's made of superbly light, golden rich, wonderfully good-tasting tobacco—the most famous tobacco in America. And this fine tobacco is toasted—to enhance the lightness, to make the taste even better. How about you? Want to go light? Just go Lucky!

## THE BEST-TASTING CIGARETTE YOU EVER SMOKED!

© A. T. Co. *Product of The American Tobacco Company—"Tobacco is our middle name"*

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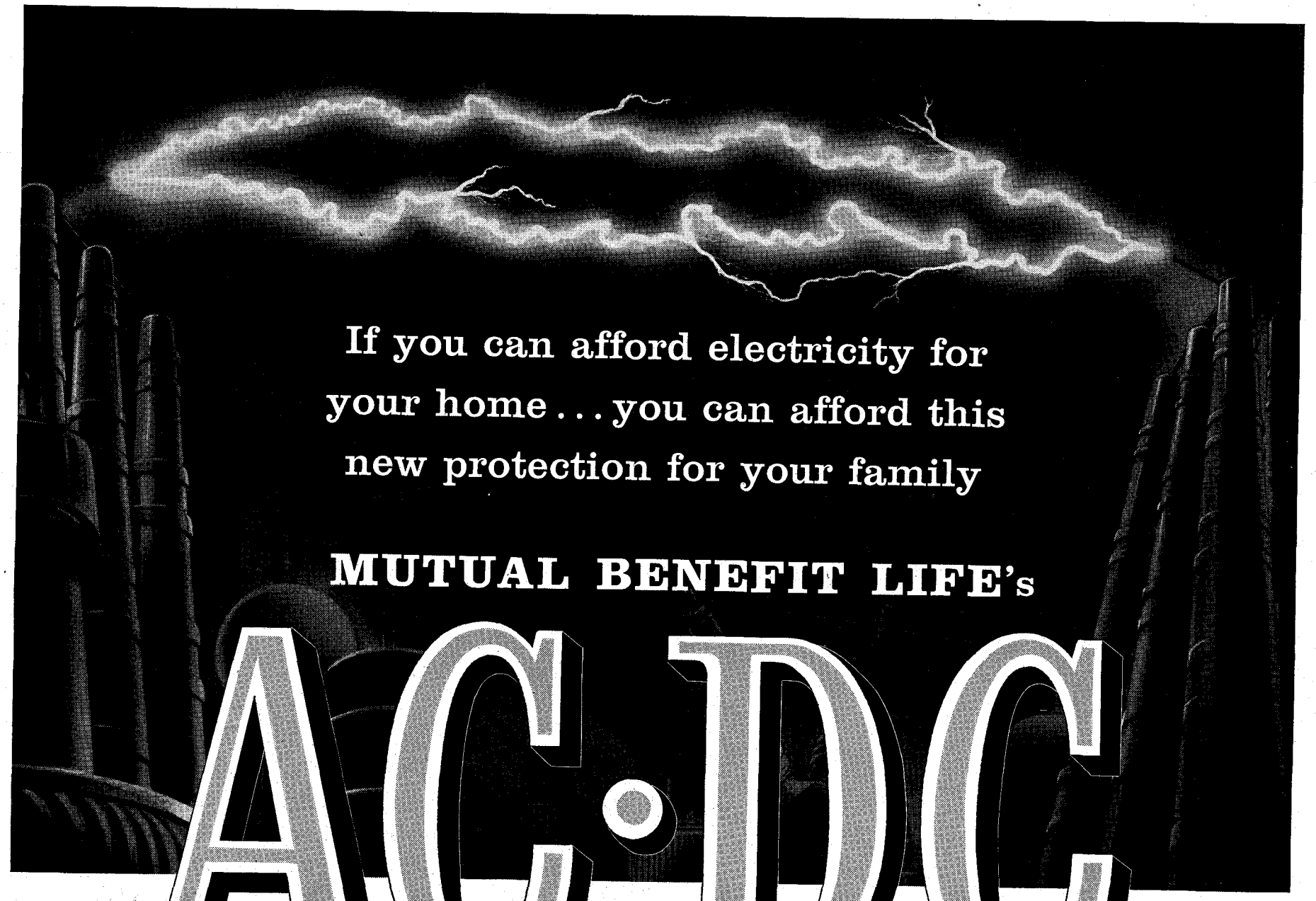

If you can afford electricity for your home . . . you can afford this new protection for your family

MUTUAL BENEFIT LIFE's

# A·C·D·C

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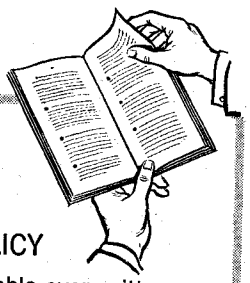
# LIFE INSURANCE

One of America's most respected life insurance companies announces the dynamic result of its long experience as a pioneering leader in the field.

AC • DC is a unique concept in life insurance planning. It assures greatly increased value for every premium dollar—with *the most liberalized coverage and most complete protection* in Mutual Benefit Life history.

Your Mutual Benefit Life policy is custom-fitted to your family's present and future budget needs. And as the size of the policy increases, it costs less per dollar of coverage—coverage that gives greater benefits than ever before.

Your Mutual Benefit Life man can prove to you quickly and simply what AC • DC's economy and protection advantages can mean to you and your family. He will be happy to see you at your convenience and with no obligation on your part. You'll consider his visit well worth your while.



NEW,
SIMPLIFIED
BOOKLET POLICY

most understandable ever written . . .

*containing new liberalized provisions—makes your insurance policy as easy to read as this magazine! Even includes a table of contents for quick reference.*

## MUTUAL BENEFIT LIFE

*The Insurance Company for TRUE SECURITY*

THE MUTUAL BENEFIT LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY, NEWARK, NEW JERSEY

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It's here...a snow tire that's

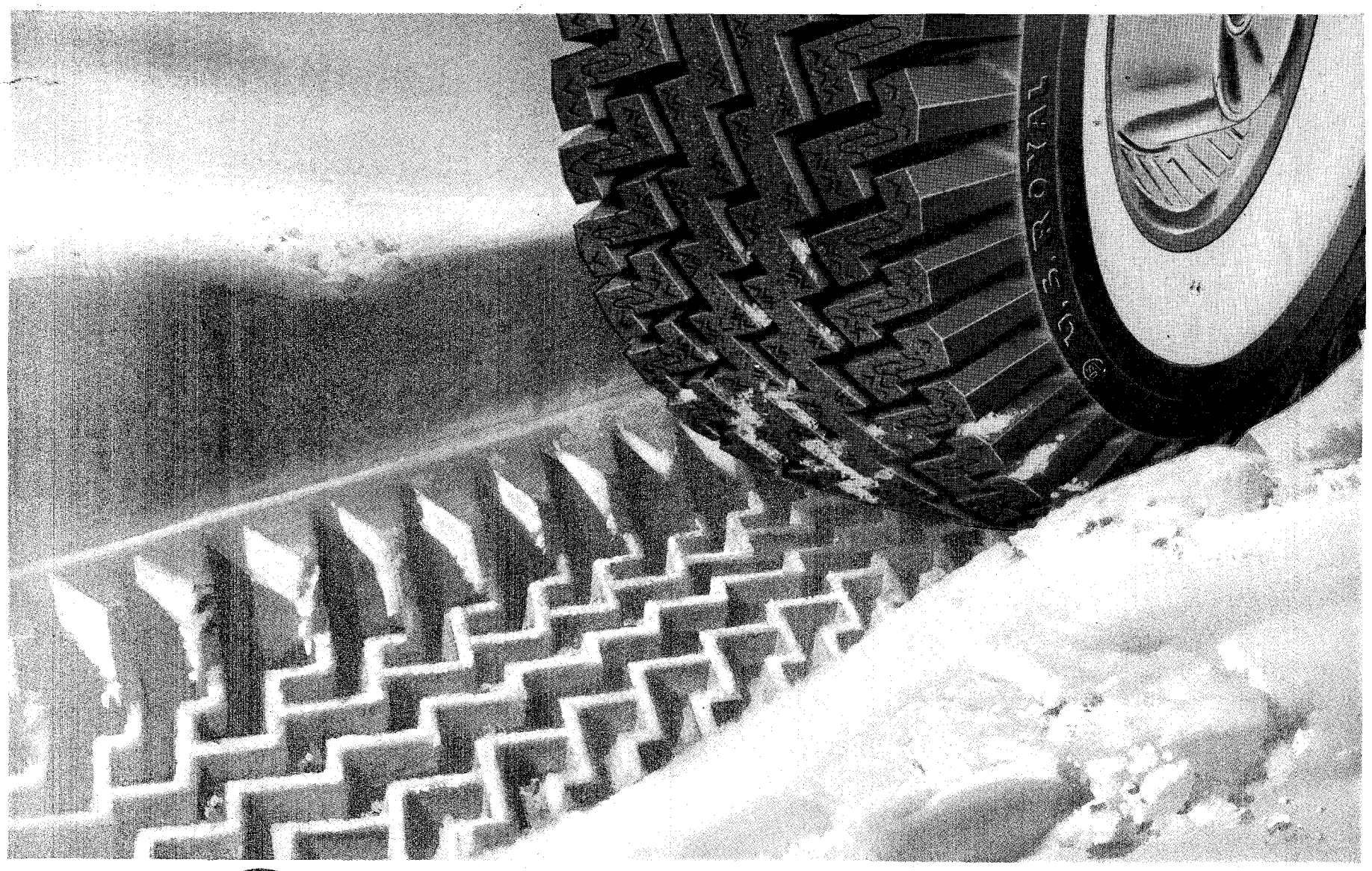
# QUICK ON THE GETAWAY ...QUIET ON THE GO!

Whatever kind of winter you have, whatever road or weather conditions you meet, you can count on the new U. S. Royal Winteride to outperform other snow tires. In deep snow or sticky mud, it bites in, grips, gets you quickly away. On wet highways, it delivers sure non-skid stops. On dry roads, it rolls without swerve or sway and, best of all, goes so **quietly**—without annoying hum or vibration—you forget you have winter tires on!

Your choice of tubeless or tube-type, blackwall or whitewall design. Just $2.00 per week buys a pair. Why wait 'til snow flies? Be ready for winter—see your U. S. Royal Dealer **today!**

# NEW U.S.ROYAL WINTERIDE

the quiet snow tire



US RUBBER

## United States Rubber

Rockefeller Center, New York 20, N. Y. • In Canada: Dominion Rubber Company, Ltd.
See Things You Never Saw Before. Visit U. S. Rubber's New Exhibit Hall, Rockefeller Center, N. Y.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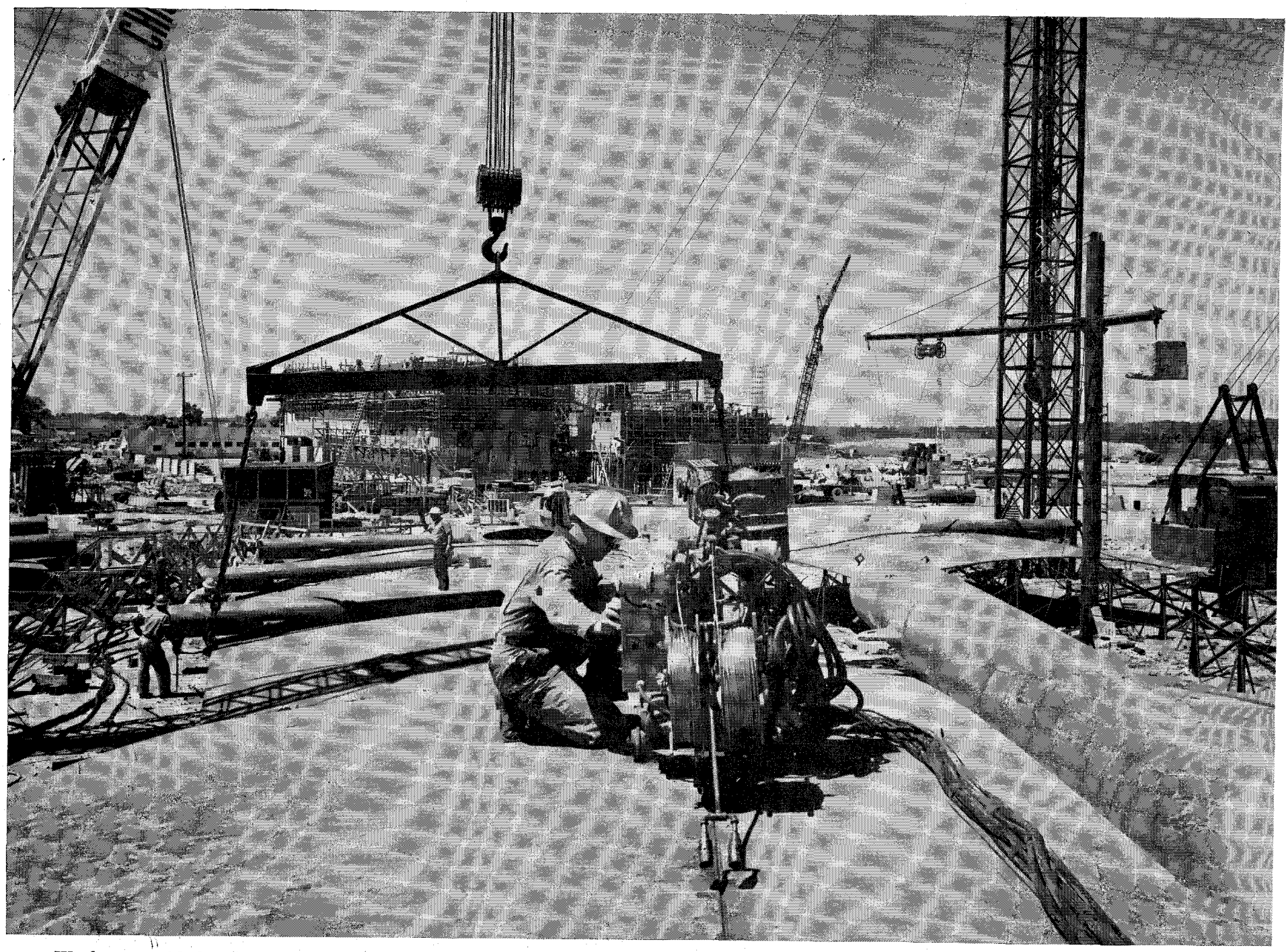

Workmen weld the giant reactor container (foreground) and construct the power building (background) at the Dresden, Ill., atomic-electric plant. Commonwealth Edison Company, 6 other electric companies and their equipment makers are developing this project.

# New power plants to produce electricity

These photographs show various stages in the development of some of the exciting new atomic-electric power plant projects.

These three, and others like them, are being developed by a number of independent electric light and power companies and their equipment manufacturers, and with the cooperation of the U. S. Atomic Energy Commission.

Such pioneering plants will produce electricity for thousands of homes, farms and businesses. And more than that, they will help develop a whole new science. Building and operating them will provide the knowledge and experience for even more efficient atomic-electric plants in the future.

The independent electric light and power companies have helped bring this nation the best and most up-to-date electric service in the world. You can count on them to help develop the best ways to put the atom to work making electricity for America.

## America's Independent

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The new atomic reactor (left) and electric generator building (right) at a developmental atomic-electric plant near Pleasanton, Calif. The reactor was built by the General Electric Company; the electric power plant by the Pacific Gas & Electric Company.

# from the atom

Engineers inspect a complicated atomic fuel assembly – the kind being built for the Yankee Atomic Electric plant at Rowe, Mass. Twelve New England electric companies, a number of equipment makers and the AEC are working together on this project.

# Electric Light and Power Companies*

**Company names on request through this magazine.*

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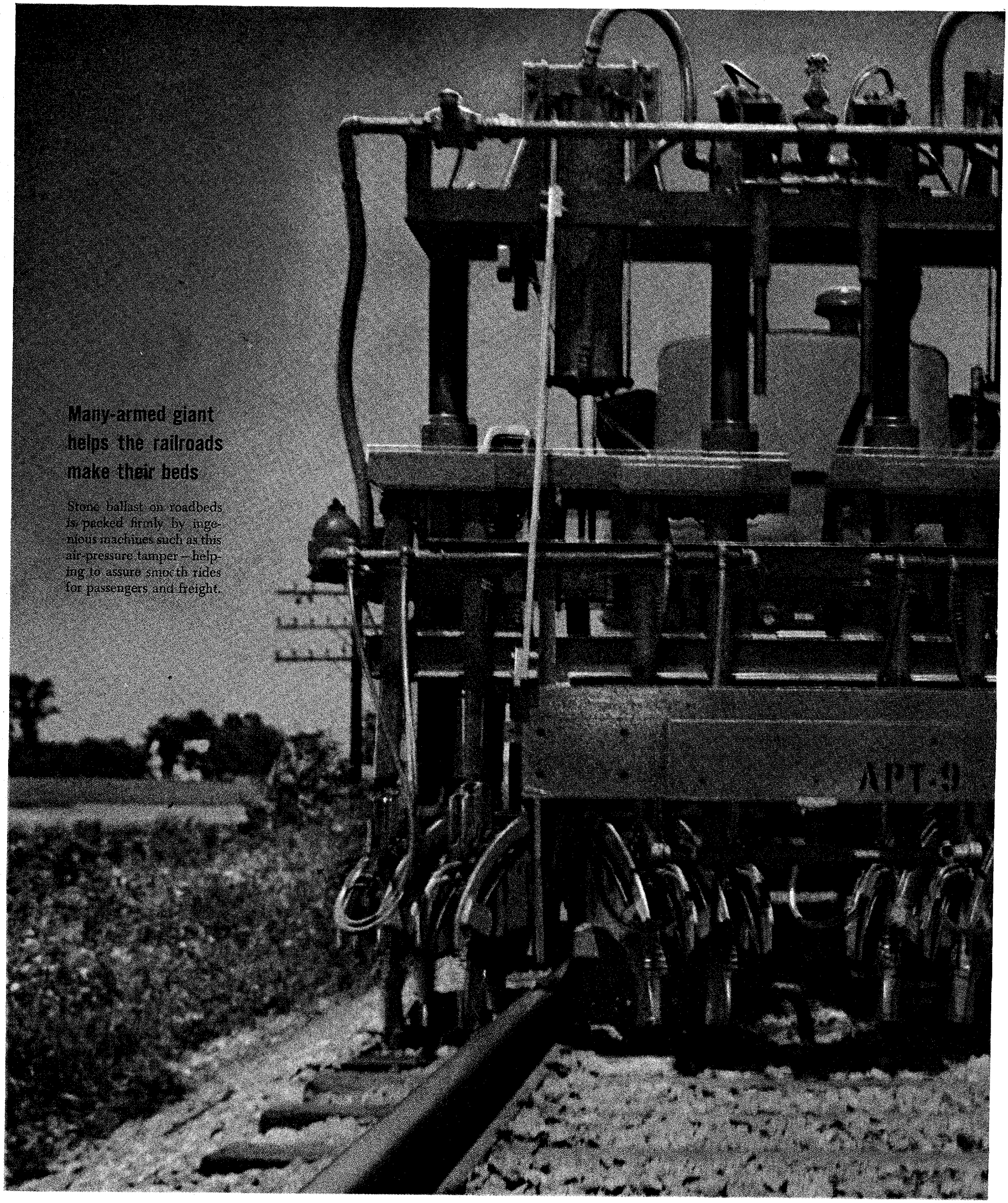


## Many-armed giant helps the railroads make their beds

Stone ballast on roadbeds is packed firmly by ingenious machines such as this air-pressure tamper – helping to assure smooth rides for passengers and freight.

AMERICA MOVES

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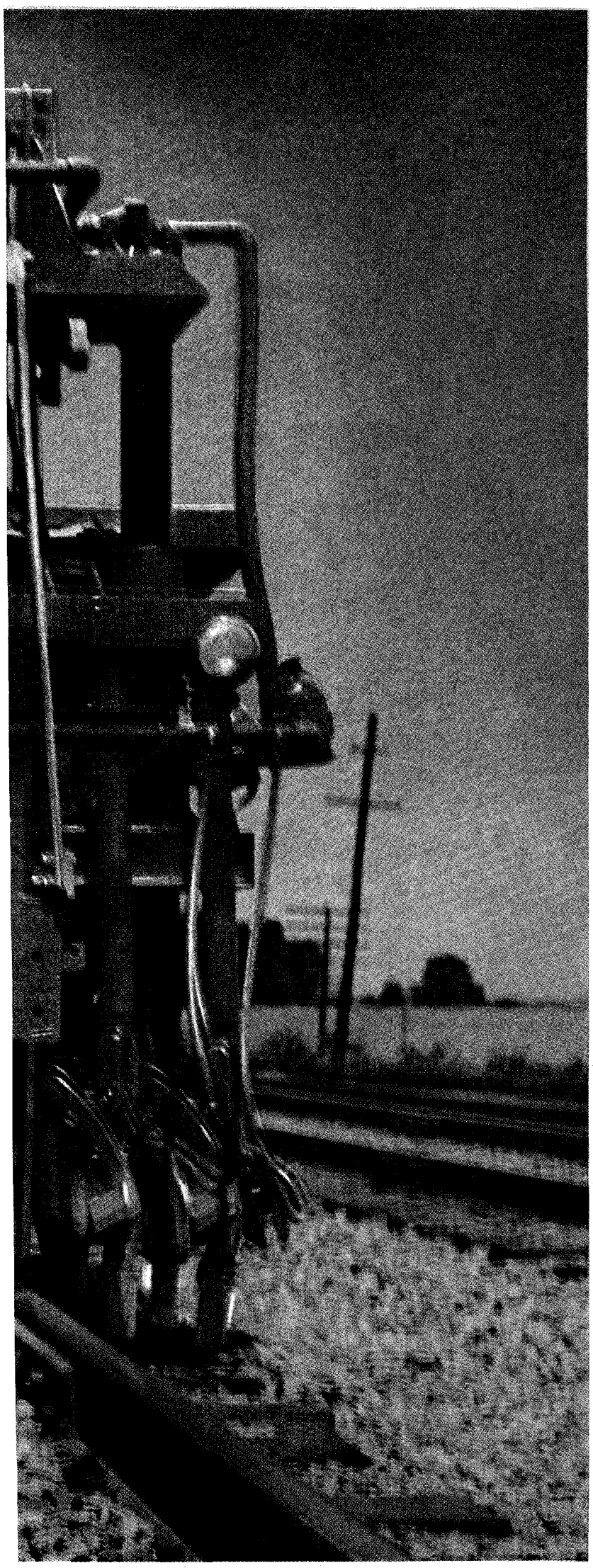

# More Railroad Progress like this depends on adequate earnings

*Isn't this common sense?*

America's railroads have spent more than twelve billion dollars since World War II to improve their service — with new equipment, better roadway, new operating techniques.

These improvements are as important to America as to the railroads themselves. And the self-sustaining railroads are ready to make many more — as fast as they can earn the money to pay for them.

That's the hitch. Railroads just aren't earning enough money these days to put into operation all the improvements they have developed.

Railroads *could* make enough money to do more of these things, for they are — by far — our most efficient system of mass transportation. But their earning power is hamstrung by outdated government policies that favor competing forms of transportation.

As a result, the railroads' earnings are reduced — and the nation loses some of the benefits of railroad progress. In your interest — in the interest of *every* American family — railroads should be permitted *equal* opportunity to earn an adequate return on their investment. *Isn't this common sense?*

**AHEAD WITH THE RAILROADS**

ASSOCIATION OF AMERICAN RAILROADS, WASHINGTON, D. C.

*your basic transportation*

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# Most Daring Guarantee for Winter Driving!

# You Go in Snow or We Pay the Tow!

Enjoy Guaranteed Traction all winter long. Put new General Winter-Cleats on your rear wheels and get a written guarantee that you go in snow or...*we pay the tow!*

There never has been a tire guarantee like it. It takes all the work and worry out of Winter driving.

## Reserve a Pair for Your Rear Wheels Now!

Don't wait for the first storm to bog you down. See your General Tire Dealer now. He will reserve a pair in the proper size.

THE

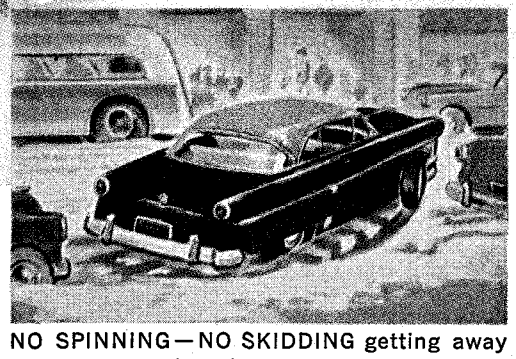
# GENERAL

## Winter-Cleat

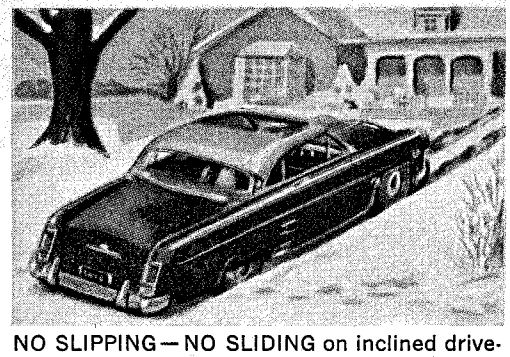
**Tubeless or Tube Type • White or Black Sidewalls**

Made with NYGEN® Cord

THE GENERAL TIRE



NO SPINNING—NO SKIDDING getting away from ice-rutted curbs. General Winter-Cleat power-traction pulls you away easily, quickly.



NO SLIPPING—NO SLIDING on inclined driveways. General Winter-Cleat power-traction makes the going effortless.

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The Saturday Evening POST
FOUNDED IN 1728 BY
Benj. Franklin

# MURDER ON MY STREET

**A little girl named Pam was the only person who could identify the murderer. And the murderer knew where to find her.**

***Beginning a new mystery***

**By EDWIN LANHAM**

"Pop, what time?" Pam's sleepy voice called.

"Roll out, kid," he said. "It's a quarter to eight."

In his dressing robe, Bruce Carter went into the kitchen to start their breakfast, yawning as he looked out at the new day. It was already June and a branch of the ailanthus tree outside the window had raised full-leafed pennants that moved with a gentle, brushing sound against the bricks of the building. It was a typical New York tree that sprang from depleted city soil, and Bruce looked out on a typical New York back yard, enclosed by a tall board fence and ornamented by a terrace of decaying bricks.

Being a New Yorker was a state of mind, he had heard it said, but to be a New Yorker who lived in the area known as Greenwich Village implied something else again—a state of suspended critical judgment which ignored the soot, the walk-ups, the cramped space and other

The door opened softly and a man put his head out. Behind him, Pam saw the lady lying face down on the sofa.

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obvious inadequacies of one's most intimate environment. For an adult there were the compensations of a casual, unpretentious life, but they were not worth going into this morning. The question this morning was what was best for a girl of ten. This was the last day of school and Bruce did not want the juices of Pam's childhood baked away on New York's summer streets.

She would be going away to summer camp for the month of July, which recalled to Bruce that he had some shopping to do for her and that he had to find someone to sew name labels into her clothes. Maybe the laundry would do it; he hated to ask anything extra of Mrs. Nelson, the housekeeper. He sighed heavily. It was over a year since Pam's mother had died and the days of readjustment had come and gone, but sometimes little things brought the sorrow back and made him feel again desolated and unsuited entirely to his responsibilities—little things such as sewing labels in her clothes.

While she was away at camp, he thought, he would see about renting a house in the suburbs. Pam was growing up, entering a feminine world that presented problems to a man who bore alone the responsibility of parental guidance and control and of simply making life the fun it ought to be for a child.

Basically he had arranged their lives pretty well, he thought as he set about preparing Pamela's breakfast. He was always up to see her off to school and at three o'clock in the afternoon the housekeeper came in, readied the apartment, cooked dinner for Pam and looked after her until Bruce came home at night. He was usually there in time to help her with her homework, but she had the long hours of the afternoon to remind her that her father was now all she had.

But it was imperative to get her out of this shabby sublet apartment in the Village. He had thought himself lucky to find a furnished place last fall when he had brought Pam home from France. A readymade home, a new school, a changed environment—these were what a motherless child had needed. Bruce remembered his feeling of gratitude and release when Arthur Cole had offered him the job as city editor of the New York Express. Cole was a hard-fisted man, a product of the Midwestern school of journalism, who had married the niece of Ezra Vincent—known as the Old Man in the fifteen city rooms of his chain of newspapers—and Cole was not noted for a sympathetic interest in the problems of his subordinates.

But Cole had toured Europe the previous summer, reorganizing the foreign bureaus of the newspaper chain, and on the terrace of a Paris café, with a small stack of price-marked saucers under his brandy and soda, he had poked Bruce's shoulder with his forefinger and said, "I want you in New York." Bruce's wife had died only a few weeks before, after a long illness, and Arthur Cole must have known what a problem it had been to run the Paris bureau and at the same time solace and cherish a bereaved child in a foreign city.

Pam came into the kitchen now, dressed in the serviceable gray uniform of the private school she attended, and slid onto her chair. Bruce sat with her at the table in the small kitchen, but coffee was all he was prepared to take so early in the morning. He puffed his cigarette and watched Pam make her way through cereal, toast and bacon and eggs. She was a delicate child, with slightly slanted eyes that gave her face a mischievous, elfin expression, but her appetite was prodigious.

"I saw a lady yesterday who wants to talk to you, pop," she said as she finished up the last bite of bacon. "I got to talking to her when I sat down on her stoop to fasten my skate."

He frowned reprovingly. The child went everywhere on her roller skates, and while Greenwich Village in the daytime was much like a small town, neighborly and slow-paced, still it was in the heart of a great and unpredictable city. He said firmly, "You mustn't talk to just anybody. Be polite, of course, but go on about your business."

"Sure," Pam said. "I did."

"Why does she want to talk to me?"

"Because you're a newspaperman and she has a story she wants to tell you."

"If she knows I'm a newspaperman, you must have told her all about yourself. I don't call that going about your business."

"She was reading the Express, you see," Pam said. "She buys her paper at Mr. Silver's store, the same as you do, and I just told her that my father ran that paper."

He smiled. "Don't go around saying I run it, kid. A city editor is just a cog in a big machine. It's one of fifteen papers. It's a big chain."

"Of course, I know old Mr. Vincent owns it," Pamela said. "But you're the one who decides what they're going to print. Pop, will you talk to the lady?"

"What's her name?"

Pam shook her head. "I forget, pop, but she lives right here on our street, on the other side near the corner."

She gulped orange juice, bounced up from her chair and snatched a banana in one hand and the battered dispatch case in which she carried her schoolbooks in the other and clattered down the stairs.

There was always a letdown in the morning after Pam had gone to school, and today the summer's first heat wave had enveloped the city in a stifling blanket of moist, motionless air that further depressed Bruce. This sublet apartment was not a home; it was only a temporary roost for a lonely man and his motherless daughter, and the rented furniture reminded him accusingly that he had not yet put a solid foundation under Pam's feet. He sighed as he finished his coffee.

Later in the morning, while Bruce was shaving, Arthur Cole telephoned and said in his brusque, strong voice, "Hello, Carter. Didn't get you up, I hope. I'm calling to see if you're free for lunch today. One o'clock. I know you're busy then, but Mr. Ezra Vincent is in town and he wants to see you."

"Naturally I'll be free," Bruce said.

The editor lowered his voice a little. "Please get up to my office at one o'clock sharp, and I ought to warn you—no cocktails. You know how the Old Man feels about strong liquors."

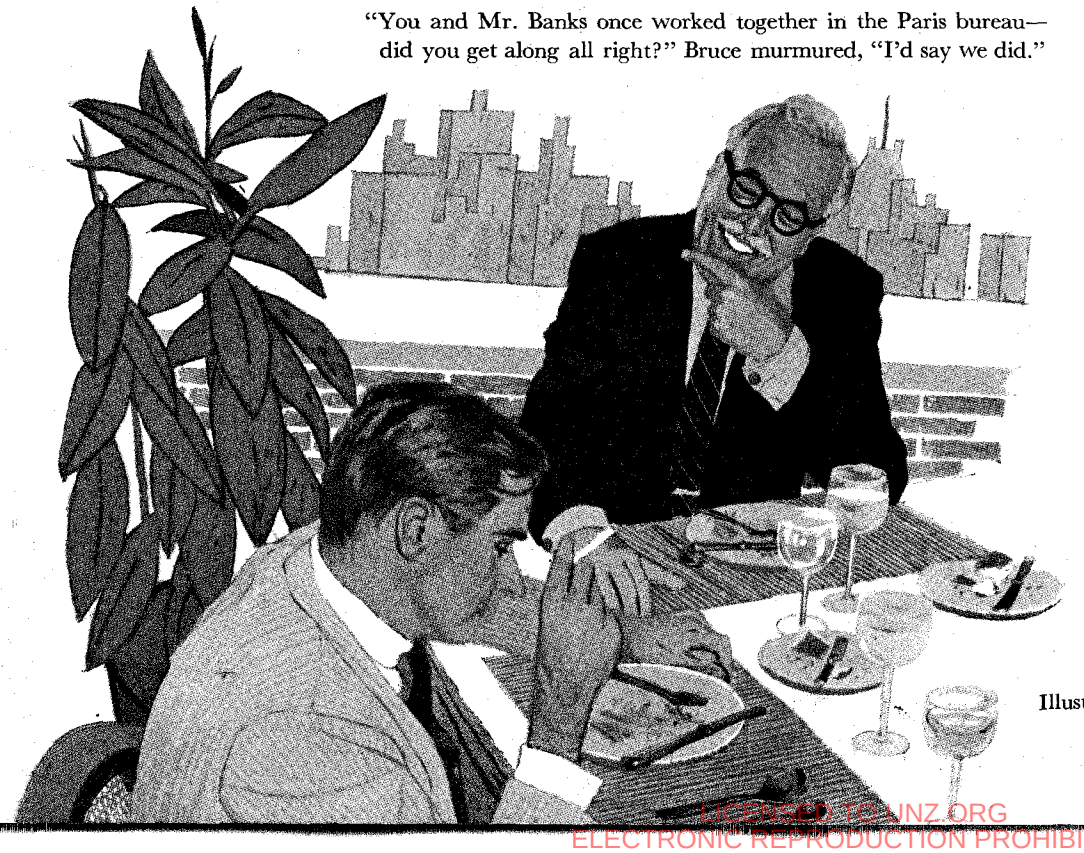
"I stand forewarned," Bruce said.

"So if you need to fortify yourself, do it before you come up," Arthur Cole advised. "O.K., see you at one."

The editor had given no hint of what was in the wind, and Bruce returned to the bathroom and frowned at his reflection in the mirror. Ezra Vincent spent his winters in Florida, his summers on an island off the Maine coast, and in the spring and fall he visited the fifteen separate cities where his newspapers were published. His visits generally were dreaded by the staff. They meant evaluations, changes, bursts of panicky activity. On his last visit to the Express, he had moved Arthur Cole in as editor, but that had been expected—Cole was married to his niece and had been a sort of trouble-shooter for years, moving from one paper to another in the chain. Bruce did not know what this visit portended, but he had an idea. Gordon Gilman had been managing editor of the Express for five years and lately, as circulation and advertising figures had been slipping, Gordon had shown signs of strain and panic.

Gilman was not an easy man to get along with, but today Bruce felt sorry for him. By and large, he had done well enough and only recently had he made obvious mistakes of judgment—only recently, since Harry Banks had been watching every move he made. In the city room they called Harry the "hatchet man." He held the vague title of assistant to the editor and (Continued on Page 94)

"You and Mr. Banks once worked together in the Paris bureau—did you get along all right?" Bruce murmured, "I'd say we did."



Illustrated by Bernard D'Andrea

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Adele Sharp said, "I've been lying in wait for you. Do you mind?"

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# Kids Say the Darndest Things!

One of TV's best-known stars tells how he has been stunned by the uninhibited remarks of the kids who have appeared on his programs. Example: "I've got a secret," said one little boy. "My dad and mother's getting married next Tuesday."

By ART LINKLETTER

Over a nationwide TV hookup, a young lady gives the author her definition of a grandmother: "A nice old gray-haired lady who keeps your Mommie from spanking you."

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Part One

It all began back in 1941, with the voice of a four-year-old boy on my radio show in San Francisco.

"I got a pet spider in a box that eats butterflies," the boy confided. "I know he eats 'em because I put one in at night and there was nothing left in the morning but a big pile of butterfly bones."

The child was my little son, Jack, talking via a tape recording I'd made at home. Just for fun, I had inserted some of Jack's childish prattling into my late-evening show. ("If I was an elefunk, I'd be a fireman, 'cause then I could squirt fire out with my nose.") To my surprise, the station was bombarded with mail. The thoughts of a very young mind had fascinated listeners, and they wrote in demanding more. Naturally, I obliged.

For a while I was able to supply the program with the ad-libs from my own family of five youngsters. But I soon had to widen my source of supply. By now I have interviewed about 15,000 youngsters on my daily CBS House Party show. Day after day, the kids rock me back.

"Is this your favorite dress?"

"No, it's an old one."

"Why did you wear it?"

"Because my mother didn't want me to wear any of my nice new dresses to your old program and get them dirty."

One young man told me, "I'm from Texas, the most wonderful place in the world."

"What do you miss about it?"

"The snakes," he said, "and sandstorms."

Another tiny guest on my program was nursing a sore mouth. I asked what happened.

"I ran into a hot marshmallow," she said.

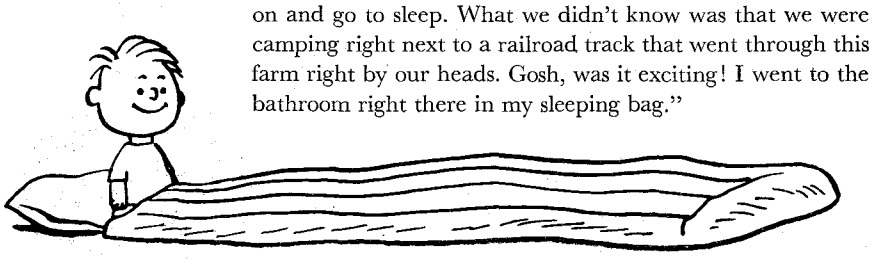
"A hot marshmallow?"

"Yes, I was eating on one part and didn't notice the other part was on fire."

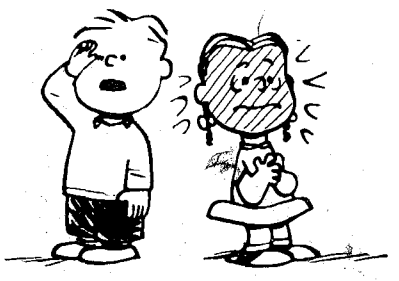
All the kids we interview are chosen from public schools in Los Angeles by their teachers and principals. During summer vacation they come (Continued on Page 46)

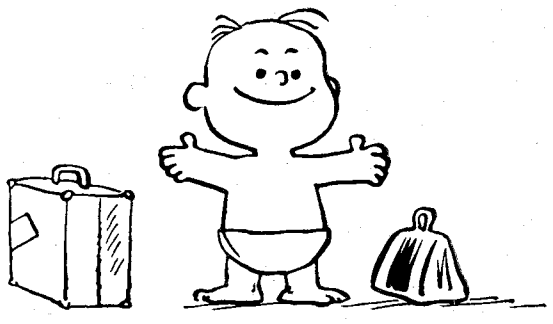
## The Creator of "Peanuts" Depicts a Few of Mr. Linkletter's Little Friends . . .

"We didn't know where we were so we just unrolled our sleeping bags and Daddy told us to climb right in with our clothes on and go to sleep. What we didn't know was that we were camping right next to a railroad track that went through this farm right by our heads. Gosh, was it exciting! I went to the bathroom right there in my sleeping bag."

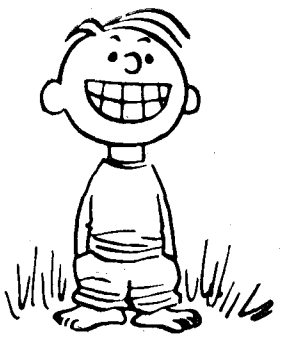


I interviewed a seven-year-old girl who wasn't shy at all. She told me she had a new boy friend. I asked, "How do you know he's really your boy friend?"
"I know," she said, "because yesterday he told me to shut up and go home."

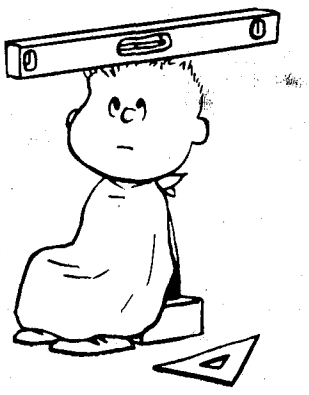




Marjorie, aged four, marched into the grocer's to tell the news. "We've got a new baby brother up at our house," she said.
"You don't tell me!" said the grocer.
"Is he going to stay with you?"
"I guess so," said Marjorie.
"He's got his things off."

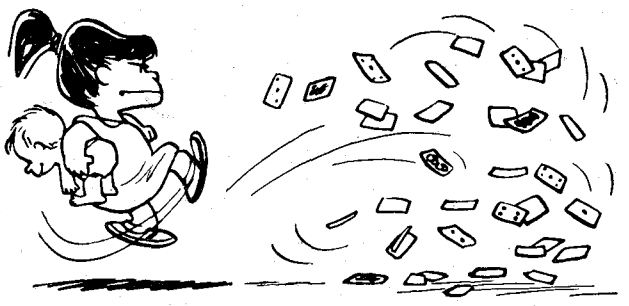


And there was the little boy whose hair was, to put it mildly, very odd.
"Who gave you that trick haircut?"
"My grandpa."
"Is he a pretty good barber?"
"He's not a barber. He's a carpenter."



"I'm glad to see someone whose teeth are so white and shining. Do you brush yours three times a day?"
"No, sir. Just once. But I use Clorax."

According to one of my guests, she did practically everything for her five-month-old sister. "I wash her," she said, "change her pants, rock her to sleep, vacuum, make the beds, wash her clothes and feed the Pablum."
"What," I asked, "does your mother do?"
"She plays gin rummy."
(Mother, sitting in the studio audience, shrieked.)



Drawings by Charles M. Schulz

© 1957 by Prentice-Hall, Inc.

### *He Wrote It Himself*

Simultaneously with this issue of the Post, Prentice-Hall, Inc., is publishing "Kids Say the Darndest Things!" in book form (price $2.95). The sole author is Mr. Linkletter himself, who, unlike many celebrities, had no help from a collaborator in telling his story.

—THE EDITORS.

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Before she knew what was happening, Mike hustled her out of the cocktail lounge.

# NEW MAN IN HER LIFE

By ARTHUR ORRMONT

Sometimes a girl needs a radical change in the kind of man she dates.

Athena Hoyt, wife of the famous professor of anthropology, and in her own right a poetess of note, raised her bespectacled eyes from the book she was reading and contemplated her daughter, Minerva. If Athena, with her gray hair drawn back into a bun, her mannishly cut suit and forbidding horn-rims, looked, in all her severity, like a schoolmarm about to deliver a caustic rebuke, this was more appearance than reality. Athena was worried about her daughter, and when Athena worried she scowled.

She scowled now at Minerva, who sat in the chair that would have faced the TV set, had the Hoyts owned one. They did not, because Athena disapproved of television as devoid of serious content. Her husband, Leander, who liked Westerns and vintage Krazy Kat cartoons, had fought for a while the fight in behalf of popular culture, but he had lost the final battle. Minerva had offered her mother no opposition whatsoever, consistent with the listless way she had been acting lately.

Minerva had lost interest in life, Athena decided, and in a Hoyt such an attitude was intolerable. Wanly, without enthusiasm, Minerva took the 8:40 bus to her job at the museum in the mornings, and wanly, without enthusiasm, she took the 5:10 home at night. Sometimes she went out with Edgar Goodspeed, the young philosopher whose new book had met with such critical success, but Athena had the impression she would just as soon have stayed at home, playing checkers with her father. Minerva was decidedly unenthusiastic about Edgar Goodspeed, and Athena took that as a symptom of her daughter's general malaise. It did not (Continued on Page 54)

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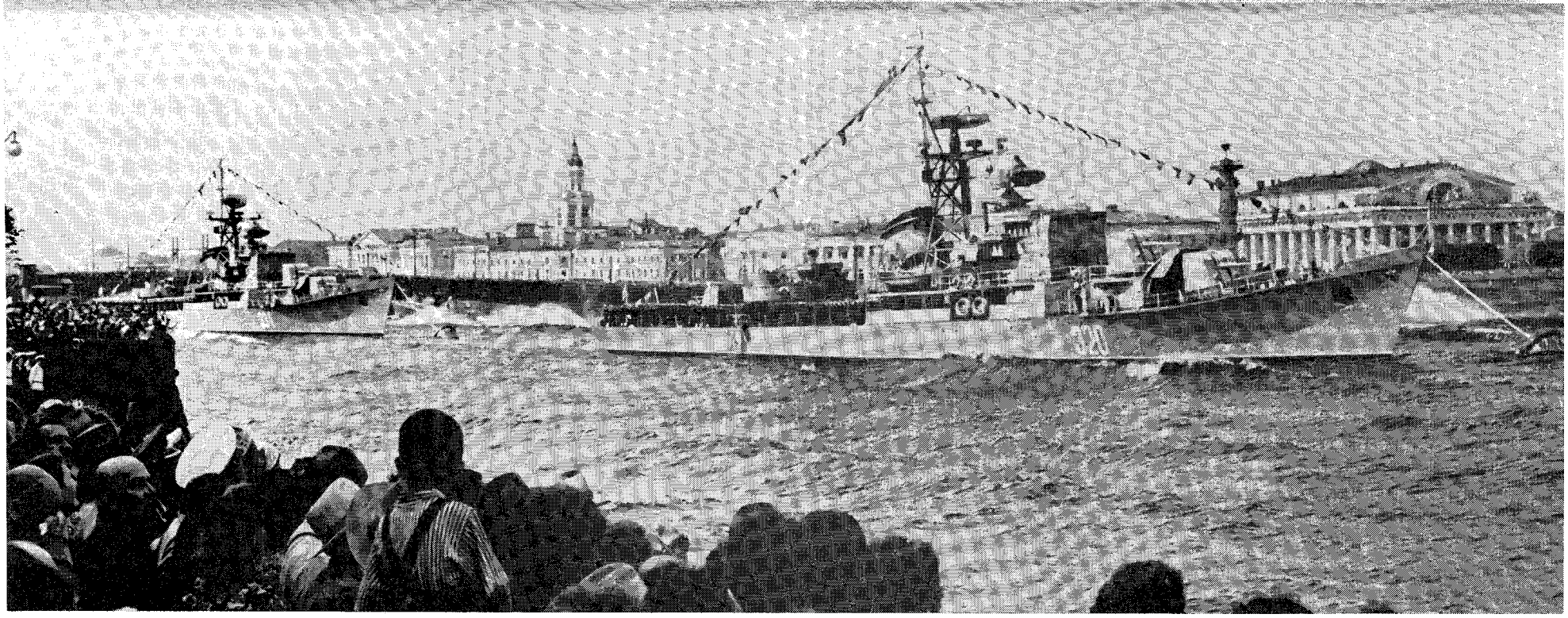
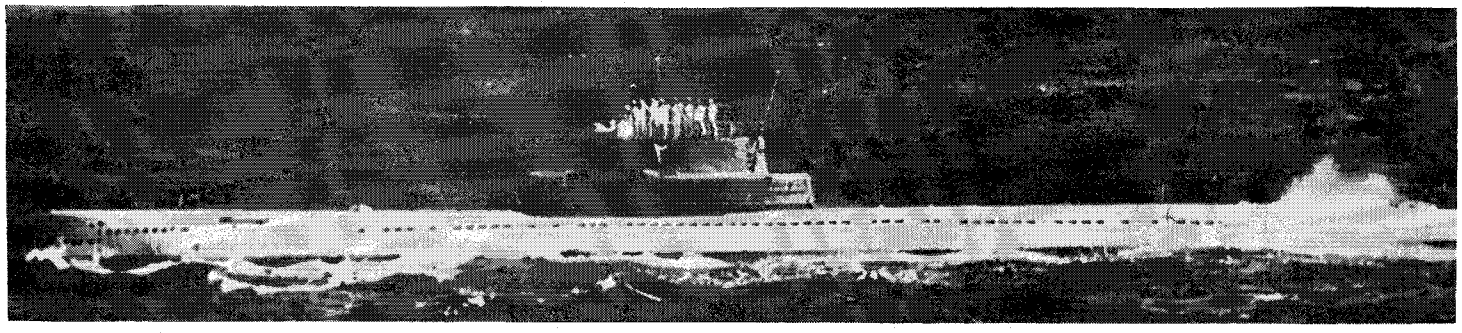


Home waters: Two fast Riga-class frigates, on display in the Neva River last summer during the Red Navy Day celebration in Leningrad.

# IVAN GOES TO SEA

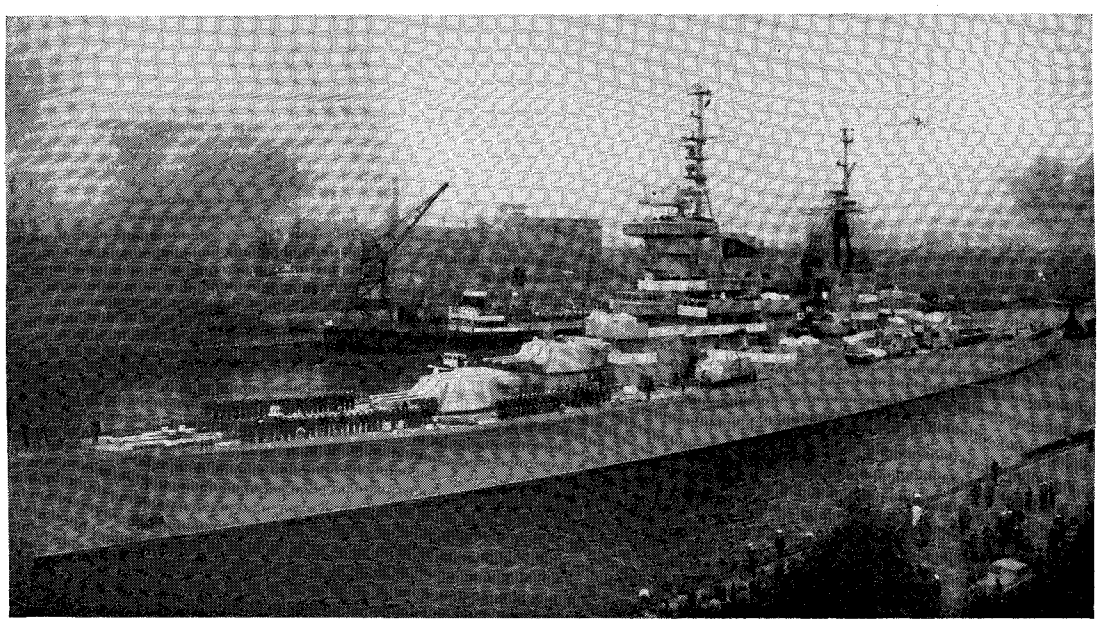
**What is behind the unparalleled build-up of the Red Navy? How would Soviet sailors compare in a showdown with Americans? An expert's analysis.**

By
HANSON W.
BALDWIN



Mediterranean: This Soviet submarine off Alexandria, Egypt, was reviewed by President Nasser in July. The Russians, striving for a fleet of 1200 undersea craft, are building subs at a fast clip.

North Sea: The visit of the sleek cruiser Sverdlov to Rotterdam in 1956 demonstrated the new Russian desire to forge out of the Baltic into seas formerly the exclusive domain of the West.



Last year, when Gen. "Nate" Twining—then Chief of Staff of the United States Air Force, now chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff—was visiting Russia, Nikita Khrushchev, the pot-bellied strong man of the Kremlin, pointed to some Soviet sailors rowing small boats on an artificial Moscow lake.

"There," he said contemptuously, "is our navy. . . . What use are ships? In the next war they will be sunk quickly."

Khrushchev, peasant-born thousands of miles from salt water, typifies the landlocked mentality and the distrust of far horizons characteristic of the muzhik, to whom land power has always been both shield and threat. Yet Khrushchev and his peers of the new Russia demonstrate an ambivalence about sea power. Their wisecracks about Soviet cruisers as good only for show and panoply, their sneering comments to naval officers as "representatives of an obsolete service" are belied by their actions. For Ivan Skavinsky Skavar—that legendary hero of the steppes—is seeking blue water. (Continued on Page 112)

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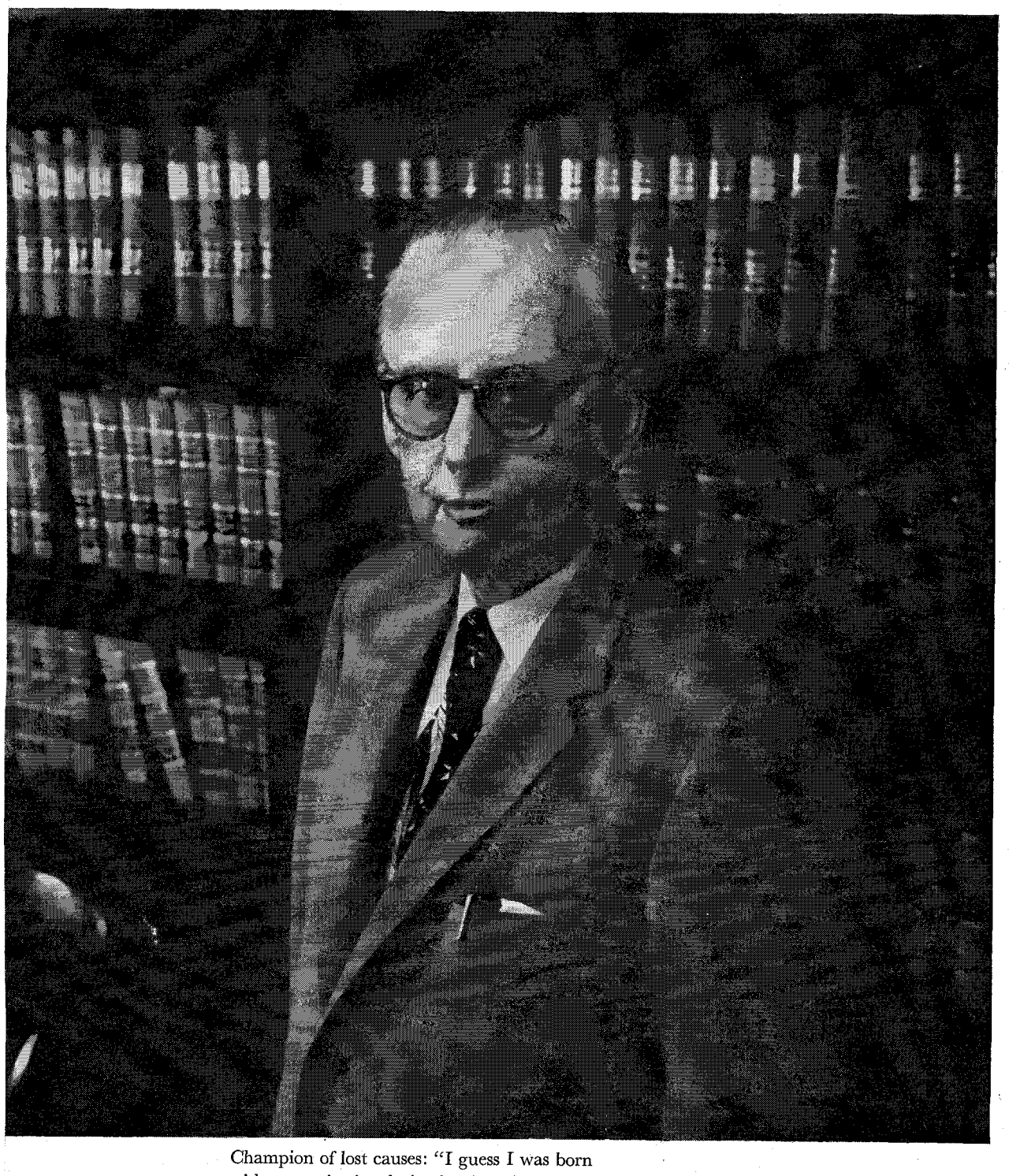
# Lawyer for the Defense

## One of America's cleverest lawyers, James D. C. Murray, has spent his career defending vicious criminals whom he often despises. Here's why.

By WILLIAM F. LONGGOOD



Champion of lost causes: "I guess I was born with a constitutional pity for those in trouble," says Murray. "When I go to the grave, ten thousand secrets will be buried with me."

During the last half century James D. C. Murray has forged a reputation as one of the most brilliant criminal lawyers in New York City—an achievement that takes on added luster when it's realized that New York, a capital of big-time crime, draws some of the most ambitious and talented would-be "mouthpieces" in the country.

The clientele Murray has represented reads like a social register of crime. It lists a few run-of-the-mill thugs and some nice people caught in a jam, but the majority were cut from arrant criminal patterns that entitled them to headlines and impassioned editorials urging their consignment to prison or the electric chair as quickly as possible.

The latest Murray client to win this questionable distinction was one George Metesky, better known as The Mad Bomber, who planted his lethal contraptions in places of public assembly because he had a grudge against a public-utility company. The roster also includes a shadowy procession of murderers, rapists, kidnapers, sadists, sex fiends, racketeer lawyers, juvenile delinquents, prostitutes, crooked cops and other specialists in antisocial behavior.

Murray's memories, covering fifty years of practice, are of deep-dish violence garnished with spilled blood, insanity, broken bones and shattered lives; frequently the moral is to be found in the unmarked grave, Sing Sing or the state mental institution at Matteawan.

Yet in appearance, manner and habit Murray is an almost complete contradiction of the movie-television cliché of a criminal lawyer. He suggests a dignified, if crusty, college professor. Of medium height and build, he has a thin face with classic features; his white hair is combed straight back and parted on the left side. He has penetrating blue eyes and wears tortoise-shell glasses. He looks much younger than his seventy-four years.

It is his hallmark that he is always a gentleman. He may be angry, bitter or blisteringly sarcastic, but he gives an appearance of gentility even while lunging for his opponent's legal jugular. On occasion he unleashes a string of colorful oaths, but the effect is tempered by his lyrical eloquence which suggests poetry rather than vulgarity. His orotund speech strikes some as being in the Shakespearean manner, but Murray never has been an admirer of the Bard, whom he finds "too fanciful." He attributes his vocal style to his Irish ancestry and the all-Irish environment in which he grew up, where a rich vocabulary and natural eloquence were highly prized.

In conversation Murray is deliberate and relaxed, yet there is a constant wariness about him. He is disarmingly forthright and refreshingly modest, so indifferent to personal publicity that sometimes it takes months to corner him for an interview. Despite the thousands of columns of

(Continued on Page 87)

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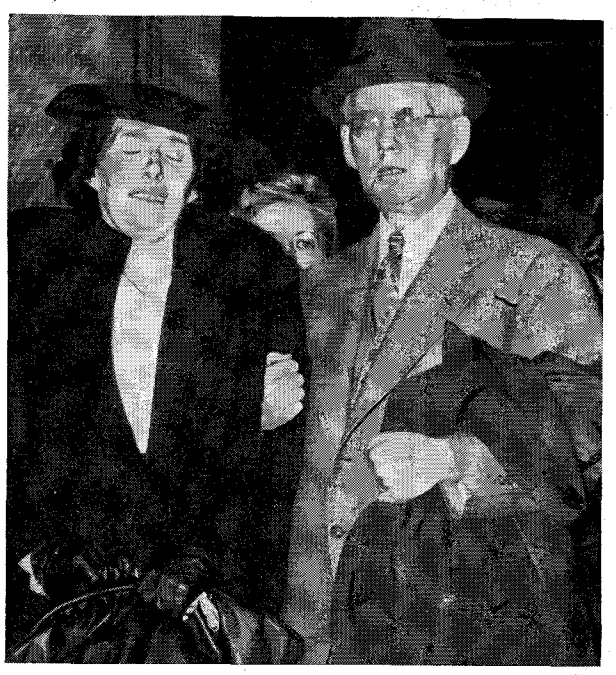
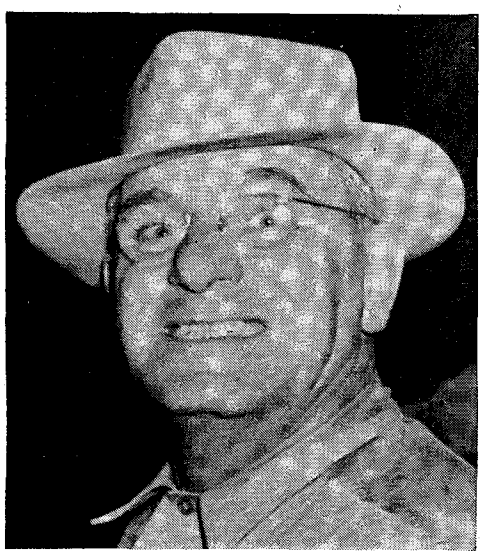
# MURRAY'S CLIENTS: THE INFAMOUS, THE INSANE, THE UNTOUCHABLE

Anna "Ma" Swift: When she came to trial for procuring, Murray, with typical integrity, refused to capitalize on her patrons' names.



Mrs. Katherine Horan, charged with the murder of her policeman husband, with Murray at the conclusion of her trial in 1945. The jury returned a verdict of "not guilty."

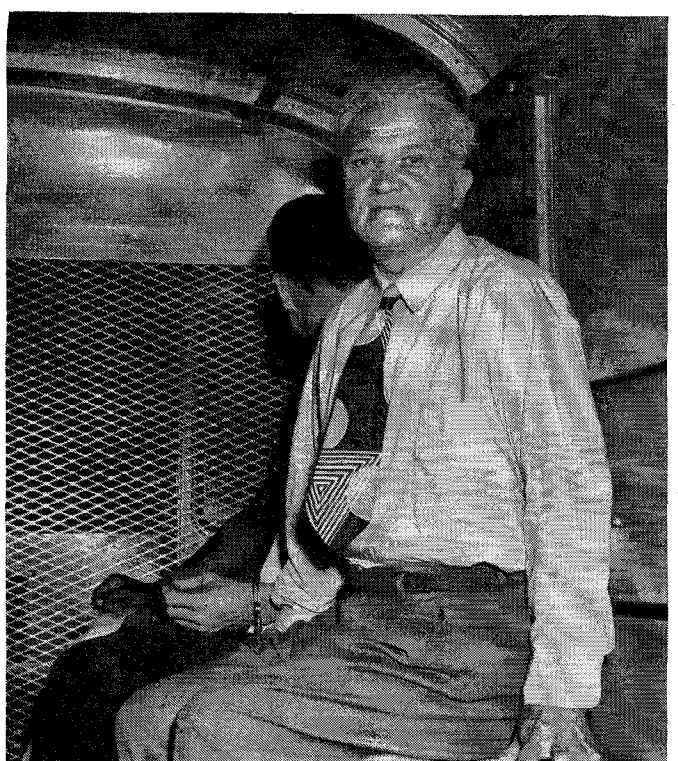


Murray has turned down few cases, but he refused to defend Nazi Bund leader Fritz Kuhn, here shown being deported to Germany in 1945.

John Francis Roche (right), confessed killer of five persons, including a 14-year-old girl, was one of Murray's few clients who walked the last mile. Roche went to the electric chair in 1956.

Lena Theresa Nienstedt was a teen-age hatchet killer twelve years ago. Murray won her a chance to start a new life after 8 years in a mental hospital.

Murray took a financial licking from wealthy Ivan Jerome (below), who jumped $100,000 bail on morals charges and is still at large.



Latest addition to Murray's long list of demoniacal clients is George Metesky, The Mad Bomber, who for sixteen tense years terrorized New York City with his homemade infernal machines.

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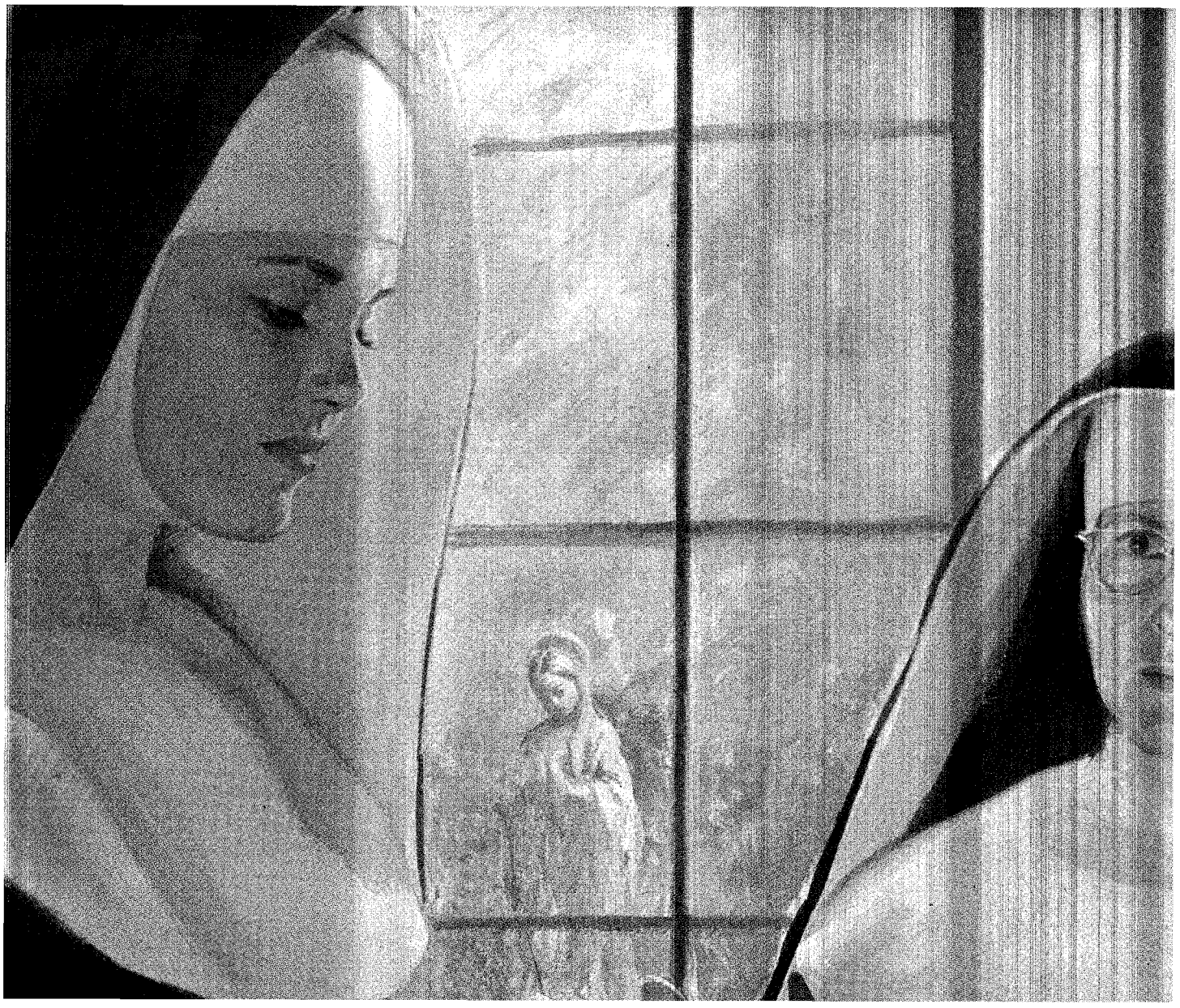

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BY LOUIS PAUL

# The Sin of Sister Louise

## WHY COULDN'T SHE BE LIKE THE OTHER NUNS AND ERASE THE THOUGHT OF WORLDLY THINGS FROM HER MIND?

The Cloister of St. Cecile, seen at a respectable distance, had a certain old-world charm about it. Rising from a hill in that part of the city which merged into open countryside, and framed by luxuriant foliage, it seemed ageless in appearance. This air of solidity was an illusion. On closer inspection the buildings of the cloister showed many ugly rents and patches. Its low-lying dormitory was a mere frame structure whose ancient stucco had begun its process of crumbling. The building where the sisters remade the clothing collected for foreign missions was held up precariously by sagging beams. The lovely painted wooden chapel, if not actually unsafe, could have used some judicious repairs.

Though her order was neither a rich nor a prosperous one, the Mother Superior of St. Cecile's was not disposed to worry. Nothing could disturb her perfect serenity. To those who concerned themselves with worldly problems, such as where the means might come from for food, for clothing, for repairs to the heating system, she would quote that moving passage from St. Matthew, "If God so clothe the grass of the field . . . shall he not much more clothe you, O ye of little faith?"

Sister Louise Marenty, born with a practical mind, was in this sense at least of little faith. Only a week before, a chunk of plaster had fallen during matins, an event hardly designed to increase the serenity of the assembled sisters. In fact, Sister Louise was a constant problem to the Mother Superior. "You are far too intense, sister," she would declare. "When you pray, yours is the loudest voice. When you laugh, yours is the noisiest laughter. When you cry, the world seems at an end. In your view, a piece of falling plaster signifies the collapse of the convent." The mother smiled. "You throw yourself so wholeheartedly into the Lord's work that you scarcely leave any work for the Lord to do."

Sister Louise cast her eyes down demurely. "Yet I collect more old clothes for the mission than anyone else. And you must admit, reverend mother, that piece of plaster might have hit somebody. We need money desperately. So I was thinking of a scheme —— Well, not exactly a scheme. But I thought if we could plant a field of tomatoes this spring and sell them in the market—we're very strong, you know—we might make enough to have the furnace fixed and put a new foundation ——"

"Enough, Sister Louise! We are a religious order, dedicated to prayer and service, not to the business of the market place."

"Just the same, we could certainly use a thousand dollars or so, reverend mother. You wouldn't deny that?"

"When we are provided with the means to repair the furnace and the chapel, neither you nor I, but God, will provide it, Sister Louise. Until then, I suggest, as penance for your worldly thoughts, that you go to your cell and spend an hour in silent contemplation."

Sister Louise dutifully spent her hour of silent contemplation, then joined the others in the oak-paneled dormitory. Curiously, as her closest companion, Sister Louise had chosen the shy and conservative Sister Anne. "All I know is," Sister Louise continued with her theme, "we need money and we need it now."

"I could write to my brother," said Anne. "He isn't too well off, with his little boy just having an operation, but I'm sure he'd send us ten or twenty dollars." (Continued on Page 62)

Illustrated by Peter Stevens

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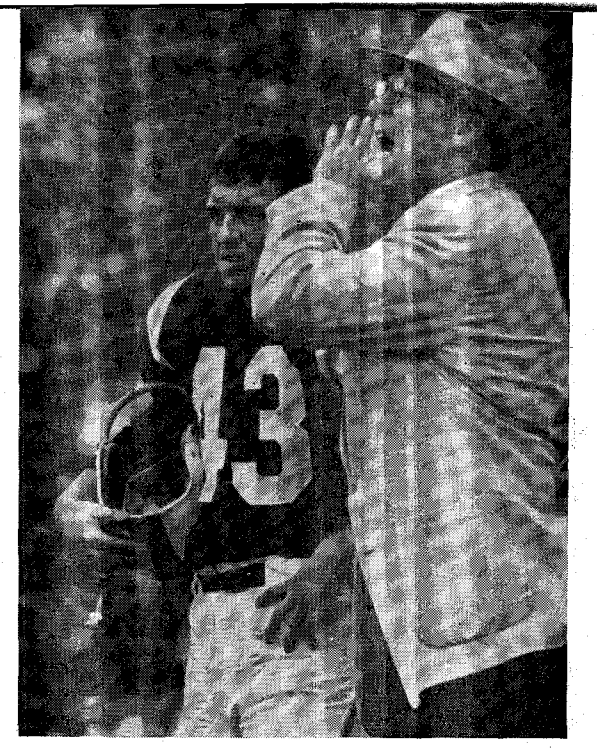
# Jim Tatum of the Tarheels

## Swaggering Jim Tatum, North Carolina's bullheaded coach, takes no comfort in how his boys play the game— nothing but winning counts with him. "How can you be proud of a losing team?" he asks.

By Mal Mallette



Big Jim, with a characteristic bellow, makes a suggestion from the side lines. He won 73 contests at Maryland before coming to North Carolina last year.

When there were rumors last January that Jim Tatum would leave the University of North Carolina to take over the football team at Indiana University, the Carolina old grads smiled complacently. Hadn't Tatum given up a championship squad and lifetime security at the University of Maryland the year before to come to Chapel Hill at lower pay? Hadn't it been his stated ambition to get back to North Carolina, the school where he did his own football playing and got his first coaching experience?

Tatum himself scoffed at the Indiana report. "Nothing to it," he said. A few days later, however, he popped up in Bloomington, Indiana, to confer with Hoosier authorities. The job finally went to Phil Dickens, of Wyoming, but not before Tatum had come within an ace of accepting it.

This was a typically turbulent episode in the football life of one of America's most controversial coaches. In the minds of many people, Jim Tatum has come to personify big-time college football. He inspires either ardent support or bitter opposition, and leaves few neutral.

Handsome and swaggering, six-foot-three and broad of shoulder, Tatum arrived at Chapel Hill in 1956 with the best ten-year record of any major-college coach. North Carolina had turned to him after suffering through six straight losing seasons. The losing continued during Tatum's first year last fall, with the Tarheels taking only two and tying one of their ten games.

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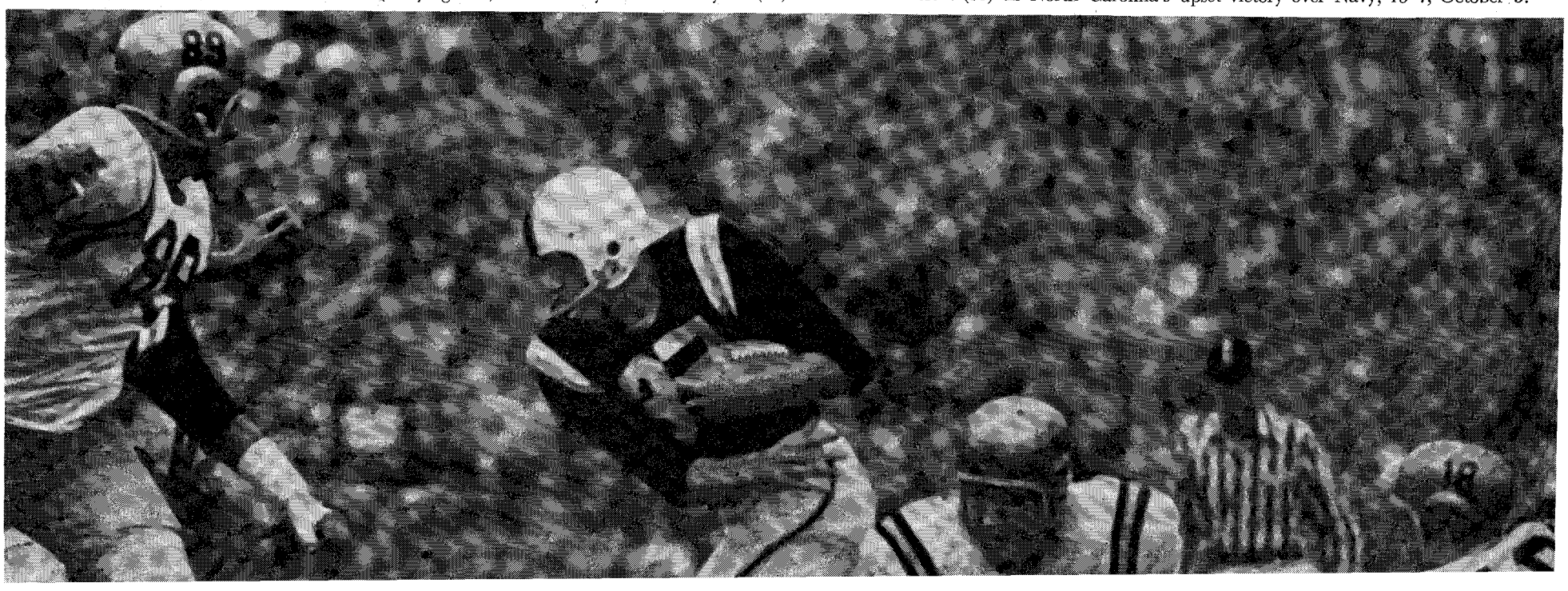

Tarheel halfback Don Coker (carrying ball) eludes Navy's Bob Reifsnyder (58) and Tom Forrestal (18) in North Carolina's upset victory over Navy, 13–7, October 5.

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The captain charged forward, and Sam neatly kicked his feet from beneath him.

# Three Days' Leave

These arrogant rear-echelon types were enough to make a combat man head back to the front.

By WILLIAM CHAMBERLAIN

The dictionary defines "fraternity" as: "The relation of a brother or brothers; brotherhood . . . an order of men associated for devout purposes. . . ." Hence, "fraternize": "To associate or sympathize with as a brother or brothers."

Not, of course, that Lt. Claude Bearpaw gave a hoot how the dictionary defined "fraternity" or anything else. Claude had attended an Oklahoma football college, and he was impatient with such things as grammar and syntax, and considered dictionaries superfluous. Back in Oklahoma his father was an oil-well Cherokee chief and here in the Mediterranean Claude, in his own modest way, had become a sort of one-man air force, having been out here since the first Allied landings in North Africa and having flown so many combat missions that he no longer bothered to count them.

Scandalized staff wallahs had tried to rotate Claude home after the flight surgeons had flatly stated they'd no longer be responsible for the behavior patterns of any man who'd flown that number of missions. Claude wouldn't go. The flight surgeons decided that the guy was combat-happy—suffering from a form of flak fatigue which caused him to imagine that he liked combat missions—and finally managed to get him onto a home-going boat. Claude got off again when no one was looking, and the boat sailed without him.

Later he was apprehended at a B-24 field near Spinazzola when he came home from a bootleg mission over Southern Germany with chunks of flak in him here and there. The hospital hadn't held him for long, but a base unit in Naples had next collared him and put him to flying a desk until a Stateside boat sailed. The ignominy of this had brought Claude to Mamma Marconi's café this afternoon.

It was here that he met Capt. Sam Chard. The latter came diffidently into the small room; he stood just inside the door for a moment, blinking a little while he got his bearings. Sam was a shy man; it showed in the uncertain smile on his square, homely face and in the awkward way he moved his big hands. He was a good ten years older than Claude and fifteen months of the doughboy's war had put plenty of gray into his hair.

Sam Chard was on recreation leave—the first time he'd been out of the line since they'd hit Italy, he was reflecting as he looked over the room with its small tables. He'd hitched a ride on an LST from Anzio last night and already he was beginning to wonder if he hadn't made a mistake. Although he'd spruced himself up for his visit here—got most of the mud off his boots and policed up his combat jacket to the extent that beachhead facilities permitted—the feeling was growing in him that he was out of place back here among people who wore ties and (Continued on Page 68)



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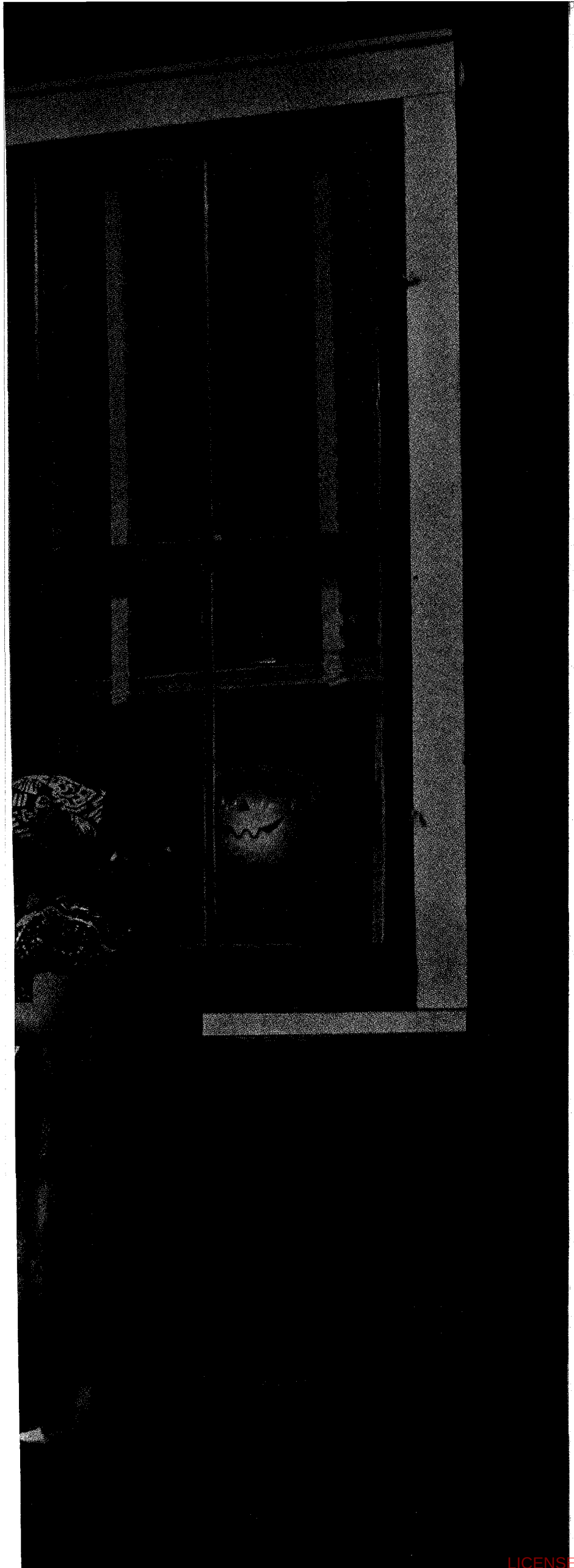

The Face of AMERICA

# Pirates on the Porch

It's the Eve of Allhallows, and woe to the housekeeper unready to appease visiting wraiths. These witches, elves and spirits of darkness deliver their ultimatum. "Trick or treat" they demand, lest a mysterious evil befall the household during the night. As the jack-o'-lantern grins goofily from the window, Mrs. Bessie Eldred, of Schenectady, New York, pays tribute to the youthful sprites. Like squirrels, these six aren't wasting time eating while the collecting is so good. They're working fast to make the rounds before some watchful parent ends it all by reminding them that even Halloween is a school night. Photograph by George Burns.

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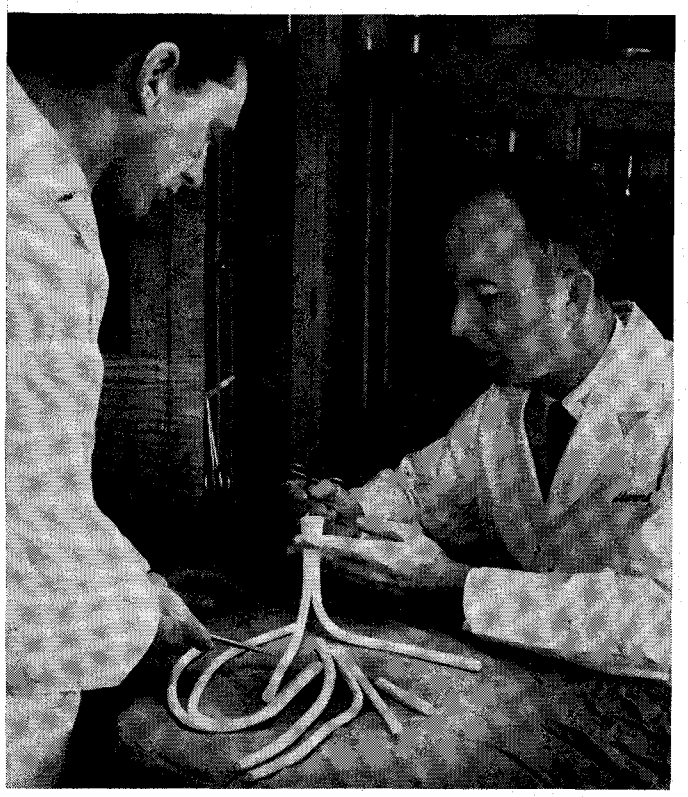
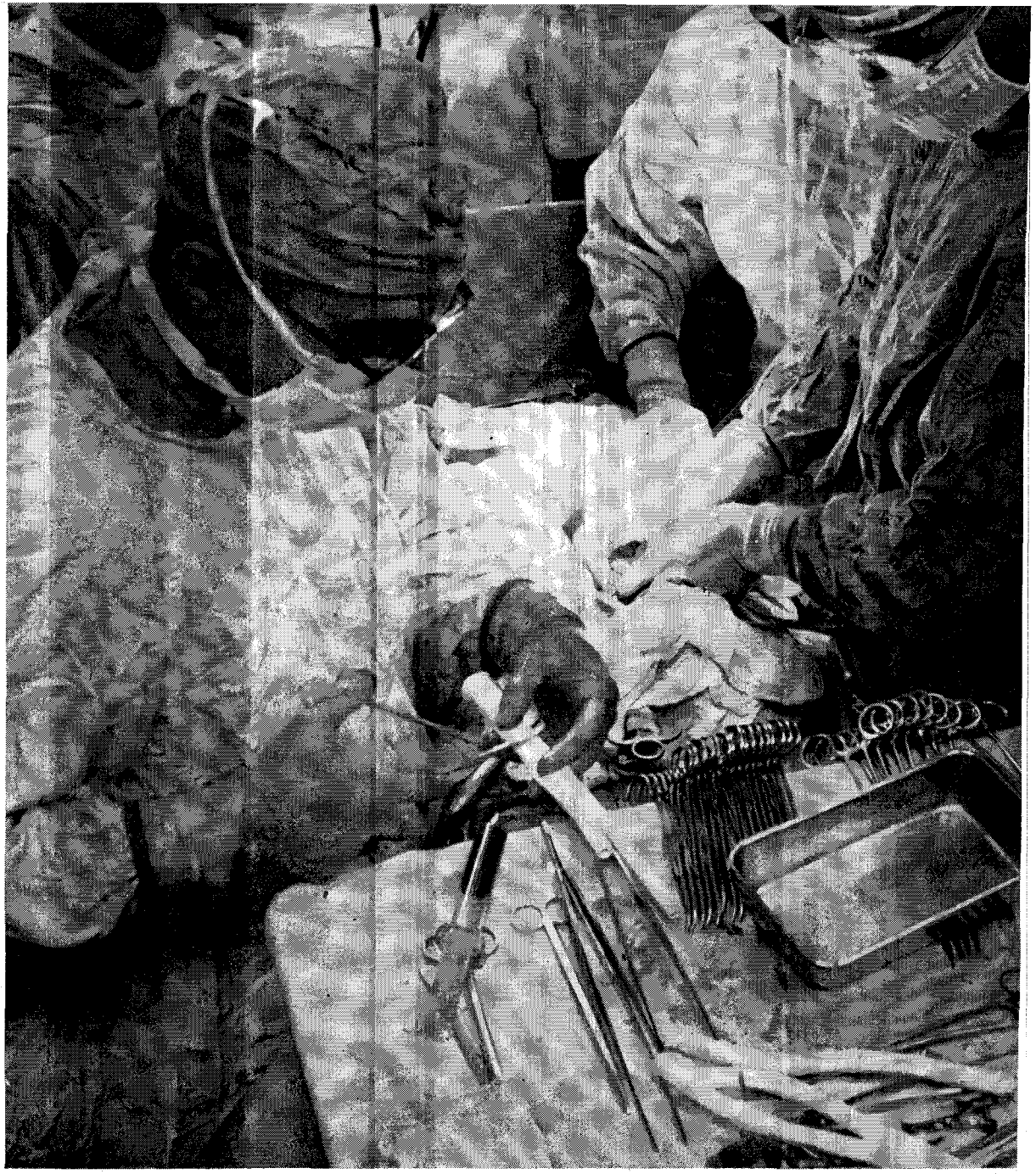
Right: At Methodist Hospital, Houston, Texas, an artificial graft is cut to size by Dr. Michael DeBakey, head of an "artery-mending center." The synthetic artery will replace a portion of the patient's aorta.

Below: Dr. W. Sterling Edwards (right), a Birmingham, Ala., surgeon, holds one of the nylon replacement arteries which he helped develop.





# Artificial Arteries Can Save Your Life

By STEVEN M. SPENCER

A new medical discovery enables surgeons to repair major damage to vital blood vessels in cases that until recently were considered hopeless.

Madison Gay, a spry veteran of forty years' service in Birmingham's big Fairfield Steel Works, squinted into the white-hot throat of a reheating furnace, where slabs of metal were being softened up for the rollers. He clanged the door shut and strode back to the control platform. Here he glanced at gauges measuring the flow of gas and air to the fires, turned a lever a few degrees and then stepped briskly along to the next furnace.

His was not a task requiring heavy exertion, but it was an active one for a man of fifty-six who in the preceding three years had had a heart attack and a major blood-vessel operation.

As a steelworker, however, Mr. Gay has profound respect for strong materials, metallic or otherwise. He is confident, therefore, that his recently acquired aorta, replacing a section which had weakened and was about to burst, will serve him well and keep him on the job. For the new trunk-line artery, carrying blood from his heart to the lower part of his body, is made of tough, braided nylon, tire-cord grade.

Designed for this unique, lifesaving purpose by a young Birmingham surgeon, Dr. W. Sterling Edwards, and an industrial chemist, Dr. James S. Tapp, of the Chemstrand Corporation, in Decatur, Alabama, the flexible, no-kink nylon tube is one of several brilliant new developments in the treatment of disabling and lethal forms of artery disease.

Mr. Gay had been "wearing" his Edwards-Tapp aorta just a year when I visited him at the mill, a unit of U. S. Steel. For a few months after the operation, he said, the doctor had

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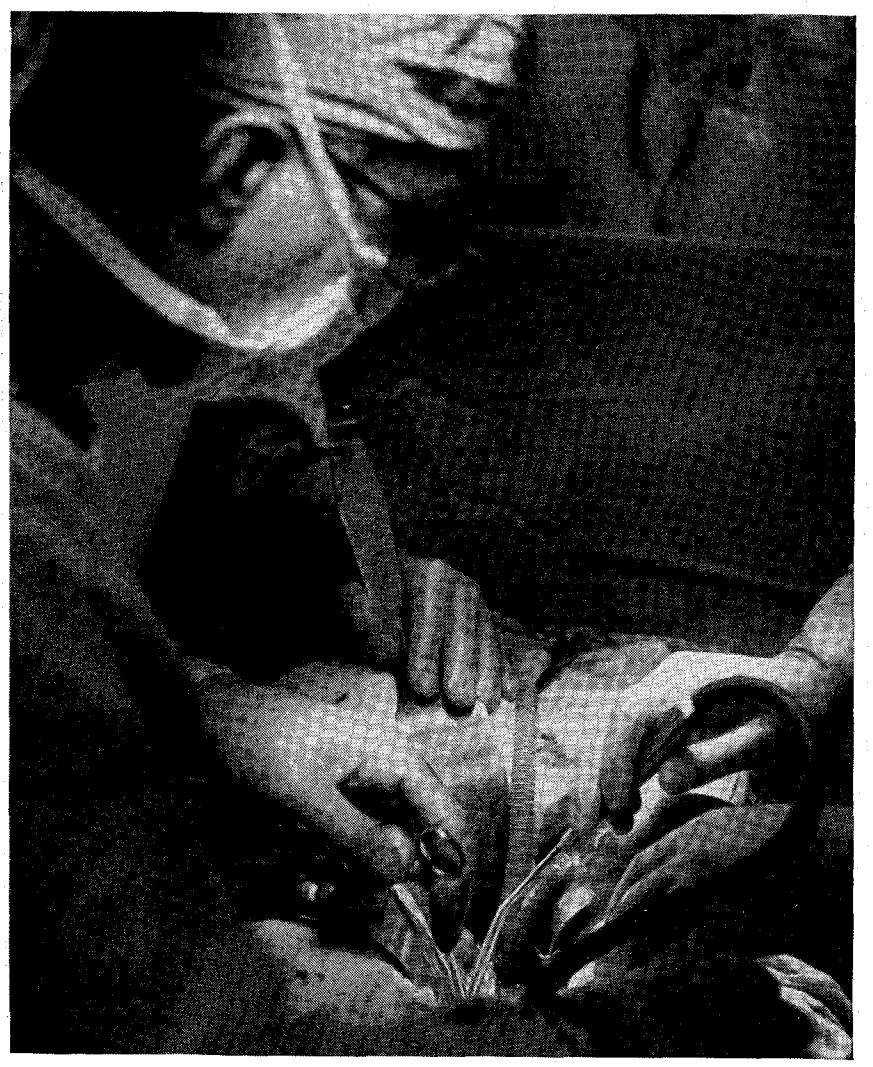

Clamps shut off the blood from the heart while Dr. DeBakey sews the artificial artery in place. Crinkling of the tube makes it stretchable, yet not liable to kink.

The new aorta now carries blood freely from the heart to the lower parts of the body. The patient, Charles Fitzgerald, 68, was back on his feet two weeks after the operation.

ordered him to slow down. "But I've been working full time now for six months, and occasionally overtime." A compact man with graying hair and lively dark eyes, Mr. Gay has the air of a workman who knows his job well and the sparkle of one who enjoys life. He griped good-naturedly about certain restrictions imposed on this enjoyment. "I'm not supposed to lift anything heavier than five pounds," he said. "And when I asked the doctor what I should do if I caught a fish weighing over five pounds, darned if he didn't tell me to let someone else haul it in. Not much fun in that. But, I guess I'm lucky to be alive."

Madison Gay has benefited not so much from good luck as from an ingenious solution to a problem that surgical researchers had been trying to whip for a half century—namely, the replacement of worn-out arteries with durable substitutes. In seeking those substitutes they tried many things: paraffin-lined tubes of glass, silver- and gold-plated aluminum; rigid plastic tubes; pieces of the patient's own veins; arteries from deceased donors; strips of nylon petticoat stitched into shape by the surgeons' wives; and recently the products of a shoelace-braiding apparatus and an old tie-knitting machine.

Today, several thousand people are walking around with arterial grafts of one type or another neatly and firmly sewed into position in their bodies. Blood-vessel "plumbing," with spare parts from the textile mill or the morgue, has become a practical, though exacting and meticulous, art, occupying the full time of several of the nation's top cardiovascular surgeons and engaging the talents of many other highly qualified men.

The old arteries being replaced by the new are those which, because of injury, infection or plain ordinary arteriosclerosis, have either become clogged or have stretched perilously thin. Both conditions pose serious threats to life or limb. The stretching type of damage, usually affecting the aorta and known as an aneurysm, resembles the ballooning of a weak spot in a tire. The distended portion may at any time blow out and let the victim hemorrhage to death. Mr. Gay's trouble was an aneurysm of the abdominal segment of the aorta, a complication of arteriosclerosis.

The clogging or occlusive type of circulatory impairment (Continued on Page 74)

James Speed has "worn" a synthetic artery since May, 1956. He is a safety engineer.

Photographs by Bill Shrout

Mrs. Troy Lovell, Alabama farm wife. Two years ago, a nylon graft was inserted in her hip to repair a gunshot wound.

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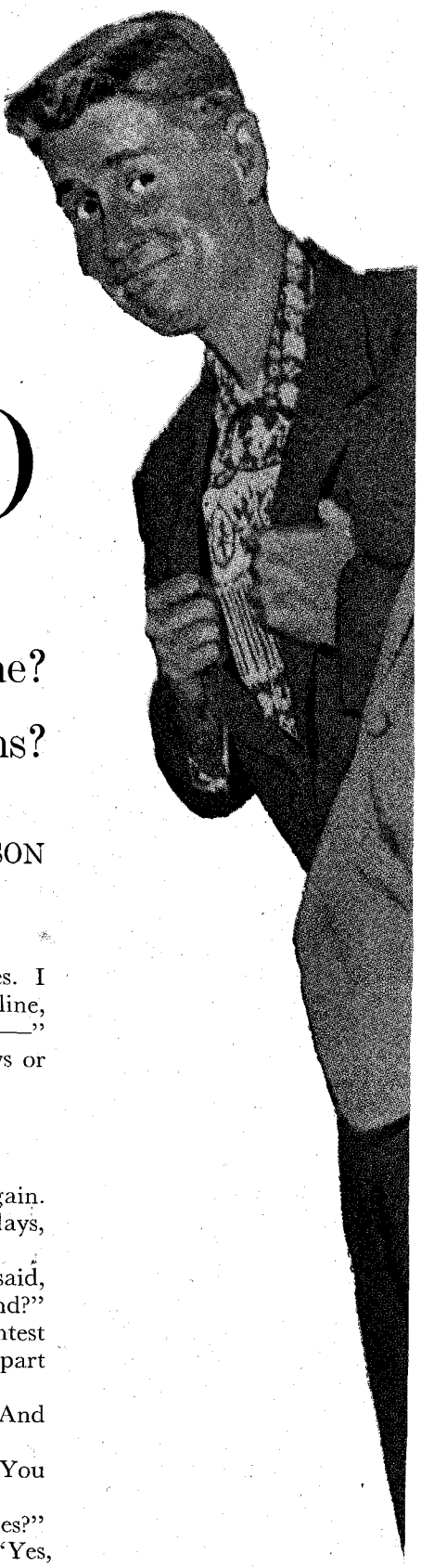
# The Crying Cop



## She was a policewoman, wasn't she? Then why couldn't she control her emotions?

By ROBERT CARSON

A small civil servant—five feet two, curly black hair, blue eyes, tanned skin that otherwise would have had the texture of gardenias, lovely gloomy face, neat gray suit, black shoulder-strap purse, black shoes—drove to a hotel in Beverly Hills in an unmarked radio car, left it in the hands of an attendant, entered the hostelry, inquired at the desk for a Mr. Timothy O'Brien and secured his room number, ascended to the second floor in an elevator, walked down the hall and tapped on a door.

Presently the door opened, and a tall, slim, crop-haired and genial young man appeared, buttoning down the points of his button-down collar. He peered at the girl in a nearsighted fashion.

"Not now, dear," he said. "I can't possibly come up and see your water colors. I'm just leaving for the Westside Ladies' Association's annual art exhibit, and then I have to go for cocktails and a one-man show in Beverly. However, if you care to leave your name, address, telephone number and measurements ——"

"Police matter," Yvonne Risden said, and showed him her I.D. card. "Yvonne Risden, Juvenile Division, Los Angeles Police Department. I want to talk to you, Mr. O'Brien."

"Just a minute, officer," Timothy O'Brien said. "I have to get my glasses."

He trotted backward as Yvonne advanced into the room, put on a black-rimmed pair and inspected her carefully. "Yvonne!" he cried.

"Policewoman Risden to you," Yvonne said. "Sit down; I have to talk to you."

"Certainly, policewoman," Tim said. "You may call me Tim."

They sat down and gazed at each other. In spite of her official position, Yvonne encountered some difficulty in remaining calm. "Now, then, Mr. O'Brien ——" she began.

"How long has it been since we were in Spence Art School together?" he asked.

"Five years," Yvonne said. "Five centuries. I didn't want this assignment and it is not in my line, but the good of the department comes first. I ——"

"Do you ever hear from old Roxy these days or are you married to him?"

"No."

"No what?"

"No neither."

"Little Yvonne," Tim said, and smiled again. "I'll be darned. Those were the good old days, weren't they? Ah, youth."

"They weren't the good old days," Yvonne said, "and I am not little Yvonne to you. Understand?"

"Certainly, officer. Say, that was some contest Roxy and I waged for your hand or any other part of you we could grasp, wasn't it?"

"Some contest," Yvonne paused bitterly. "And you won—and beat it to Paris."

"Well, we agreed upon it. You understood. You said you did, remember?"

"What else could I say, under the circumstances?"

Tim exhibited a trace of embarrassment. "Yes, sure. Uh—I wonder what happened to old Roxy? He must have disappeared completely."

"Mr. Roxton disappeared," Yvonne said, "but not completely. He left a number where he could be reached. I'm coming to that."

"Before you do, officer," Tim said, "satisfy my curiosity. Why am I hot with the Juvenile Division? I don't know any young girls in Los Angeles any more, and I'm too old to be a delinquent myself. What's the scoop?"

"You used to know plenty of girls," Yvonne said distractedly. "Plenty—including me. I didn't want this assignment, but the inspector told me, with my art background, that ——"

"You seem to be getting a little fussed. Take it easy. Start at the beginning."

"Don't be condescending, you ——"

"Now, now, officer. You are talking to a citizen and taxpayer. A man's (Continued on Page 106)

"I thought they were starting to work you over," she said brokenly.

Illustrated by Mike Ludlow

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On the Beedle ranch, near Bazaar, Kans., 9-year-old Wayne Bailey (left) drinks with the mounts of "pasture man" Roy Beedle and his daughter Dorotha Blankenship.

# THEY DON'T NEED PROGRESS

## Grass is gold to ranchers on America's last big natural prairie, where giant herds of cattle graze the Kansas plains never broken by the plow.

By MYRA LOCKWOOD BROWN and JOHN BIRD

Young beeves like these on the Beedle spread gain up to two pounds of new meat daily in grazing season.

Newcomers to the Flint Hills of Kansas—the largest remaining area of unplowed and largely unspoiled natural prairie in the United States—sometimes find themselves literally in awkward positions because of the absolute conviction of the natives that their way of life, which retains a surprising amount of flavor of the Old West, is rewarding beyond compare.

Take the case of Jerry Blankenship, a tall, handsome and affable young man who grew up in Arkansas, became an oil driller and had the good fortune to come to the Flint Hills, where he heard the spring song of the wind in the bluestem grass. He decided to stay, marrying Dorotha Beedle, a delicate-looking girl from a pioneer ranching clan.

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Roundup time on the 7000-acre Ferrell ranch, near Beaumont, the homestead of a pioneer Flint Hills clan.

It was arranged that the young Blankenships would assume some of the load of the Beedle pasture business. In fact, Dorotha already was a partner with her father. She had ridden horses from the time she was three, had been a rodeo performer in her teens, and since her twelfth birthday had been Roy Beedle's right-hand "man" in handling the grazing of thousands of steers through the Hills. But Blankenship hardly knew a cinch from a snaffle. As a first, essential step in making a rancher out of him, his bride undertook to instruct him in the art of handling a cow pony.

She introduced her husband to a calm, "good-using" horse, and showed him the rudiments of riding, roping and sorting cattle. Blankenship was an apt pupil, but one day he made the mistake of giving his horse the spur while holding a slack rein. The horse put his head down and bucked, and Blankenship parted company with the saddle, landing on his head.

Perhaps it was just as well that Blankenship was thoroughly unconscious as his wife and father-in-law rolled him over on his back, determined that he was still breathing and that his arms and legs were unbroken. For Dorotha's practical comment was "It's too bad he fell off, but this will teach him to keep his horse's head up."

Happily, Blankenship took the same view when he recovered from the blackout, and went back to the saddle to become a full-fledged cow hand. Today the young couple have two future partners, Jerry Jay, five, and Leigh Ann, three, but Dorotha still lends a hand in the cattle business. "It's really simple," she explains. "We get up at four A.M. to work cattle. The children don't wake until nine, and mother takes care of them until noon, when we're back home. The grandest thing in the world is to ride into the Hills and see the sun come up."

A visitor to the Flint Hills is soon made aware of the deep roots that attach the natives to their rolling, grassy countryside, their quiet little towns and (Continued on Page 83)

Terry Countryman, 9, with her "house pet" Dusty, whom she has always allowed to follow her indoors.

Ranch families enjoy the big annual whing-ding—broncbusting and bull riding at their own rodeo.

A contestant loses out to a lively Brahman bull at the Countryman Ranch Rodeo, which is held near Cassoday on the Fourth of July.

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# Post Scripts

## Phony Graph

To chum with the swanky and smart is
  The goal he has set him;
He drops names of Prominent Parties
  Who never have met him.
The way to a high social station
  He's trying to trek up,
But dinner, or lunch, or libation,
  He won't pick the check up.
He talks of large sums he has coming
  From schemes that he hatches—
BIG DEALS—and is constantly bumming
  *Your smokes and your matches.*
He buzzes 'round Princes and Scholars
  With flattery's honey,
And he looks like a million dollars—
  In counterfeit money.

BERTON BRALEY

## The Rather Impossible She

You have won my heart, dear lad.
  Does your easy conquest pall?
Does it grieve you to have had
  No competitors at all?

Are you sad that other chaps
  Seem oblivious of my lures?
Here's a happy thought: perhaps
  That's the reason I am yours.

ETHEL JACOBSON

## Interviews Made Public for the First Time

"Tell me, Mr. Tritchfield, how long have you been president of the Apex Common-Cold Pill Company?"

"Well, led's zee. I guezz id's been dearly fourdeen years dow."

"I'd like to ask you this, Mr. Stickney: Isn't this the first time since you've been chairman of the board of the Junction, Midland and Coast States Railroad that you've arrived late at a convention?"

"The very first time. However, on this trip our plane was grounded for nearly three hours in Chicago, and ——"

"Coach Hankins, I think that everybody felt rather badly when you didn't receive a professorship at State College. I wonder if you would take just a moment to express your feelings in the matter."

"Well, I feel this way: As long as them guys couldn't never seem to make up their minds about nothing, I sure didn't see no use to worry none about it, so ——"

"As a fighter who has won thirty-eight straight bouts, thirty of them by knockouts, and who has used Hoagland's Liniment for nearly five years, to what would you attribute tonight's victory, Slugger?"

"Well, Hog—let's see—Hug—Hugman's Liniment is ——"

"Now, then, about this memory course that you'll be conducting, Professor Edgerton: Will you be good enough to tell us when the first class will be held?"

"I think it's either the nineteenth or twentieth of the month, and it'll be held—let me think for a moment—at the ——"

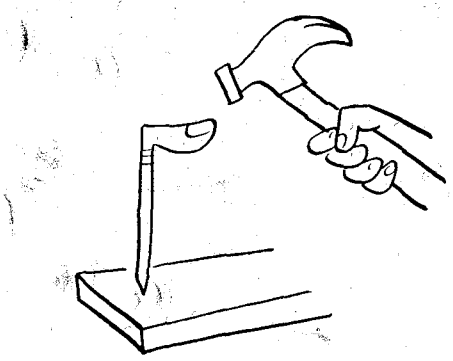
VERNON H. KURTZ

## Nagging Thought at a Party

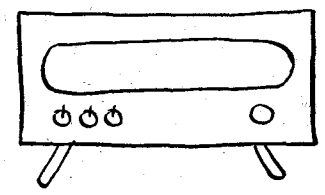
I'll never miss the sleep I'm scorning . . .
Till morning.

HAL CHADWICK

## HAL BLOCK'S INVENTIONS FOR A BETTER TOMORROW

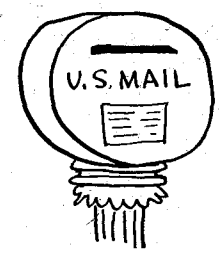


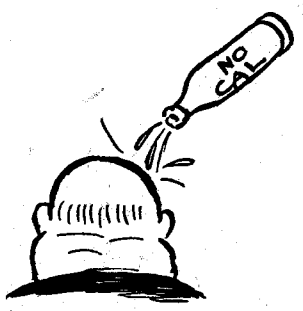
Nail with thumb on top for clumsy workmen
(can't miss the thumb with your hammer)



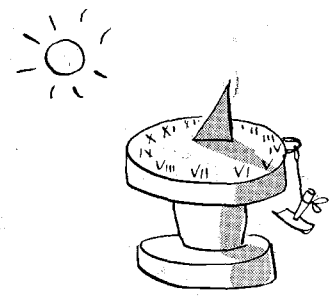
Narrow television screen for people who squint

Round mail box for circular letters

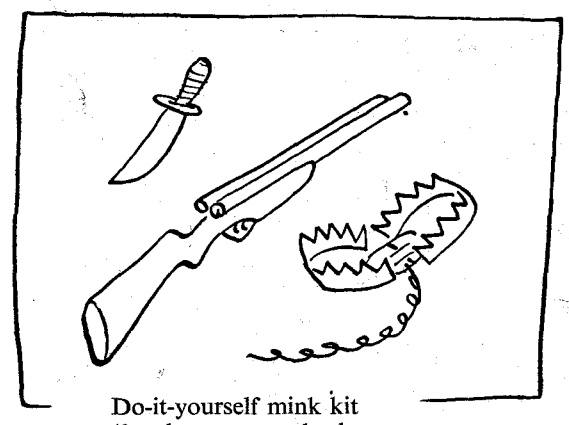


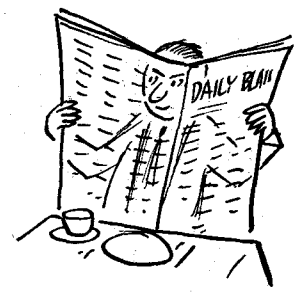

No-calorie hair tonic for fatheads



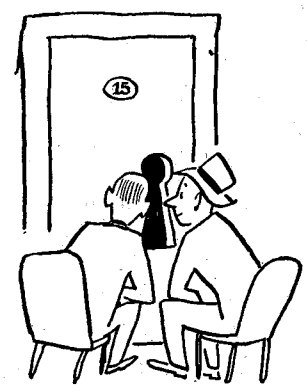
Sundial with attached safety razor
(for eliminating five-o'clock shadow)



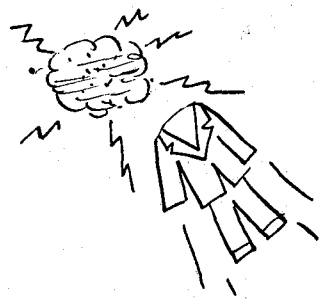
Do-it-yourself mink kit
(for the woman who has absolutely nothing)




Cellophane newspaper (so you can read and watch your coat at the same time)




21-inch keyholes for hotels that can't afford TV



Magnetized lint (this lint picks up suits)

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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# Have you had your soup today?

*M'm! M'm! Good!*
*Nourishing good...*

GIVES YOU VITAMINS, PROTEINS—MINERALS, TOO!

This *has* to be good! Best of beef and broth and summertime vegetables . . . to sip and spoon, with hearty pleasure. **Have** Campbell's Vegetable Beef Soup, soon!

Once a day... every day... Soup— *Campbell's*, of course!

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# He doesn't know an octane from an octopus,

## but he's buying PURE Gasoline because he knows he can

# BE SURE WITH PURE

### WHY YOU TOO CAN BE SURE WITH PURE GASOLINE

If you're like most people, you probably know less about gasoline than almost anything else you buy. So about all you can do is take your dealer's word for it that you're getting a good gasoline.

Your Pure Oil dealer's word has some pretty impressive backing. First, there's the skill and experience of the men at PURE's research and development laboratories, and at PURE's refineries, whose one objective is to make better gasoline for you. Then there's the record performance of PURE gasoline—proved for economy, power and all-around performance in hundreds of competitive events from Minnesota to Florida.

For record road performance in your car, get Pure-Premium gasoline at any of the nearly 16,000 Pure Oil stations in 24 states. Gasoline, motor oil, batteries, tires, and Royal Welcome Service . . . all reasons you can be *sure* with PURE. THE PURE OIL COMPANY, 35 East Wacker Drive, Chicago 1, Illinois.

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Ravenhill felt a twinge of horror as he saw Homer struggle desperately to avoid the thundering mass.

# Trouble at Midas Creek

**Had it been a mistake to unleash the terrible fury of the avalanche?**

By ROBERT ORMOND CASE

This was the crucial moment, thought Ravenhill. He must start the avalanche at precisely the right moment. He might kill himself in the process, he knew, but the risk must be taken.

The wily Devereaux was trying to blackmail Homer Wilson out of his fabulous gold strike with a bogus letter incriminating the old prospector on a murder charge. To save Homer, Ravenhill—gentlemanly rakehell of the Yukon Territory—was forced to resort to a perilous plan. He would start a great snowslide thundering down the mountain, apparently burying Homer. At the last second, however, Homer would dive into a secret tunnel and later hide on Ravenhill's plane. In the eyes of Devereaux and the Mounted Police, Homer would be dead, and the incriminating letter would be worthless.

Homer's daughter, Pat, was in on the scheme and would co-operate. Shorty, one of the hermits of Midas Creek, would keep an eye on Devereaux. As Ravenhill started up the treacherous slope to start the snowslide, he realized with a shudder that now everything was up to him.

V

The great snowdrift stood away from the base of the wall, paralleling it for a considerable distance. Ravenhill made good time here, though forced to plod awkwardly along the insloping snow. It was like threading a small and gloomy ravine, with the unbroken cliff at his left and the crest of the drift undulating at his right.

Above the drift, across the narrowing basin of the North Fork, the rock slide towered steeply upward, like a stupendous and unbroken snowdrift that had spilled down through the break in the rampart above. Beyond was the mighty backdrop of the mountains, and, higher yet, the chill, flaming stars.

Presently Ravenhill lost the protection of the drift. The wall at his left was broken by clefts through (Continued on Page 100)



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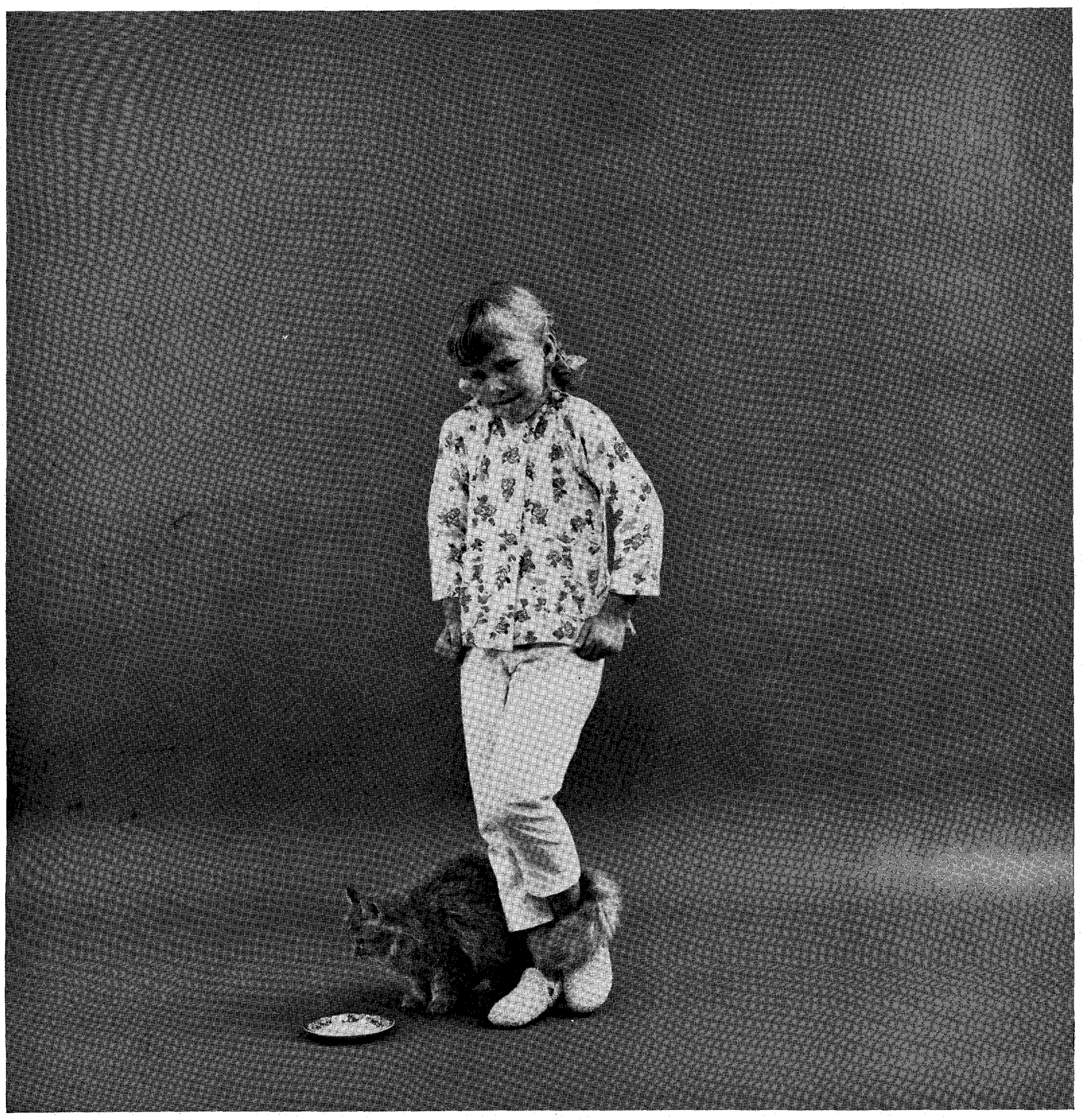
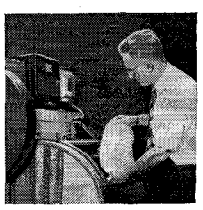


# Too short too soon!

Just a washday ago, Betsy's pajamas were brand-new. But now look! Some flannelettes can shrink two whole sizes in a single washing. You need the *best* protection. Don't settle for just "washable" or "pre-shrunk." Make your salesgirl *show* you the "Sanforized" trade-mark on the label... your assurance of *permanent* fit.



***THERE IS A DIFFERENCE***
Every "Sanforized" fabric must pass this rugged shrinkage test—boiled, washed for an hour—checked by the "Sanforized" inspector.

Cluett, Peabody & Co., Inc. permits the use of its trade-mark "Sanforized", adopted in 1930, only on fabrics which meet this company's rigid shrinkage requirements. Fabrics bearing the trade-mark "Sanforized" will not shrink more than 1% by the Government's standard test.

•SANFORIZED•
TRADE MARK

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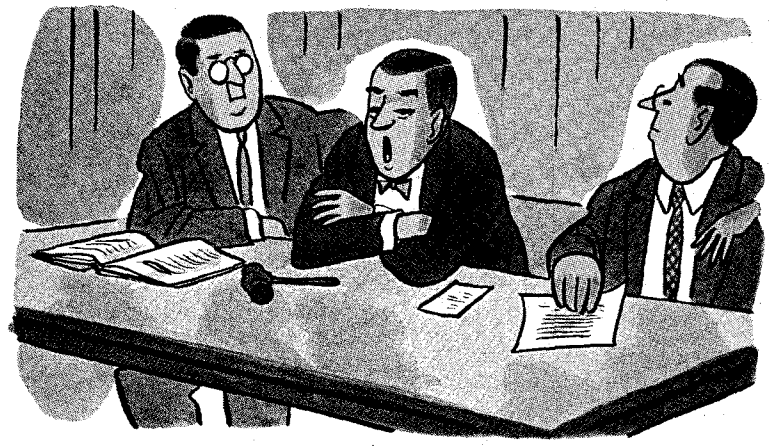
# REZONING WHO?

By TED KEY

**1.** "You see *this?* They want to rezone us from residential to commercial!"

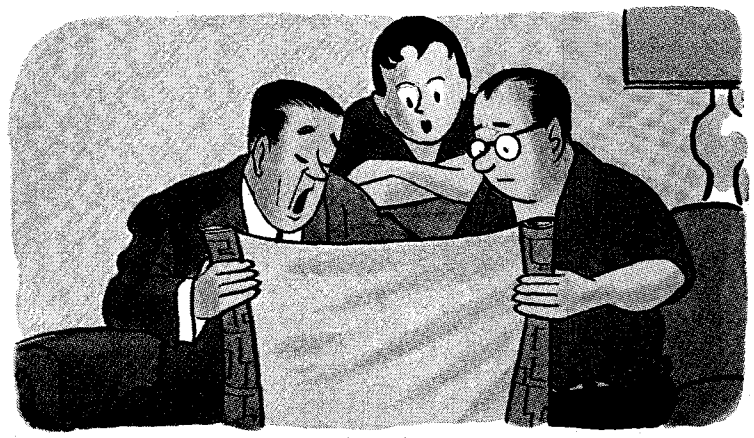
**2.** ". . . over my dead body!"

**3.** "Illegal, arbitrary and outrageous! If anybody thinks he's downgrading my property . . .!"



**4.** ". . . so the matter will be taken under advisement and reconsidered at our next meeting."

**5.** "Told them a thing or two!"



**6.** ". . . approved, we'll raze your house and turn your corner property into a gas station. For this, we're prepared to pay you sixty thousand dollars."

**7.** ". . . our finger off the dike! You can't forestall progress! I say rezone commercially and put this community foursquare behind the . . ."

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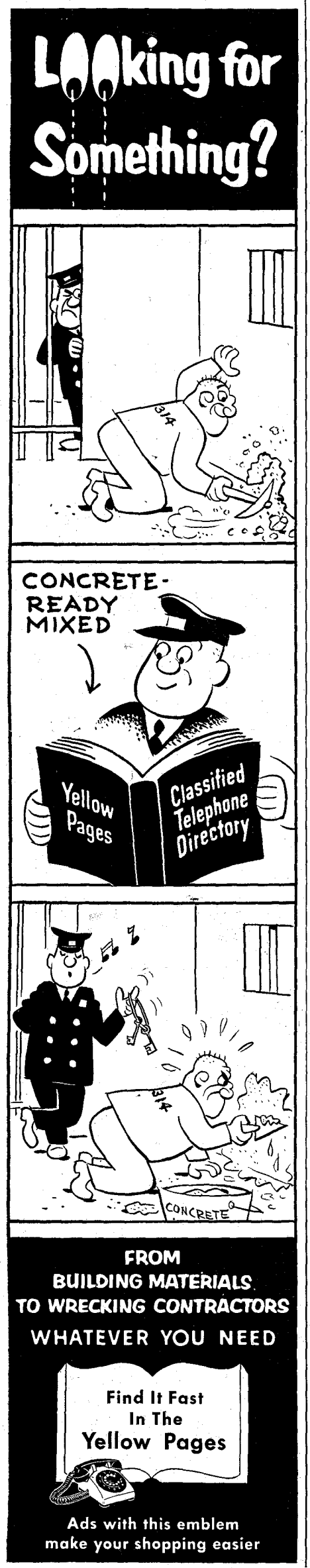


# Kids Say the Darndest Things!

(Continued from Page 23)

from private schools, the Y.M.C.A., the Y.W.C.A., the Boy Scouts and other club groups. No one on my staff tells the children what to say; we wouldn't dare.

Each day, as I look at my four tiny guests, fidgeting and scratching, I wonder what new insight we'll get into their world. Take the young man who was describing a Christmas experience:

"I saw Santa Claus come right over to my bed and hang up a stocking full of presents."

"What did he look like?" I asked.

"Well, he was wearing pajama tops and carrying a bottle of beer."

The family circle is the most important area of a child's world. He knows most about this subject, and has the strongest opinions about the goings-on under the family roof. This is perhaps the mother lode that an interviewer can mine indefinitely.

"What kind of a family have you?" I began the questioning one day.

"Seven children," said a six-year-old sweetie-pie. "All girls except one."

"Who's that, your brother?"

"My father."

"Would he like a boy in the family?"

"Yes. But my mother wouldn't."

"Why not?"

"She says that daddy's enough boy for her."

Large families are the most fun, I think. Of course, big families must learn to adjust disputes and share the work.

I asked one young fellow who had four brothers and three sisters: "How do you decide who does chores around the house?"

"We have a big council meeting, just like the Government."

"Who's President?"

"My mother, of course, " he said, surprised that I wouldn't know.

"Who's Vice President?"

"All the rest of us except my dad."

"What's he?"

"He's in the living room watching the fights on television."

Driving is a good subject for interviews, because every child is impatiently awaiting his chance to get back of the wheel. I wonder what sort of driving will be done by the child who answered this question: "Who's the best driver in your family?"

"It's kind of hard to say. My mother always backs part way through the garage. My dad smashed into the end of a parked car yesterday. Last week my mother went up on the curb and knocked an old man down. And they both get hundreds of tickets."

When I asked one young man if his daddy talked much while driving, he said, "Yes, he sure does. Are we on the air now?"

"Of course. Why do you ask?"

"Then I'd better not say what daddy says about the other drivers."

I'm afraid that many parents have yelped with pained surprise when they heard family jokes repeated as the gospel truth by the youngsters on my program. For example:

"My dad worked at a vegetable market, and my mother used to come in and pinch the vegetables. Every time she'd pinch a vegetable my dad would pinch her, until they couldn't stand it any longer and got married."

And I've heard fascinating reports on how dad met mom, and mom got dad:

First small boy: "My folks met in a night club."

"What was your father doing?"

"He was a bartender."

"And your mother?"

"She was attending a P.T.A. meeting."

Second small boy: "My folks were cousins in Massachusetts, but when they came out to California they had to get married. There's some sort of law out here."

The subject of remarriage is not a touchy one with the children. They come right out and wish for a new daddy or mother, with no ifs or buts. Recently a little boy said, "My mother's busy looking everywhere for a man."

"Where is the best chance to find one?"

"So far, it's best around Santa Monica, she says. But the trouble with most of them is that they yell or drink or something."

"That's too bad," I consoled him.

## The Deer Come Down

By S. Omar Barker

When scrub-oak leaves turn
autumn brown,
Into our orchard deer come
down,
Shy does, twin fawns, to
search the ground
Where fallen apples may be
found.

They have not lacked good
browse to eat,
But apples are a special
treat
We purposely enjoy to
share
With timid guests. We watch
them there,
Bidding them welcome
from their hill
Only by keeping still—so
still!

"Oh, she doesn't give up easy. She had one a few weeks ago that was just about perfect, except for two little things."

"What were those?"

"He didn't like her. And he was already married."

In spite of everything that television and movies can do to make the All American Father look like the All Time Boob, he's still O.K. with Junior. In fact, Junior is apt to invent a pedestal for dad. A boy will say that his father is a fireman, or a jet pilot, or a deep-sea diver who makes each day an adventure. And then, under the cold eye of the TV camera, he will climb down: "Daddy's a plumber." I'm never sure whether I'm being kidded or whether my guest is kidding himself. Quite often it's a bit of both, which makes for fun at the family TV set. Here's one:

"What does your dad do?"

"He's got a swell job at the Hall of Justice." He looked around a trifle nervously. "He shoots people who are bad and come to steal money from the Government."

Of course, a child's version of the facts is likely to cause a change in dad's occupation if the boss is listening. There was the innocent who spouted, "My dad's a cop who arrests burglars, robbers and thieves."

I asked, "Doesn't your mother worry about such a risky job?"

He answered, "Naw, she thinks it's great. He brings home rings and bracelets and jewelry almost every week."

A doctor's life was characterized by his offspring, "He sure hates to be bothered by all the calls from sick people, especially at dinnertime and everything gets cold."

"What can he do about it?" I argued. "After all, he's a doctor."

"He changes the phone number and doesn't tell them, so they can't find him."

Another boy described his father as "a termite man who crawls under houses and finds those bugs that eat up houses and kills them."

I asked, "Have you ever seen a termite?"

"Oh, sure; we have them all over the place where we live."

"Won't they eat up your house?" I was astonished. "Isn't your dad worried?"

"Why should he care? We're renters!"

Going over the tape recordings of my favorite shows, I have screened out a few choice descriptions of dear old dad.

"My father's the bravest man in the world."

"How do you know?"

"He cut his finger on a glass one time and didn't even cry."

"What was he doing?"

"He was down in the basement bottling beer."

"My dad's a lawyer."

"Does he put people in jail?"

"No, he's on the innocent side."

"My dad is an Episcopalian minister."

"What have you learned from his sermons?"

"Jesus never told a lie."

"Anything else?"

"And he chopped down the cherry tree."

"Are you going to be a minister too?"

"Not unless the Army was going to draft me."

"How did you come to think of that?"

"That's what my daddy did."

Children love to talk about their pets, and they weave many a fanciful tale of improbable goings-on. If they don't have a pet, they blithely make one up. One young man gravely assured me that he had a horse that slept in his bedroom. More believable was the story of a boy who said, "I have three guinea pigs, two dogs and a turkey. The turkey's sick."

"What's wrong with him?"

"He's got the chicken pox."

Another boy had a ready answer when I asked what breed of dog he had.

"Half male," he said, "and half airmale."

When I was a kid, dogs were named Rover or Prince, and cats were called Pussy or Tabby. The modern generation has more imagination.

"I have a cat named Regal Pale," a little girl told me.

"But that's the name of a beer company," I objected.

"We had the cat before the beer company got its name," she said, "so they must have copied it from us."

A good many pets, I gather, have short lives. Some children grieve for them, but some display stoicism, as witness this interview in the Peter Lorre idiom:

"Tell us about your pets."

"I had five cats, a dog and a bird."

(*Continued on Page 50*)

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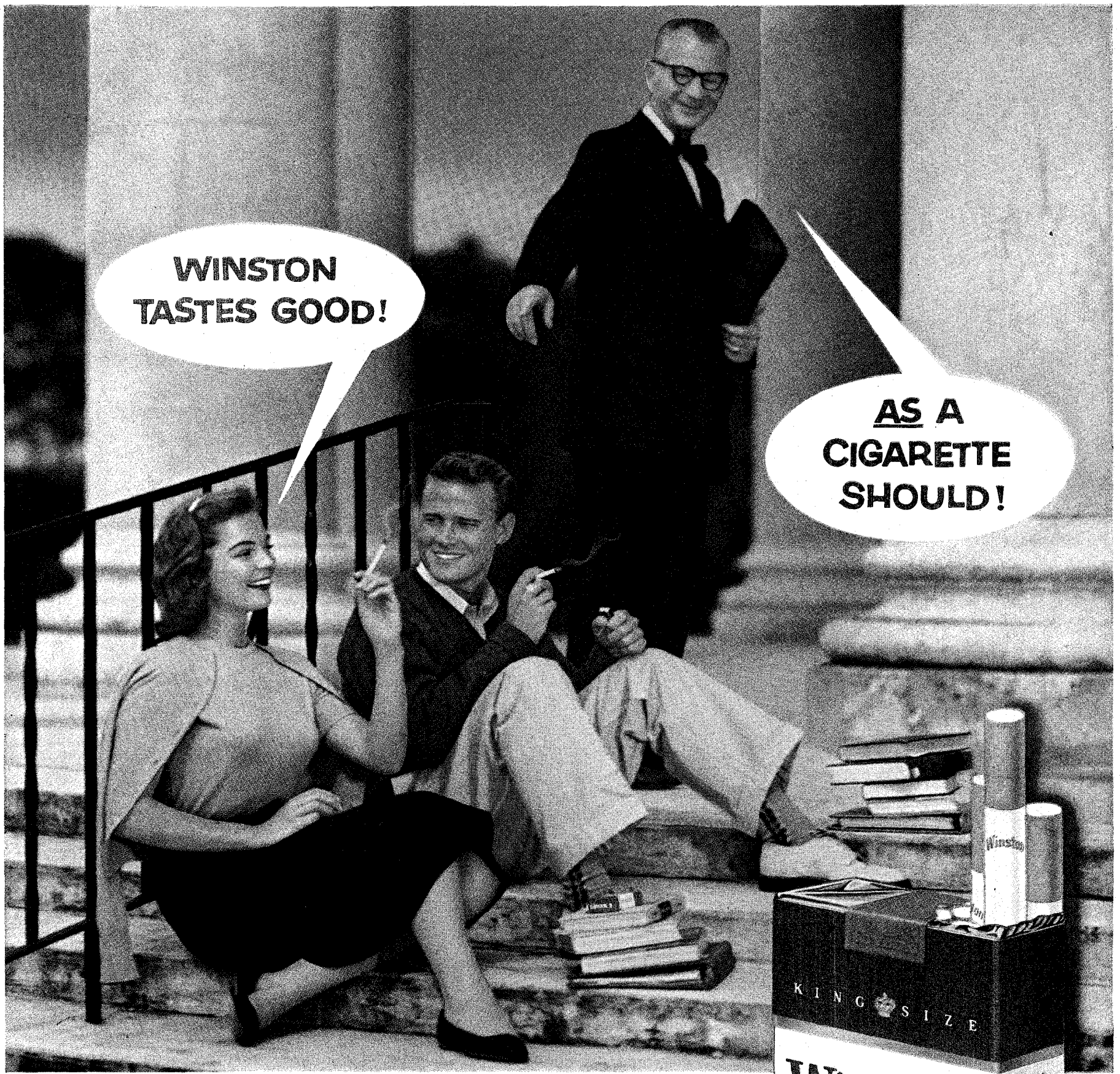


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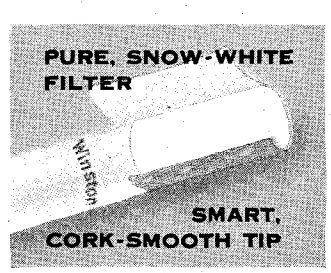


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IT'S THE NEW FACE OF FASHION—

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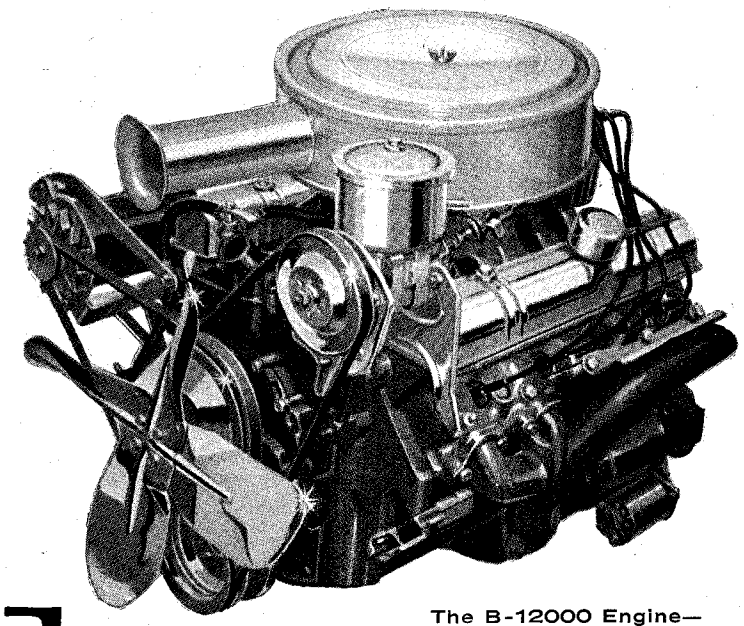
A decisive break-through into a new era of transportation by land.

*We wanted to extend it to style, ride, performance, handling—to noise suppression, vibration elimination—to a completely new concept of motion. And to backbone it all with a new peak of precision manufacture beyond anything the automobile industry had ever reached before.*

When you drive the 1958 Buick, we believe you will agree we made that dream come true.



The B-12000 Engine—most advanced V8 engine possible to build for today's fuels.

# -through

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It sets you in front of the style parade with a fresh boldness that looks poised for flight.

It gives you domination of a Flight-Pitch Dynaflow* that catches the rest of the industry flat-footed.

It appoints you chief pilot of a B-12000 engine that justifies our quiet pride. Introduces you to a Miracle Ride—and you can have it with the added luxury of Buick Air-Poise Suspension.* Protects you with air-cooled aluminum brakes* plus more thrilling important gains than we ever made in a single year.

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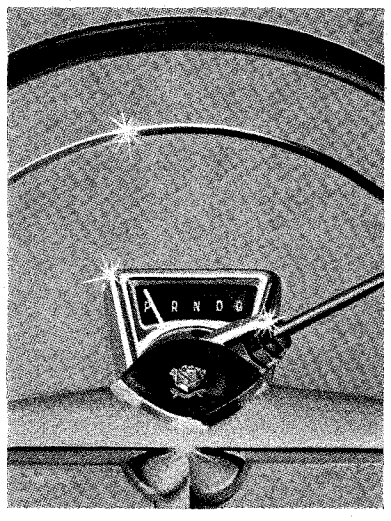


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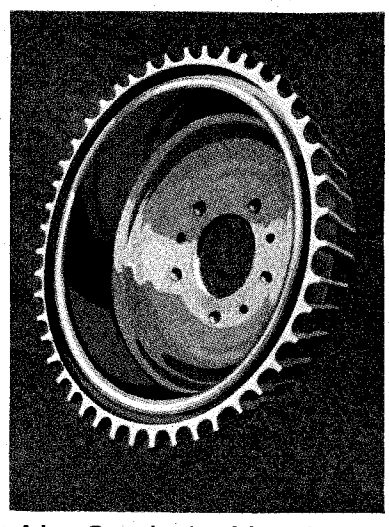
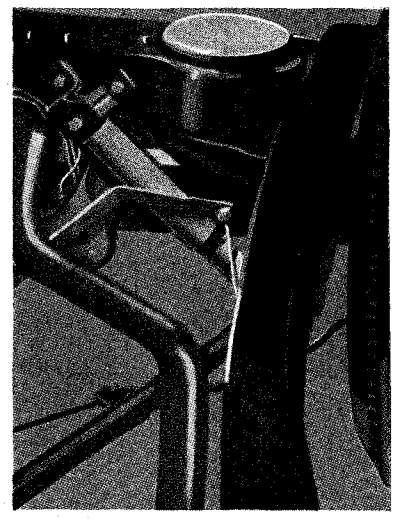
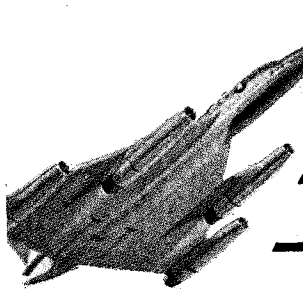


**Air-Cooled Aluminum Brakes**—Year's greatest braking advance. Aluminum drums shrug off heat. 45 radial fins give extra "air conditioning." More positive stopping. Easier stopping. Longer brake life, even in worst-traffic areas.



**Miracle Ride—plus Buick Air-Poise Suspension**—gives you the stability of Buick Rotoflow Torque-Tube Drive, the firmness of an X-member frame. Ride on gentle coil springs, or choose Buick's new Air-Poise Suspension—which floats you on 4 columns of air.



# B-58 BUICK

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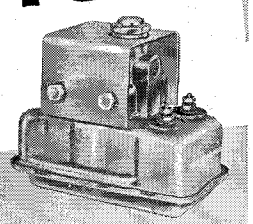

Don't let cold weather bring you starting trouble this winter! Enjoy dependable, *fast* starting every time you touch your starter. The Stewart-Warner Electric Fuel Pump operates *independently* of engine . . . delivers a steady, uninterrupted flow of gas to your motor from the moment you turn your key. Ends vapor lock due to abrupt changes in temperature, gives positive starting and more reliable performance regardless of weather.

No bellows or rocker arms to wear out or replace. Weatherized finish in bright green baked enamel. Easy to install. The famous name, Stewart-Warner, is your assurance of year-after-year dependability.

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STEWART SW WARNER


(*Continued from Page 46*) "What do you mean, had? Did something happen to them?"

"Well, first the dog killed almost all the cats." He paused to reflect. "He really wasn't my dog. He lived across the street, and when he came over to see if there was any more cats to kill, he got run over."

"What do you have now?" I asked.

"We have one bird and one hungry cat."

"O-ho," I nodded wisely. "Do you know what might happen next?"

"Yes. The cat's going to eat up the bird."

"Then what will you do?"

"Kill the cat."

Another story of pets that had a tragic note came from a sad-eyed little girl. "I used to have a duck, but it ran away. Then I had a turtle, but my father stepped on it. Then I had three goldfish, but my sister put water softener in their bowl and they softened to death."

Occasionally a different kind of tragedy occurs, to wit: "I once had a dog, but he got married and moved to Oakland."

Sometimes the hairline decision as to what is or isn't a pet evades all but the very young in heart. A snub-nosed youngster put it this way. "I don't have any pets, but I do have a friend." When I asked what kind of a friend, he said, "An Airedale."

"But isn't that a pet?" I asked.

"No, he's a friend, because he belongs to my next-door neighbor."

Every hour of every day brings an avalanche of information to a child—new words, new thoughts, new experience. Some of this learning is clear enough; some doesn't make good sense. There was five-year-old Liza, for example, who came home from kindergarten all excited about somebody she had just heard of.

"He's a prisoner," she told her mother, "a wonderful prisoner who does things for people and he loves God."

"Who is he?" asked mamma.

"I can't remember," said Liza.

A few minutes later she dashed into the kitchen. "I remember now," she said. "He's Prisoner Eisenhower."

Half-heard phrases are easily distorted in the mind of a growing child. A small friend of our family, when singing God Bless America, comes out with the logical lyrics: "Stand beside her, and guide her, with the light through the night from a bulb."

I sometimes ask the kids on my program to define "big" words. Many an answer shows considerable logic. For example:

"What do we mean by the saying, 'a wet blanket'?"

"It's the blanket baby lies on."

"What does this expression mean: 'The grass is always greener in the other fellow's yard'?"

"He's using better fertilizer than you are."

"What is your definition of 'maturity'?"

"It's when you come to a dead end."

"What's a 'good sport'?"

"A good sport is a guy who's no good at any kind of sport like tennis or football or swimming, so the only thing left for him is to be a good sport."

When my guests are six years old or younger, the definitions tend to slip into the fourth dimension. Take the boy who said he was going to be a scientist and study bones.

I said, "Then you must know what a dinosaur is."

"Yes," he replied, "it's the place where you buy things for five and ten cents."

And there was the boy who defined "alimony":

"It's something Davy Crockett fought for and finally lost."

A panel of four subteen-agers pondered the question: "What's an adolescent?" and came up with mixed conclusions:

"Somebody with pimples."

"Somebody who never stops talking."

"It's a kind of a commercial."

"He's crazy."

One of my most startling discoveries is that the average American boy is not interested in becoming President. The question comes up often. Here are typical answers from the small fry:

"Abraham Lincoln loves every boy and girl. Let's keep him." From a four-year-old.

"I couldn't be President. I don't even know who we're fighting." A six-year-old.

"You have to work all day and argue all night. And what about taxes?" Nine-year-old.

"You have too much responsibility." Now we're up to the eleven-year-olds.

Kids would rather have more glamorous jobs. For instance, a seven-year-old girl wanted to be a sophisticated singer like Peggy Lee. I asked her what she would sing if she were putting on a big show at Ciro's. She thought a moment and announced: "Jesus Loves Me."

A six-year-old boy recently assured me that he was going to drive an armored truck when he grew up. He went on: "It's the kind of job where you meet lots of interesting people . . . like bank robbers. And besides that, you make five thousand dollars a week."

"That's a lot of money," I said. "Are you sure you get that much?"

"Sometimes more. You just reach back in the truck for what you want."

Ambition, it seems, begins with five-year-olds. A younger boy, age four, told me that he didn't want to be anything.

"Don't you want to get married?" I asked.

"Yes."

"How'll you get the money?"

"My wife can work."

"What if she won't?"

"I'll send for my mother."

I shall never forget one little boy's answer to this question, for it reflected the insecurity of a world where the kids hear about hydrogen bombs and guided missiles.

When I asked, "What do you want to be when you grow up?" he thought a long moment.

Then he gave his answer in one word: "Alive."

It wasn't funny at all—too near the mark. But children don't flinch from the truth, although they eventually come to regard it as adults do. That is, they take the truth apart and reassemble it as something different. For example, when I asked a boy of seven how he would go about settling an argument with another boy, he answered promptly: "I'd count ten, then hit him on the nose."

What he's like in school I wouldn't dare guess. It has often occurred to me that many a teacher breathes a sigh of relief when she sees some hunk of perpetual motion leaving class for a morning session on my show. The buzz-saws of the class actually make some of my best material, with their untrammeled minds and uncensored comments. Occasionally, though, the teacher would like to have him back in class and hushed up. Here's what I mean:

Seven-year-old: "The best kind of teacher is someone polite who isn't too easy and still doesn't give you any hard homework."

"Do you have that kind of teacher?" I asked.

"Well —— we can't tell yet."

"Why can't you tell?"

"It's only the first week," he explained. "She's still being nice."

Editors' Note—This is the first of three articles. The second will appear next week.

## The Perfect Squelch

Mrs. Bustlebye was hobby-happy. As chairman of her club's hobby committee, she devoted herself to fostering interesting pastimes. This kept her so busy that she found scarcely a minute to do housework. Her own home showed it, but it never bothered her, as she was seldom there. Nevertheless, she kept arguing with her husband to buy a larger house.

One day as they passed a vacant mansion of museum size, she seized her husband's arm and said, "If we had a house like that, we could put on a hobby show. And we could have any number of hobbies of our own."

Eying the many rooms, he replied pointedly, "And one of them might well be dusting."

**Val Lauder**

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# Headache?

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# New! FIZRIN® Instant Seltzer

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**Fizrin also has amazingly effective alkalizing action!** In Fizrin you get a brand-new compound of not one but *two* fast-working alkalizers that are most effective in neutralizing excess stomach acids which cause heartburn, sour stomach, indigestion.

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*For Stomach Upsets, Headaches, Muscular Pains, Painful Discomforts of Colds*

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DIRECTIONS. For adults and children over 12, pour the contents of this packet into a glass—then fill half full with water—drink while effervescing. Full directions on carton or insert.
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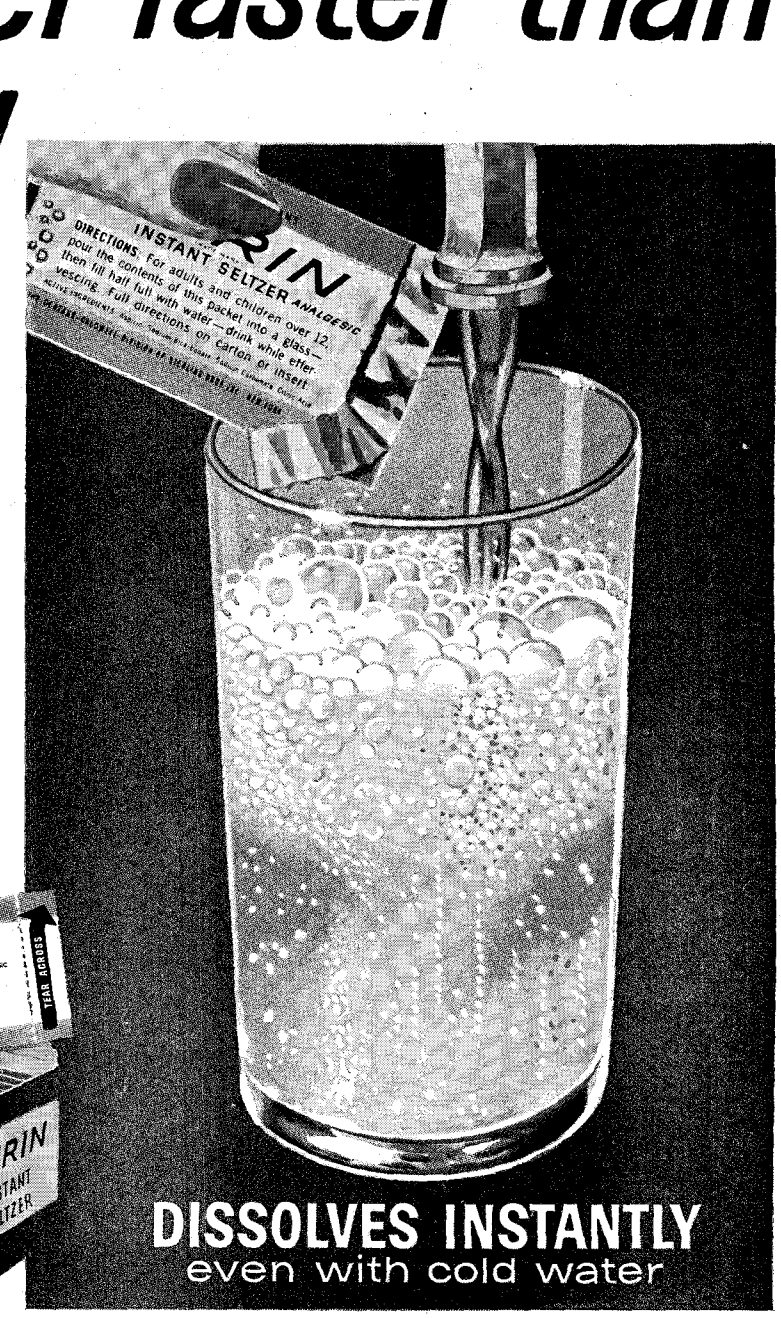
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DIRECTIONS. For adults and children over 12, pour the contents of this packet into a glass—then fill half full with water—drink while effervescing. Full directions on carton or insert.
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even with cold water

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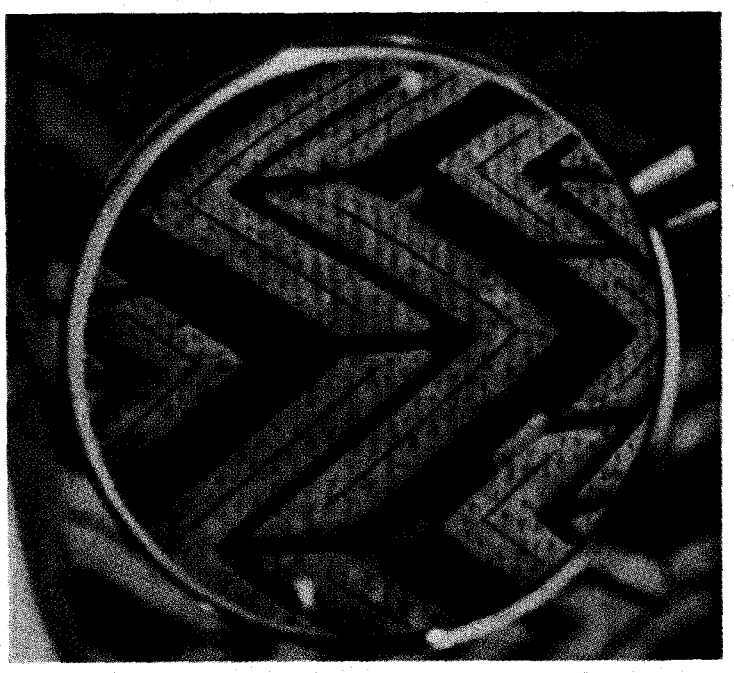
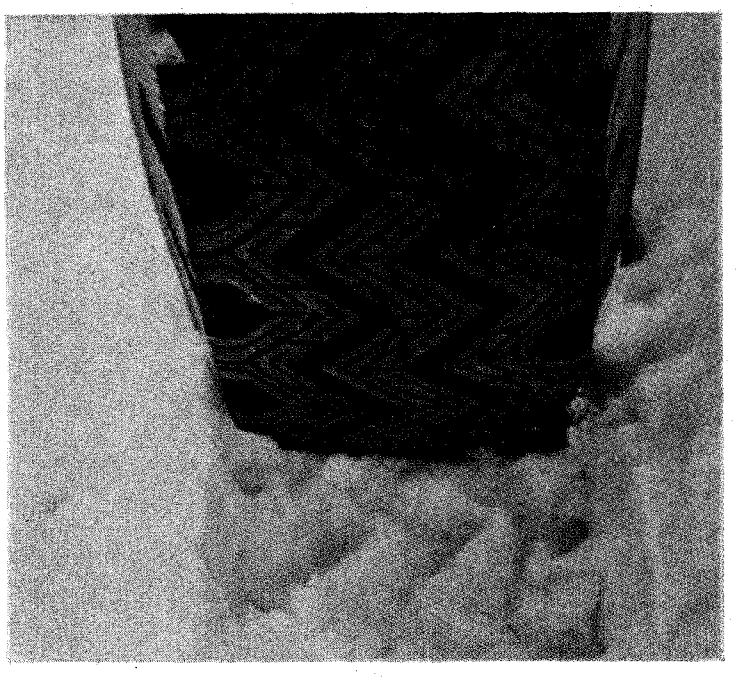


2 **WITH BUILT-IN SKID-RESISTERS AND SHARP-ANGLED CLEATS** Those action-angled cleats, molded in the extra-width tread, are powerful non-skid forces in themselves. But that's not all! Their design also includes thousands of almost invisible Skid-Resisters for extra gripping action on slick surfaces.



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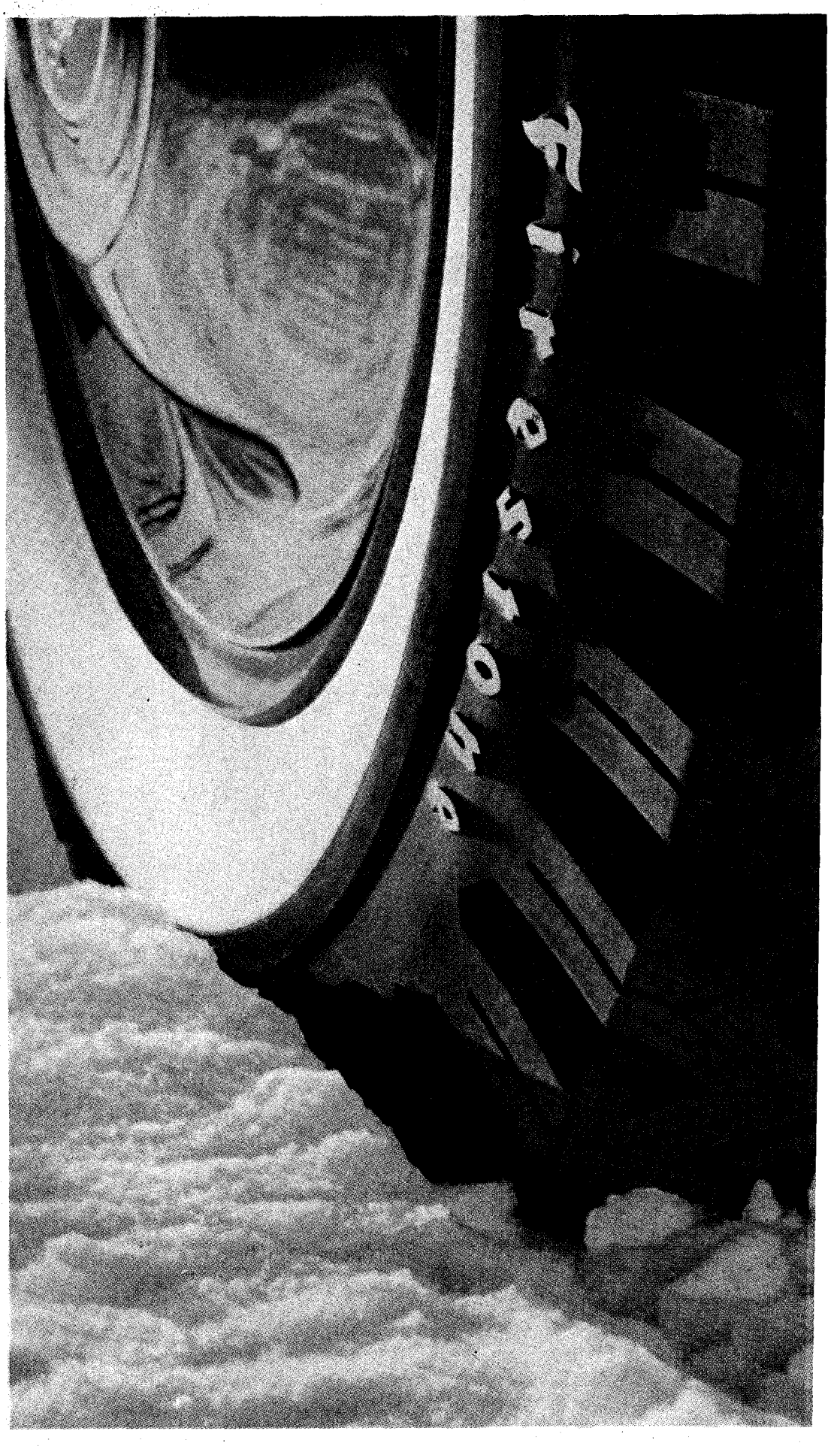

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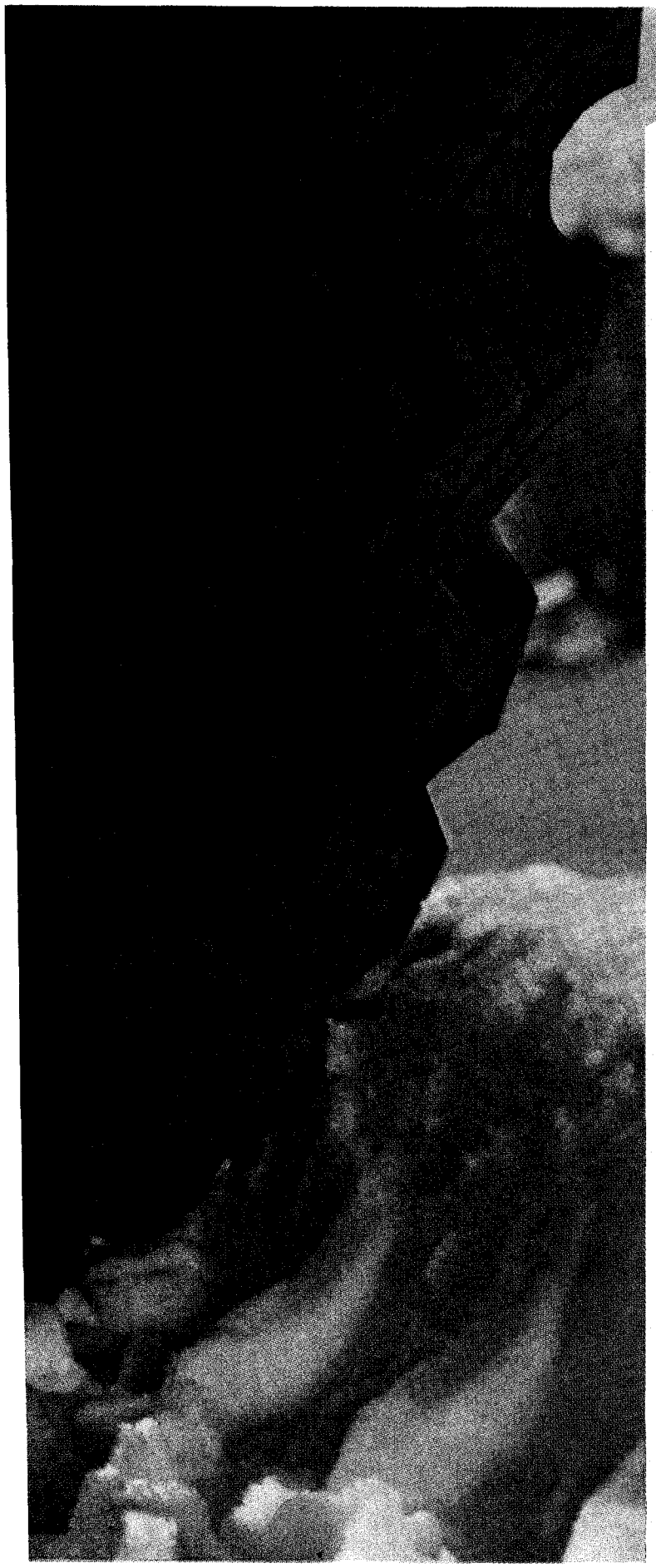
# OR SNOW OR WE PAY THE TOW!

## *triple-action traction!*



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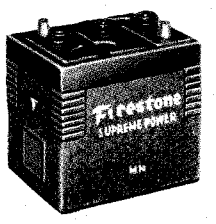


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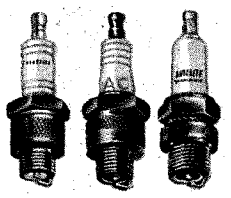

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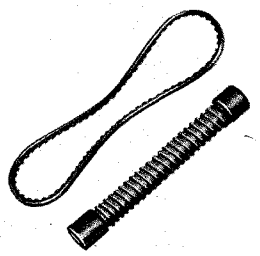

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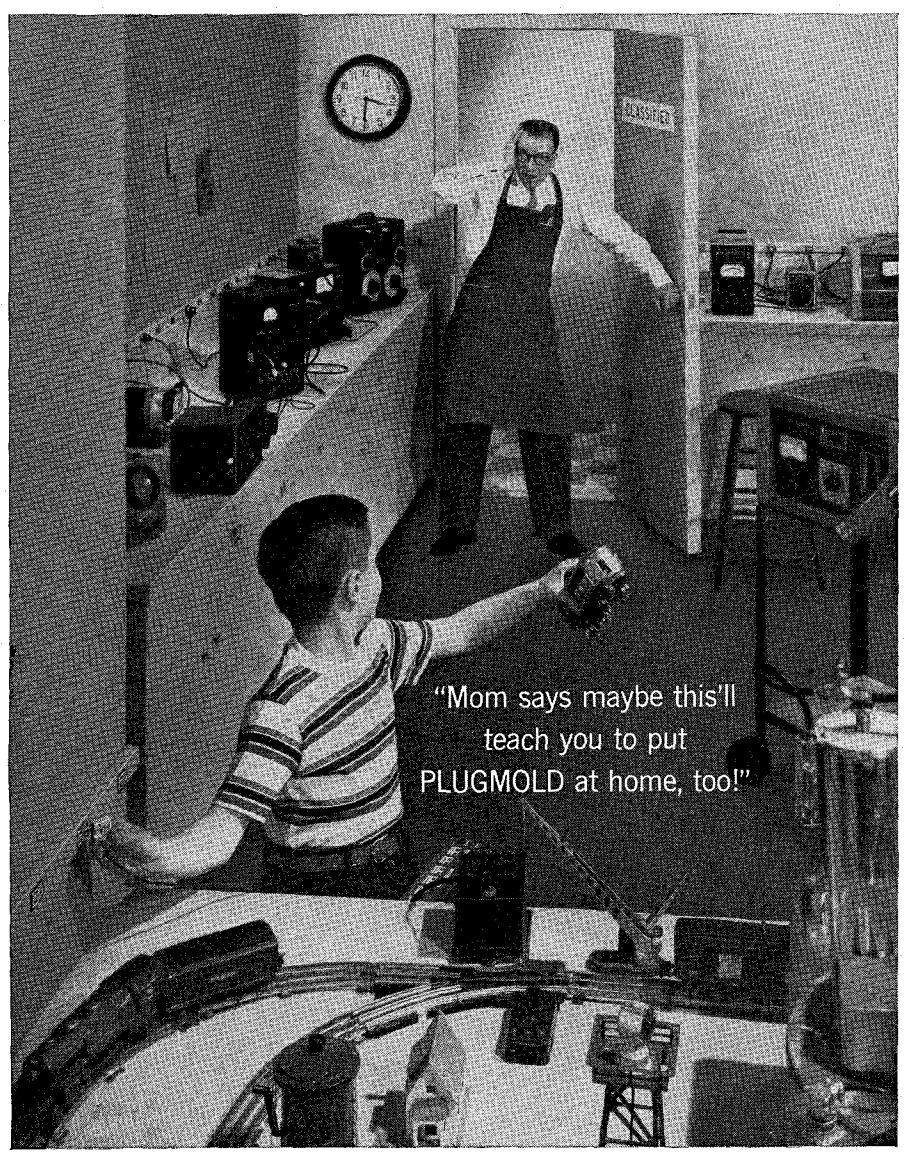


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## New Man in Her Life (Continued from Page 24)

occur to her that it might be the cause, instead. What girl wouldn't be excited by Edgar Goodspeed?

"Minerva," her mother asked, "what lecture are you going to this evening?" She assumed Edgar was taking her to a lecture; it was always either that, a concert or a meeting of the Philosophical Society. Edgar was such a commendably serious boy.

Minerva sighed. Sighing didn't suit her; Minerva's turned-up nose, blond hair and bright eyes were meant not for the melancholy emotions, but for impudence and laughter.

"I don't know—something about philosophy," she said, and sighed again.

"Something about philosophy," Athena reproved her tartly. "Surely Edgar told you what the lecture was about. What would he think if you'd forgotten?"

"I don't care what Edgar thinks," said Minerva in a monotone. Edgar, of course, had told her the title of the lecture; he had even suggested some background reading she might do in advance to get the most out of it.

Athena snapped her book shut. They were going to have it out right now, and about time. Edgar wasn't going to put up long with this kind of indifference, and where would Minerva find another Edgar Goodspeed? She was twenty-five, a dangerous age to be unmarried, and in the last few years she had missed at least three good chances. Missed? No, thrown them away—a professor of history, a novelist with a private income, and the director of a research foundation. All brilliant and accomplished men, and tolerant enough not to demand in Minerva the intellectual interests befitting a girl who married into their circle. After all, Minerva didn't even have a graduate degree, though she had done well enough at college.

"Minerva," said Athena Hoyt in her most commanding tones, "you're going to listen to me, and you're going to listen carefully. Don't pout, and don't look bored. This is for your sake. Now, who among the young men you know has the most brilliant academic future?"

"Edgar Goodspeed."

"Who was the first to publish a book?"

"Edgar Goodspeed."

"Who is the most highly thought of by the older men in his field?"

"Edgar Goodspeed?"

Athena compressed her lips; she disliked such levity. "Edgar, of course; as you very well know. And it isn't as though Edgar isn't personable, beyond all his scholarly attainments. A lot of girls would find him attractive. But with the kind of encouragement you've been giving him, a young man of Edgar's quality and distinction isn't going to be around very long. Can you give me one good reason why you're so cool toward him?"

"Edgar Goodspeed," said Minerva.

"The girl has wit," said Leander Hoyt from the doorway of his study, through which could be seen African masks, an assegai spear and a shrunken head Athena found distasteful. He leaned against the jamb, holding his pipe and a paperback detective novel. Leander was a shaggy, rumpled man in his fifties with a smile of persuasive charm that, despite her better judgment, had turned Athena's head some thirty years ago, in her sonnet stage. "She has both wit and beauty," Leander said, and smiled at his daughter, of whom he was very fond.

"You must admit, Athena," Leander went on, "that although not witless, Edgar Goodspeed has no wit. He is, rather, an extremely pompous young man with a very high opinion of himself, and absolutely no sense of humor."

"I thought you were working," Athena frowned. "Your publishers keep screaming for that manuscript two months overdue, and you waste your time reading these cheap potboilers."

"Quite entertaining, actually," said Leander, affectionately examining the paperback's lurid cover. "Three killings in the last chapter, all of them delightfully grisly. Did you know, my girls, that such literary fare is the regular diet of the outstanding poet in the English language, not to mention the leading American author? There is such a thing as mental snobbery, my dear; and mental snobbery is the death of all lasting creative endeavor. I ——"

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The doorbell, peremptorily rung, interrupted Leander's peroration. Athena's face brightened; her daughter's dimmed. With an encouraging shrug to Minerva, Leander retreated into his study and closed the door. He especially did not care for Edgar Goodspeed in a social way.

Athena greeted Edgar sweetly. "You'll never guess what we've been discussing, Minerva and I," she said, taking his coat, "—that fascinating Chapter Six in your book on symbolic logic. Simply brilliant, Edgar. Yes, Minerva's waiting just inside."

"And at that point," Edgar said, [illegible]ping his horse's neck, "Wilenski tells us that separateness implies space. And making use of this insight deductively, he proves that space is involved whenever there is separateness."

As Edgar droned on, Minerva nodded at strategic intervals. Her nod was equivalent to putting down the receiver, when Edgar called at home, and picking it up five minutes later, at which point she said "Yes" and put it down again. The system worked faultlessly, though it had occurred to her that Edgar could have saved his dime by talking to himself. She was sure he would have made a good listener.

"So you see, Minerva, when Bogtrotter, in Dublin, using the inductive method, says Wilenski's wrong, he's not only denying separateness as a factor in the space-time continuum, he's —— Minerva, by any chance have those shell-like ears been taking in a single word I've been saying?"

Minerva snapped to attention. "Of course, I'm listening, Edgar. You were saying Wilenski's wrong."

"I said Bogtrotter was wrong," said Edgar in an injured tone, his full lower lip pouting slightly.

"Oh, Bogtrotter."

"Minerva, I do not know what's come over you these last few weeks. It's as if you're a million miles away. And here I am, going to the trouble of talking seriously to you, about things that matter. I must say it's not very flattering."

"I thought you preferred a girl who offered you no intellectual competition," said Minerva, with her wide-eyed look. "Truly I did, Edgar."

"I like a girl," began Edgar pompously, "who ——" A passing waiter jostled his shoulder with superb indifference, and Edgar glared after him. It was with great dignity that he turned back to Minerva. "Who, as I was saying, has a certain amount of interest in what concerns me. She doesn't have to be brilliant—an Eleanor Roosevelt, a Clare Boothe Luce ——"

"You really like them dumb, don't you, Edgar?" Minerva said mildly, as though this were perfectly creditable as a male point of view. "But they've got to listen carefully. That's why you like girls with pretty ears."

Edgar's mouth opened wide in indignation, but Minerva never got to hear what he was going to say in that moment. A fluttery voice cooed, "Why, Mr. Goodspeed, hello," and looking up, Minerva saw a large young woman, jingling with bracelets, standing at the table. Leaning, rather; this young woman was of the type that leans toward the object of its attention as though attracted to it by a law more powerful than that of gravity. If she leaned any farther, Minerva thought, she would deposit herself smack into Edgar's lap.

"Mr. Goodspeed," the large young woman gushed, "I know you don't recognize me, but I'm from your class in Philosophy Four-oh-three. I just had to tell you how much I'm enjoying your course in the contemporary metaphysicians."

Edgar smiled, even blushed a little as his hand went to the knot of his tie. Minerva didn't notice; she was counting the large young woman's bracelets. There were fourteen on one arm; she didn't bother counting those on the other.

"Why, thank you, Miss—Miss ——" Edgar floundered. The girl, obviously, hadn't made too great an impression upon him in class.

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Halloween is the only time of year when a small boy shows any interest in using soap.

IMOGENE FEY

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"Travis, Arabella Travis, Mr. Goodspeed," the large young woman said. "I sit in the very first row." She giggled.

Edgar stood up gallantly from the table. "Miss Travis, this is Minerva Hoyt. Would you and your escort care to join us?"

Miss Travis' mouth became an "O" of delighted surprise. "Mr. Goodspeed, could we? I'd just love to." And as if afraid Edgar would withdraw his invitation, she flounced away, bracelets jingling like a harem dancer's.

"She is doubtless," said Minerva, deadpan, "very bright."

Edgar shot his cuffs. "Miss Travis turned in a very creditable term paper on the meaning of meaning. She strikes me as both intelligent and enthusiastic, qualities not found in all my students. Nor, I might add, in most of her sex.... Ah, here they are now."

Arabella had joined them with a man whom Minerva would not have associated with her unless, say, they had been trapped together by act of God in a flood, twister, hurricane or some other disaster. He was tall, leanly good-looking, and over his mobile mouth there played an attractive smile of wryly restrained amusement. When they were introduced, his eyes crinkled at Minerva and hers crinkled back; it would have been unnatural of them to have not.

His name was Mike Cosgrove. Edgar and Arabella began to discuss a new system of logic discovered, like gold, in California, and Minerva and Mike Cosgrove fell into a conversation of their own.

No, he hadn't known Arabella long; she was, as a matter of fact, his blind date for the evening. At her suggestion they had taken in a chamber-music concert at Symphony Hall—he preferred Dixieland to Mozart—and from the hall had come here to the tavern, where Arabella had introduced him to the meaning of meaning. He hadn't been able to contribute much to the discussion. He guessed he wasn't very good company for a brilliant girl like Arabella, who was at home with abstract thought.

"Yes, I don't suppose she goes out with it much," said Minerva, but inaudibly.

"I beg your pardon," said Mike.

"I said I liked Dixieland, too, Mr. Cosgrove."

"Mike, please. And do you also dig horror movies?"

"Love them, Mike. Also ferryboats and amusement parks."

"I dig ferryboats the most," Mike Cosgrove said. "Along with roller coasters, ball games, hot dogs, beer and the comics. Do you like the comics, Minerva?"

(*Continued on Page 58*)


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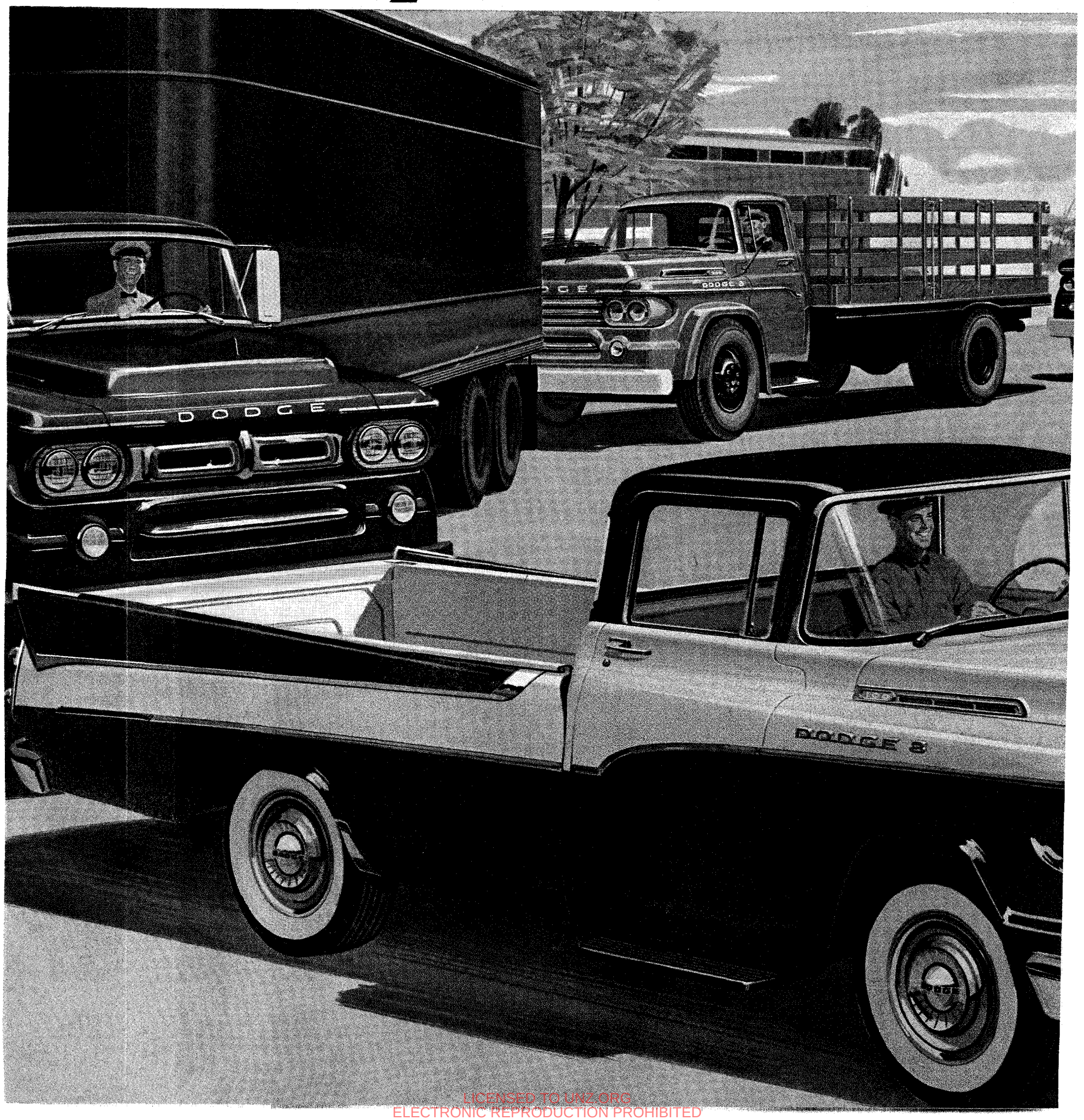


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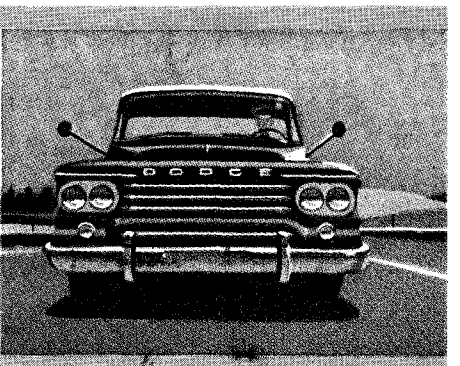


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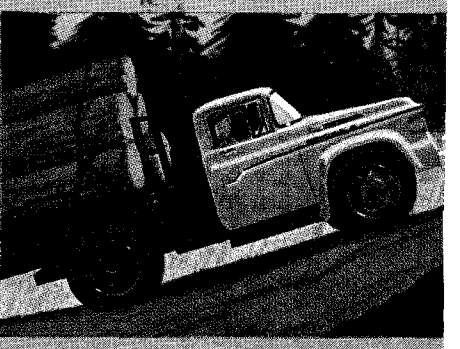

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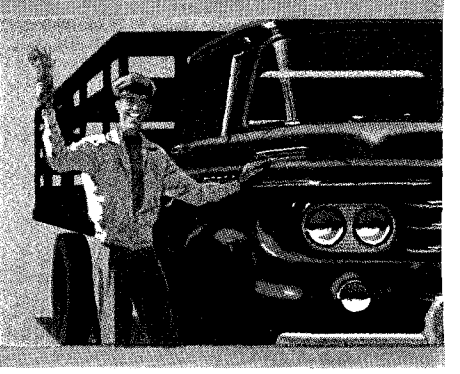

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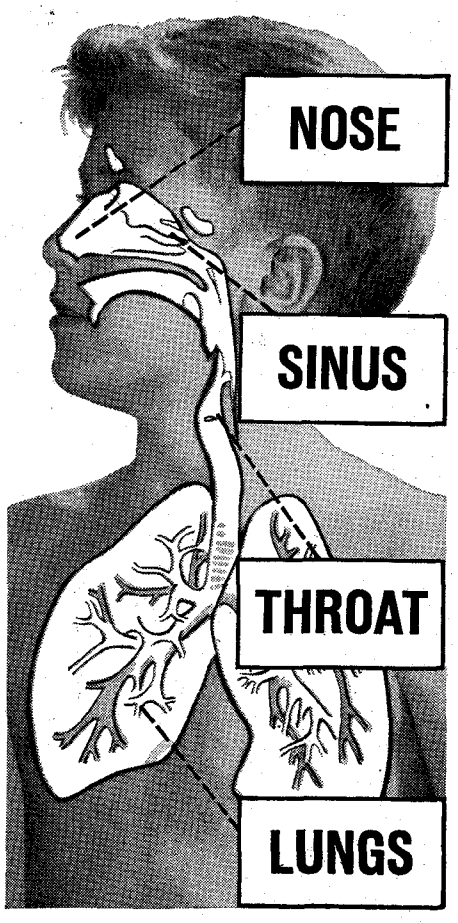


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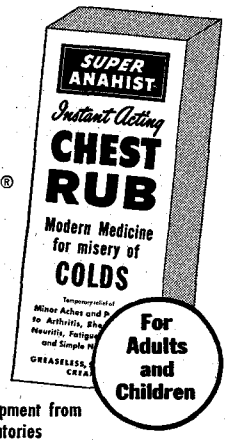



A Remarkable Medical Development from Anahist Research Laboratories


(*Continued from Page 55*) "I adore the comics," Minerva said, and saw Edgar regarding her with horror.

"Minerva, did I hear you say you read the funny papers?" His shock had been transmitted to Miss Travis, whose eyes were wide with amazed reproof.

"The comics," Minerva corrected him. "'Funny papers,' Edgar, is out of date."

"Don't you like the comics, Mr. Goodweed?" asked Mike pleasantly.

"The name is Goodspeed," Edgar said with hauteur, "and I most emphatically do not. I consider them, along with movies and all the more popular kind of reading matter, an abomination upon the American cultural scene. . . . I am surprised, Minerva, that you should waste your time on such trash. Surely your parents have provided you with better examples."

"The last one," Minerva said, "was so heavy it nearly sprained my wrist. The junkman weighed it for me—exactly four pounds, two ounces."

A glimmer of suspicion crossed Edgar's face. "Minerva, what was the title of this book?"

"Why, it was your book, Edgar," said Minerva conversationally. "Prolegomena to Inductive Logic."

Miss Travis gasped. Mike took hold of Minerva's hand under the table.

Edgar's face went white. "I should like to know," he said, biting hard on the words, "on what grounds you consider the Prolegomena worthless. Evidently your superior critical mind has found flaws some of the world's best philosophers have overlooked."

"Now look, Buster," Mike said easily, "let's not take that kind of tone with the young lady."

"I never heard anything so insulting in my life," said Arabella Travis hotly. "Mr. Goodspeed is a recognized genius, and for a person who knows absolutely nothing to ——"

"Please, Miss Travis," said Edgar smugly, leaning back in his seat, "I should like Miss Hoyt to tell me wherein I have erred, and to what in the Prolegomena she would take exception. It should be quite interesting. Minerva?" he insisted, and leaned back a little farther in his chair.

Minerva took a swallow of her drink. "I guess Miss Travis is right, Edgar; I don't know much about logic, so, if you'll bear with me —— But the fact remains that your basic premise is wrong. What you've done is to mistake your series of successions for a series in time, rather than space. *A* doesn't produce *C*, as a result; it produces, *D*, and that's where the entire theory falls down. Nor can you say *D* produces *F* in a corresponding succession on the unilinear plane. If that were true, *Y* would produce *X*, infinitely, and it doesn't. Wilenski missed that point, too, in reviewing your book. He was taking the context as *a priori* where it was actually *a posteriori*." Minerva paused. "I haven't explained it very well, Edgar, but maybe you see what I mean."

As Minerva tore his four-pound-two-ounce book to shreds, Edgar had leaned closer and closer to the table, until he sat now with elbows firmly on it, propping up his astonished face. His eyes were bugged and his mouth open, like a gaffed and not-so-philosophical fish. He tried to talk, but all he could get out was the letter *b*. The word he wanted was probably "but," but that we shall never know, for at that moment Mike Cosgrove moved his untouched glass of water in front of Edgar, got up from his chair, and said, "Arabella, why don't you see that Mr. Goodweed takes a few swallows of water and then goes on home? I don't think you need a doctor; a good night's sleep should do the trick."

Then, before she knew what was happening, Mike had hustled Minerva out of the cocktail lounge to the checkroom. Going out the door, Mike gave so perfect an imitation of Edgar as an unphilosophic fish that she collapsed into helpless laughter. Tumbling into the cab, both of them were laughing so hard that it was some time before Mike was able to give the bewildered cabby instructions.

Athena Hoyt listened suspiciously to the sound of typing from Leander's study. Since she had thrown out his detective stories he had managed to complete all but the final chapters of his book. But she couldn't be sure Leander hadn't hidden a few paperbacks in his bookshelves, behind Malinowski and Margaret Mead. She turned her attention to Minerva. "Where are you going tonight? Concert or a lecture?"

"Dixieland, at the Bluenote," said Minerva, her eyes sparkling.

"I didn't know Edgar liked jazz."

"He doesn't."

"Edgar's certainly been giving you a rush," said Athena. "You've been seeing him almost every night these last few weeks. And all the flowers and phone calls! The phone rings and you're the first one to it." Athena smiled; she was much pleased with the change that had come over Minerva. No more listlessness, indifference, boredom; the girl had bloomed. If this kept up, any day now Minerva might expect a diamond ring, and what's more, she would accept it!

"Mother, I ——" Minerva began, having girded herself to explain Mike Cosgrove. But the doorbell rang and she went to answer it. She came back into the room with Mike in tow, her explanation in the handsome flesh.

Athena scowled alarmingly, but within five minutes was smiling in a way that made her look a good ten years younger. For besides having great charm, Mike had read all Athena's poems and could recite by heart her favorite, When Do These Echoes Wake? What's more, he did so, with considerable feeling. There was so much color in Athena's cheeks that when Leander emerged from his study, lured by a strange male voice, he dropped his pipe in surprise to the floor.

Mike rushed to pick it up for him, something Edgar Goodspeed had never deigned to do. Leander winked at Minerva in approbation.

"Mr. Cosgrove," said Athena, "you read poetry so well I'm sure you're a poet yourself, or at least a writer?"

Mike grinned modestly. "You might say I'm a scientist, Mrs. Hoyt, in the aviation field. I kind of play around with stresses and strains."

"I won't let him get away with that," said Minerva. "I'll have you know he's a famous man. If homo sapiens ever flies by himself, Mike will have made it possible. He's one of our most important aeronautical engineers. You can read about him in next week's issue of Space. He's on the cover!"

Athena was properly impressed, and though Leander only nodded and went on smoking his pipe, being himself a celebrity who only last summer had appeared on the cover of Space, Minerva knew Mike was getting better than a passing grade with Leander Hoyt, so far.

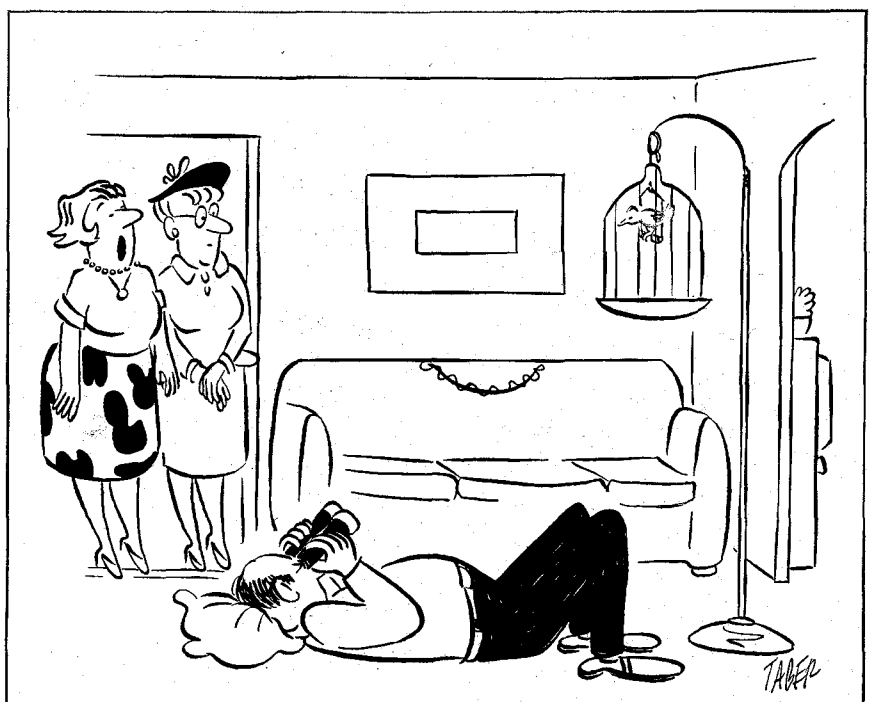
Of course Minerva had taken no chances in seeing to it that he was, just as she had made a point of drilling Mike in When Do These Echoes Wake? till he was letter perfect. At the door Leander noticed Kill Me Tender, the notorious paperback Minerva had thoughtfully stuck into Mike's overcoat pocket, and he was delighted to lend it to Leander while Athena was getting a copy of her Collected Poems to autograph for Mike.

Going down in the elevator, Minerva hugged Mike's arm fiercely. "You're over the worst of it now," she told him. "I doubt if mother's even going to wonder aloud what your I.Q. is."

"Oh, it's not so bad, you know," Mike said airily. "Matter of fact, I've been able to figure out why Edgar's theory doesn't work. You were wrong, Minerva. You said *A* produced *D* in the temporal series. I've discovered that *A* produces *G*; and the series on the unilinear plane isn't corresponding, it's alternating." There was a faint look of triumph on his face.

Minerva looked up at him with shining eyes. "Why, Mike, that's wonderful! I always wanted to marry a man who was smarter than I am."

Too bad Mike was wrong, the darling. *A* did produce *D*, but she'd explain how and why later on, when they were married, the rice was out of her hair, and they were safely airborne on a perfectly mad honeymoon in the Bahamas. THE END




"John's bird-watchers' club isn't very active during the winter months."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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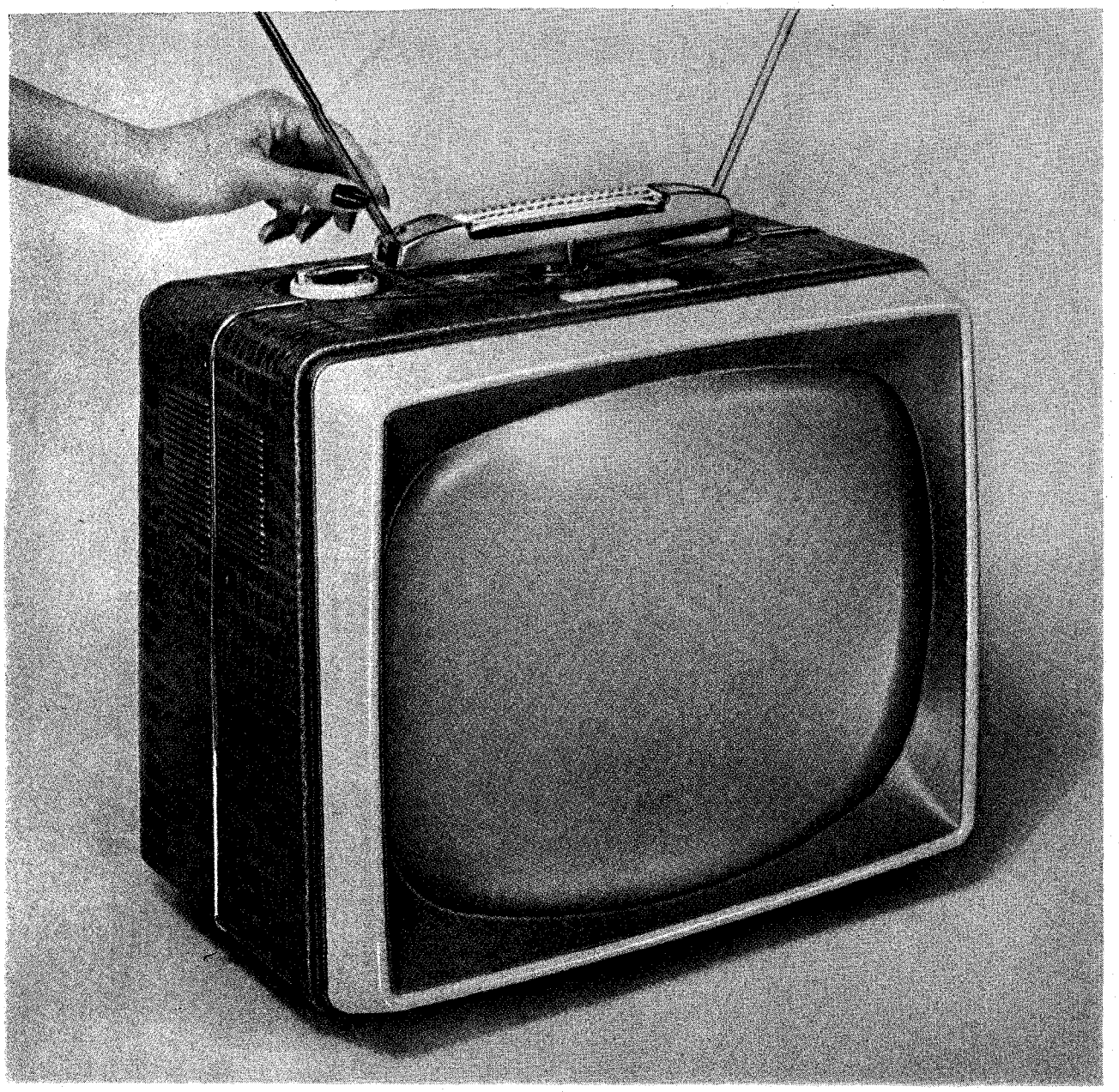
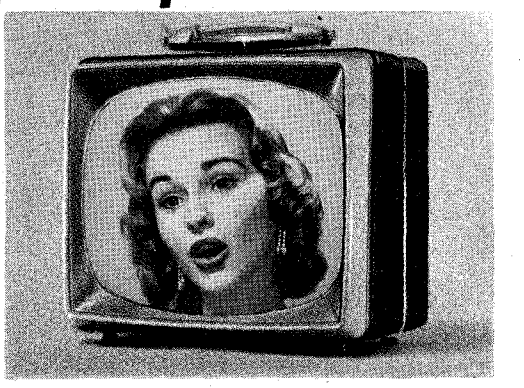
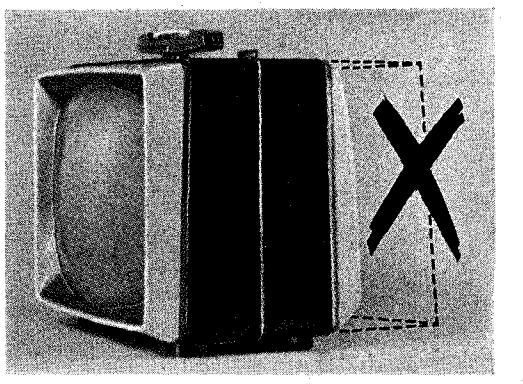
November 2, 1957

# OF COURSE YOU WANT ONE...everybody does!

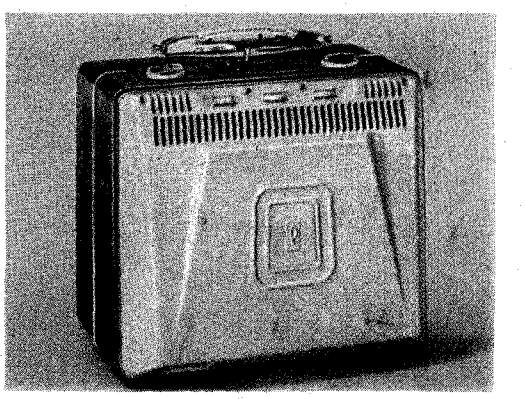




Big 155-Square-Inch Picture!



Most Slender of All!

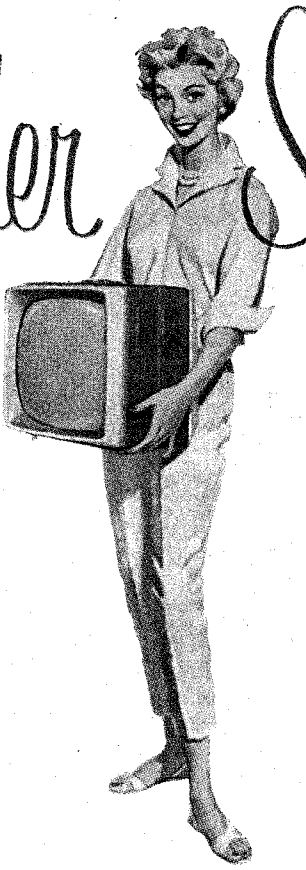


Even the Back Is Beautiful!

***It was love at first sight! TV's most exciting new idea has become TV's most spectacular best-seller!***

# PHILCO *Slender Seventeener*

PORTABLES AND TABLE SETS

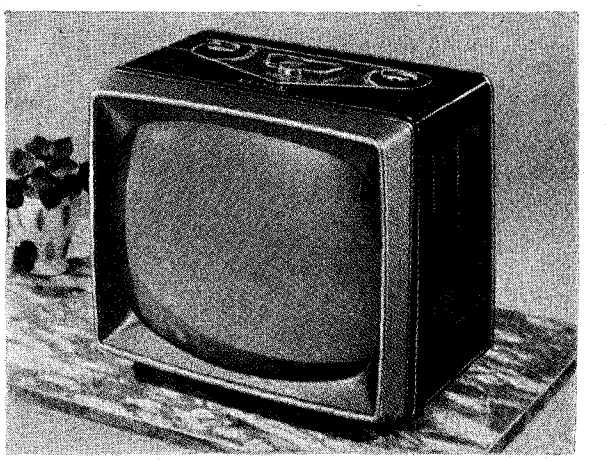


One look, and you, too, will want to take home a Philco Slender Seventeener! Big-screen television in a compact, lightweight aluminum case. Goes with you *everywhere!* A powerful 39-inch antenna zips out of the sturdy "Scan-Tenna" handle. Rotates to locate the strongest signal . . . gives you up to *three times more* signal power!

See the new Slender Seventeener Portables and Table Sets now at your Philco dealers. See how they're fashion-styled to look beautiful from any angle. See the bright new colors, wood tones — even the luxury leather look of alligator! You can have a stunning new Philco Slender Seventeener Table Set for only . . **$159.95**

SPECIFICATIONS SUBJECT TO CHANGE. PRICES SLIGHTLY HIGHER SOUTH AND WEST. UHF SLIGHTLY HIGHER.

*LOOK AHEAD . . . and you'll choose* **PHILCO®**



**NEW VOGUE IN TELEVIEWING!** Put this new Slender Seventeener Table Set on your coffee table, room divider, anywhere in any room! Big-picture TV, yet it takes up less table space than a copy of the magazine you're reading!

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**THERE'S MORE FUN FOR MOM** because work-saving steel appliances, such as washers and dryers, have taken the wearisome toil out of her daily routine. A variety of Republic Cold Rolled Steel Sheets enables manufacturers to select exactly the type of steel they need to meet specific requirements. Electro Paintlok, a zinc-plated and chemically treated Republic Sheet Steel, takes and holds a fine, painted surface. Republic ENDURO® Stainless Steel washer tubs and dryer drums protect fine fabrics for the life of the appliance. Stainless steel trim adds salability, too. And Republic Silicon Steels help manufacturers build better, long-lasting motors.

**FUN ON THE WATER** is big business. Our water-going population annually invests millions in all types of equipment. And they get a real bargain for their investment. A large part of the bargain is derived from the dependability and economical fabrication of steel parts. For example, many manufacturers of today's whisper-quiet outboard motors rely upon gears and shafts machined from Republic Cold Finished Steels. These parts have the added strength provided by cold drawing, plus a fine surface finish that assures smooth, positive, quiet motor operation. Additionally, the manufacturer obtains better machinability at a cost that permits him to be competitive. Competition, in turn, keeps consumer prices low.

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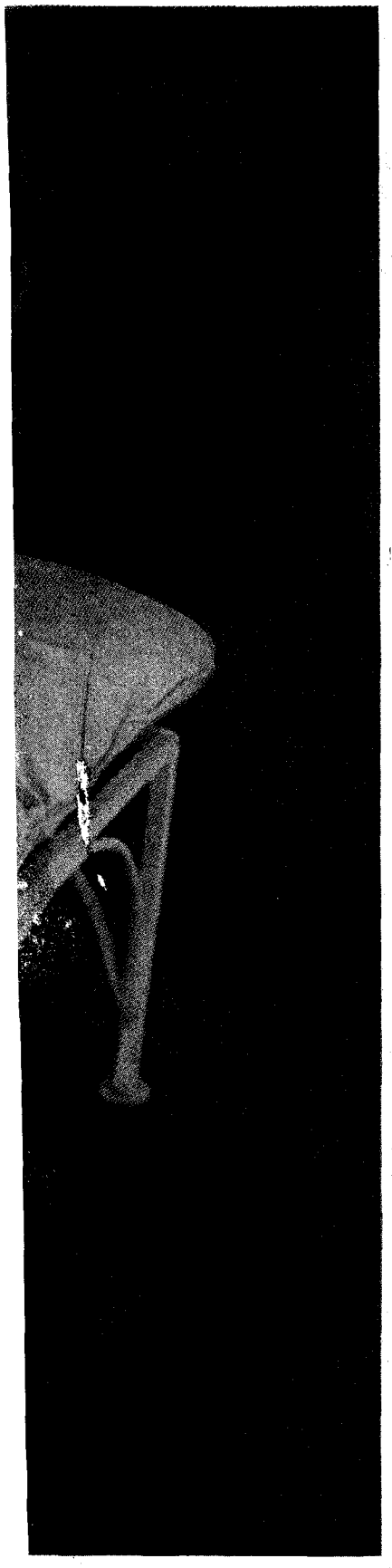

# What's made living more fun

## THAN IT WAS 80 YEARS AGO?

Would you say *Electricity?* It's certainly done wonders toward increasing our earning power, shortening our working week, and removing drudgery, through power equipment.

How about *Engines*—all kinds, steam and internal combustion? Before the engine took over, industry was pretty much confined to a water wheel on a river bank, and travel was at the mercy of wind and animal power. Engines let cities grow in a desert, and ribboned the nation with paved roads.

Or maybe the *Typesetting Machine,* which made books and magazines really amazingly low-priced, has done as much as anything to better living conditions? It certainly helped spread education, and gave the poor man his chance.

But all these were possible only after steel was made plentiful and inexpensive. Only 80 years ago people knew steel mainly as needles and knives. But the average consumption of steel has jumped in 80 years from virtually nothing, to 1400 pounds of steel every year, for every man, woman, child, and newborn infant in this country. And with every additional pound, up goes our standard of living.

If living is to continue to be more and more fun, America *must build more and more steel capacity.* In the last year, Republic Steel increased its capacity 785,000 tons, and plans to increase its total capacity to 12,242,000 tons by the end of this year.

# REPUBLIC STEEL

WORLD'S WIDEST RANGE
OF STANDARD STEELS
AND STEEL PRODUCTS

REPUBLIC STEEL

General Offices • Cleveland 1, Ohio

**MORE FUN IN THE SUN,** or in the rain if you are a dyed-in-the-wool golfer, has been made possible by low-cost steel and steel products, such as golf clubs. In 1957, over six million Americans consumed part of their yearly 1400-pound steel requirement in the form of golf clubs. One leading club manufacturer makes the heads of "irons" from hot rolled Republic ENDURO® Stainless Steel Bars. This is accomplished through forging, an economical, hot method of producing parts, in which there is little or no waste of material. Stainless steel club heads offer maximum resistance to corrosion, abrasion, and denting. Republic is a major producer of hot rolled carbon, alloy, and stainless steel bars.

**MORE FUN FOR EVERYONE.** Low-cost steel, and modern production methods, have made it possible for more people to enjoy the fun of outdoor living. Steel wire is formed into racks and grills for cooking surfaces. Or it is made into holders for hot dogs and hamburgers. (The spokes in the tricycle wheels are steel wire, too.) Hot rolled steel sheets are fabricated into braziers to hold the burning coals. Strong, tubular steel legs support the entire assembly. Cooking utensils and tools made from Republic ENDURO® Stainless Steel stay bright, clean easily, are non-contaminating.

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New kind of heel absorbs "Step Shock"

—cuts walking fatigue!

New Super Cushion heel by GOODYEAR

*Exclusive ELASTO-CREPE insert at point of impact cushions every step . . . gives longer, more even wear!*

**IT'S THE HEEL WITH THE NEW KIND OF FEEL**—super-soft, springy and comfortable! Goodyear's new Super Cushion Heel is made of cushion-easy Goodyear rubber with a big insert of tough-but-soft Elasto-Crepe to absorb "step shock." And it's another big reason why more people walk on Goodyear Heels than on any other kind!

**YOUR SHOE REPAIRMAN** can put new pep in your step with Goodyear's new Super Cushion Heels. See him soon!

*Made only by*

GOODYEAR

*Makers of NEOLITE and other top-quality Heels and Soles*

NEOLITE, AN ELASTOMER-RESIN BLEND, SUPER-CUSHION & ELASTO-CREPE, T.M.'S — THE GOODYEAR TIRE & RUBBER CO., AKRON, OHIO


# The Sin of Sister Louise

(Continued from Page 29)

"Relatives have troubles enough of their own," declared Louise. "Anyway, we need at least a thousand. If you ask me, the Lord helps those who help themselves. Now I've just been getting a new idea. Remember yesterday, when we went to pick up that bundle of clothes at the parish house?"

Anne nodded.

"I found this slip in a pocket of one of the coats. Here, read it."

The clipping was an advertisement. "Make good money at home," it said, "addressing envelopes. Clean, dignified work. No experience needed. Apply Acme Lithographing Co., 178 Broad St."

"Well, today we're going down there," asserted Louise. "We'll all address envelopes, and finally surprise the reverend mother with a nice, tidy, honestly earned sum to use for repairs on the cloister."

"It seems like a good idea." Sister Anne shook her head. "But don't you think we ought to consult the mother first?"

"If we do," said the practical Louise, "she'll find something in Holy Scripture against it. And you know, whatever she may quote, there's nothing specifically forbidding a convent of nuns from addressing envelopes."

"You always have such wonderful arguments for anything you want to do!"

Sister Louise shrugged. "When we turn over the money, it'll be too late for the Mother Superior's qualms. Meantime the furnace will be fixed and we won't have to shiver through the next winter."

That afternoon Sister Anne and Sister Louise called on the personnel manager of the Acme Lithographing Company.

"We have the work," he stated, "and pay by the thousand. The handwriting must be legible, and all spoilage is deductible. But is it suitable to your occupation? There's the point."

"Your advertisement said it was clean and dignified, didn't it?"

"True."

"Then let us worry about its suitability," Sister Louise told him. "Just deliver the lists and the envelopes to the cloister, and we'll address them."

The long boxes of envelopes duly arrived the following day at the delivery gate. But fate, in the person of the Mother Superior, intervened to prevent their arrival at the dormitory. Much to the surprise of Sister Louise and Sister Anne, they were called unexpectedly from their duties.

"You recognize these boxes, I presume?" inquired the Mother Superior.

Sister Louise gulped. "We —— It was our plan to surprise you, reverend mother. Since you've seen them, I hope you won't object if the sisters earn some badly needed money this way. They're all anxious ——"

"Was this your idea, sister?"

"Yes."

"Well, it's a most unlikely idea, and I've ordered these things returned immediately."

"But ——"

The Mother Superior, a calm repose in her features, gazed with compassionate eyes at the young sister. "I suffer our shortcomings here at St. Cecile's as intensely as you do, sister. I see the peeling plaster, the groaning beams, the patched belfry. Your concern for our worldly welfare is most understandable to me. I know your heart is in the right place, Sister Louise. But I have told you I will not countenance commercial enterprises in this cloister. Here we serve only the Lord. We will live by what charity we receive in His name, as our works of charity are performed in His name. As penance for your guileless part in this affair, Sister Anne, I give you two hours of silence. For your active part, Sister Louise, two days. You are excused, sisters."

Torture would have been easier to bear for the loquacious and talkative Louise than silence, but in her cell she was somewhat borne up by the justice of her cause. Certainly, if somebody didn't do something shortly, the whole place might come down about their ears in ruins! Hadn't the Hospice of St. John had to close its wards after fifty years of serving the sick for lack of means? No doubt the reverend mother was right in theory, that somehow the Lord would provide if He so willed. But meanwhile the plaster crumbled, the seasons came and went, and bills mounted. Perhaps the Lord had chosen her, Louise, as His divine instrument. In any case, a new plan had formed in her mind, and she suffered the last few hours of silence with little patience.

Sister Anne wrinkled her round pink face into a grimace when she saw her companion's determined expression. "Don't tell me you have a new scheme in mind after what the reverend mother said!" she exclaimed. "You've had two penances already."

"At least let me tell you my plan before you criticize it." Louise's eyes were dancing now. "This new idea came from the Mother Superior herself!"

"Oh?"

"Anyway, indirectly from the mother." Sister Louise grinned with that half-innocent, half-wise smile her companion knew only too well. "You heard her say we live by what charity we receive in the Lord's name. Well, then, why wait for charity to come to our door? Let's go out looking for it."

"How?"

"You know we're free to collect old clothing wherever we can. Now here's my plan."

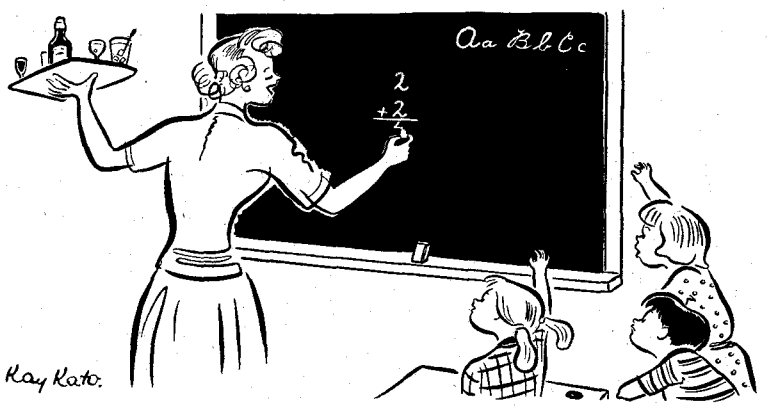
Sister Louise's idea was simplicity itself. They had only to call on a select list of well-to-do parishioners, such as Mr. Merriwether, the stockbroker, and, presenting first the case for clothing needed by their mission, add a little missionary talk of their own.

Duly calling at the stockbroker's office the following morning, and having his assurance that he would phone Mrs. Merriwether about making up a bundle for them, Sister Louise murmured coyly, "Fortunately, *we* are well clothed. Otherwise we might freeze in winter, mightn't we, Sister Anne, since that broken furnace at the cloister sends up no heat?"

"It's that bad?" inquired the stockbroker sympathetically.

"I'm afraid all the buildings are in a run-down condition, due to lack of funds. The belfry —— Well, we didn't come here to tell you our troubles, Mr. Merriwether. As long as the poor natives of foreign countries are taken care of, our welfare is unimportant."

"H'm." Mr. Merriwether rubbed his chin thoughtfully. "And who would I send a modest contribution to, sisters?"




## You be the Judge

By JOSÉ SCHORR

The Ooperdunk School's prettiest teacher fell in love with the saloonkeeper down the street. After school hours, she tended bar and served drinks for him. The school board, outraged, fired her on grounds of immorality and incompetence as measured by its standards for teachers. She in turn sued the board.

"It isn't immoral to supplement my school pay by working after hours as a barmaid," the bounced teacher argued. "Nor does my serving drinks at night impair my competence to teach during the day."

"Would any parent in this courtroom," the board's attorney replied, "consider a barmaid fit to teach his children?"

If you were the judge, would you let the barmaid teach?

• • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • •

The bartending teacher lost. The court said she hurt her teaching competence and status by setting a questionable example "which cost her the respect of the youth whose ideals it was her job to foster and elevate." The court went on to add that teachers must command community respect even though it deprives them of some freedoms enjoyed by persons engaged in other vocations.

*Based upon a 1939 Pennsylvania decision.*

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"Oh, just The Cloister of St. Cecile."

When the day was finished they had nine promises of clothing bundles, and nine promises of contributions. Both were beaming when informed the reverend mother desired their presence in her office.

They stood patiently for at least five minutes before the Mother Superior raised her eyes from the pages of a well-worn ledger with frayed red corners.

Gazing at those calm, controlled features, Sister Louise's blood seemed to freeze in her veins. She swallowed painfully. "You sent for us, reverend mother?"

"May I ask whose idea it was to use the collection of clothing as excuse to solicit funds for this cloister?"

"It was mine," admitted Louise.

"Then you are excused for the moment, Sister Anne. I will take the occasion of speaking to you later."

When her companion had retired, the mother rose from her desk and stood by the high window that looked out over the well-kept rolling gardens of the convent. In the midst of the outer lawn stood the image of their patron saint, a finely carved figure fashioned by some forgotten wood carver in the previous century. A little sigh came from the reverend mother.

"I love this retreat with all my heart, Sister Louise," she murmured. "It has been my pride and my consolation for thirty years. Sometimes, in moments of discouragement, I stand by this window and see a man, or some child, come in to kneel before our saint and speak a supplication. He goes his way, and is restored. He has said no word to us, nor we to him. But we have provided refreshment for his soul, and my heart, that was heavy a moment before, is lightened."

She finally turned to face the sister. "You do not understand this, Sister Louise, the material welfare of our cloister taking precedence in your mind over all other considerations. In your determination and enthusiasm, you have violated the spirit of those vows relating to poverty and obedience. I have told you when it pleases heaven to send us charity, we will receive it, and not otherwise. I am therefore turning these sums of money over to the Children's Welfare Fund ——"

"Turning them over, reverend mother!"

"I am turning these solicited contributions over forthwith, knowing perfectly well the good uses to which they could be put at St. Cecile's. Here we will continue to treasure our poverty until such time as the Lord, and not you, decides differently. And to chasten your undisciplined spirit, I give you another penance, the third in as many weeks."

Sister Louise was gazing with lowered head at the bare wooden floor.

"Apparently silence to you is but a preface to more high-flown schemes, so we will dispense with it in this instance. When you sing, you sing bravely, Sister Louise. We will therefore let you chant the Lord's praises in plain song three hours a morning for the rest of the week. During this period you will be deprived of the consolation of hard work. You will sing, raising your eyes to heaven. For we are told that through music great blessings come to us, often sweetly and unbidden. Remember that well, sister. You may go."

One may love to sing, but after so many hours one comes to doubt the virtues of those blessings that music brings. For the time being it brought Sister Louise only a raspy throat. She was never so relieved as when this third penance was over.

"Well, sister?" murmured her companion. "Are there any new schemes in the offing?"

Sister Louise shook her head, a certain note of resignation in her hoarse voice when she spoke. "No. I'm cured of seeking money for the cloister. If I saw a sack of gold sitting three feet outside our gate, I'd wait for it to walk in before I dared to pick it up."

Anne laughed. "How you go from one extreme to the other!"

"From now on," Louise said firmly, "I'm not going any place. No matter what I do, it turns out to be the wrong thing. Let's walk in the outer garden," she suggested. "I can't exactly put it into words, but when the mother was speaking to me about how she loved the garden, I had a funny feeling, as though I were seeing St. Cecile's for the first time."

When they came through the path that led to the image of their patron saint, they observed the figure of a young girl bent in suppliance before it, murmuring something with moving lips. Sister Anne made a discreet movement away from the kneeling figure, but Louise drew her on. "She may be in grave trouble."

"If she is, she'll seek our help," said Anne.

"My instinct insists on it," Louise declared.

"Your instinct insisted on collecting charitable contributions, and look how that turned out!"

"But I'm not begging for charity now, only wanting to give it." Actually the young lady had started walking toward them. Sister Louise pointed to a bench. "Perhaps you'd like to sit with us a moment. It's so peaceful and quiet this time of morning."

The girl nodded. On closer observation they noticed a moistness in her eyes.

"You must be in trouble," said Louise.

The girl looked up with a strained expression. "I was praying," she said, sighing. "For a swallow-tail evening suit."

Sister Louise stared at her quizzically. "Well, I've heard of girls praying for a frilly party gown before, but never a man's evening suit!"

"Oh, it's not for me," declared the girl. "I'm Barbara. Barbara Patti. It's for Georgie. We're sort of engaged."

"And what does Georgie need an evening suit for?" Louise inquired.

"Should we be asking such private ——" began Sister Anne doubtfully.

"It's really dreadful. The whole thing's dreadful," the girl exclaimed. "Do you know what it's like to be poor, sisters?"

They exchanged meaningful glances. "Do *we* know what it's like to be poor?"

"I mean desperately. Georgie—that's George Milarda—has a crippled father. He has two small sisters going to school. During the night he works in a service station. Days he goes to music classes and hopes to become a concert violinist. He's so talented —— Well, that's how he came to win the contest."

"I'm afraid ——" murmured Sister Louise.

"Yes, I know I'm talking all mixed-up. You see, once a year a big guest conductor comes here and gives three concerts with our symphony orchestra. And once a year," she explained, "some very talented student is chosen as soloist. All the players have to wear those long-tailed evening suits, and of course Georgie hasn't got one. He was very mad when they told him. He says the money it would cost to rent a suit would have to come out of his father's medicine bill, and he just won't do it. He says he'd rather not play at all. If he doesn't, he'll lose this wonderful chance. He's awful proud, and won't take help from my family either. So I came here to pray, and ——"

"And ——"

The girl looked down with a certain guilty

(*Continued on Page 66*)

# Just for fun

## ...telephone out-of-town friends tonight

The pleasure of hearing a friend's voice and the fun of sharing everyday news are all the reasons you need to telephone someone out of town. It's easy—and there's no need to hurry your call. The cost is small.

**BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM**

*Call by Number. It's Twice as Fast.*

**LONG DISTANCE RATES ARE LOW**

*Station-to-Station Calls*

| *For example:* | First 3 Minutes | Each Added Minute |
|---|---|---|
| New York to Boston | 55¢ | 15¢ |
| Minneapolis to Milwaukee | 75¢ | 20¢ |
| Houston to New Orleans | 80¢ | 20¢ |
| Chicago to Omaha | 85¢ | 25¢ |
| Miami to Pittsburgh | $1.35 | 35¢ |

*These rates apply every night after 6 and all day Sunday. Add the 10% federal excise tax.*


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# Rexall

## GET THRU® TO MUSCULAR PAIN

Rexall's revolutionary liquid *pain-killer* actually goes *thru* the skin and gets deep inside aching tissue to kill pain where it hurts. Will not burn, redden or irritate skin. 2-oz. bottle. **$1.49**

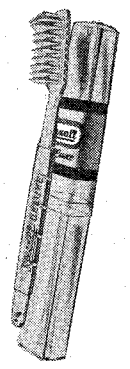
## Guaranteed 5 Years KANTLEEK De Luxe HOT WATER BOTTLE

Holds more than 2½ quarts. Solid neck construction. The name "KANTLEEK" on rubber is like sterling on silver. **$3.89**

**KANTLEEK De Luxe** Combination Syringe, **$5.10**; De Luxe Fountain Syringe, **$4.59**
**KANTLEEK NOSE AND THROAT ATOMIZER.** Adjustable spray, leak-proof. **$2.29**

**REXALL ASPIRIN.** No finer, faster-acting aspirin made—at any price. 5 grs. 100, **54¢**
**REXALL PABIZOL** relieves minor stomach upsets due to dietary error. 4-ounce..**57¢**
**REXALL Mi-31 ANTISEPTIC.** Pint.....**89¢**
**REXALL KLENZO ANTISEPTIC.** Pint...**79¢**
**REXALL ALCO-MIST,** aerosol. Soothing, refreshing. Spray on, rub briskly. 7-oz., **98¢**
**REXALL ACNOTHRICIN,** antibiotic acne remedy, hides the blemishes as it speeds healing. Highly effective! 1½-oz.....**98¢**
**REXALL BISMA-REX** Powder relieves acid upset stomach. 4¾-ounce.....**89¢**

## All New! REXALL DE LUXE TOOTHBRUSH



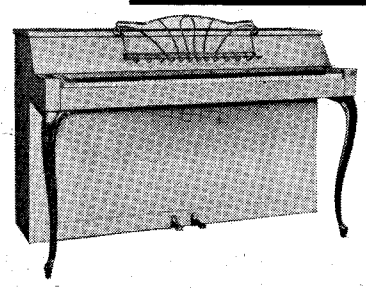
New handle! New case! New bristles—hundreds more to the brush. With super-fine Hyzon bristles you can clean more thoroughly than ever. The clear plastic case becomes a holder for travel. Choose from 6 medically-approved styles; Hyzon or natural bristles; soft, medium or firm texture ..... **69¢**

# 1,439 Winners! REXALL $100,000.00

FIRST 3 WINNERS TRIP FOR 2 TO RIO DE JANEIRO VIA VARIG AIRLINES

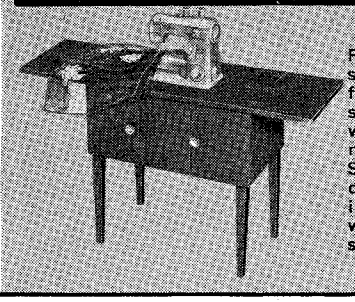
**DREAM TRIP VIA VARIG AIRLINES FOR 3 LUCKY WINNERS.** Three couples will fly to South America via VARIG, the Brazilian Airline, in above-the-weather air-conditioned Super-G Constellation luxury for 14 memorable days in Brazil... finest accommodations, relaxing time on famous Copacabana Beach, glamorous night life, and excursions to Sugar Loaf, Corcovado, Sao Paulo, Santos, Juaruja, Bahia and Salvador.

### 15 WINTER SPINET PIANOS



**A MAGNIFICENT PIANO BY WINTER** will go to the next 15 names drawn in these Sweepstakes. Living wood tones... beauty in style and color never before obtainable by America's foremost piano manufacturers... make a WINTER piano a dream come true!

### 20 BROTHER PACESETTER SEWING MACHINES

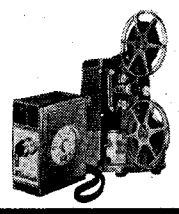


Famous BROTHER sewing machines, featuring the exclusive "Wishing Dial," will go to the next 20 names drawn in the Sweepstakes. "See it, dial it, sew it! Wishing makes it sew" with the BROTHER's stitch-control dial.

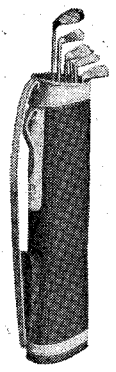
### 40 HANOVER FINE CHINA SETS

America's most exquisite china to next 40 names drawn in Rexall's big Sweepstakes. Choice of three patterns, including HANOVER's timeless design, SPRINGTIME. Each set, over $300 value.

### 40 DeJUR 8mm "MOVIE MATES"



Projector and screen plus complete camera set to next 40 names drawn! You're always sure with DeJUR."

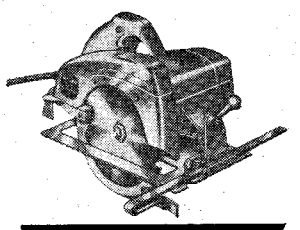


### 50 BURKE GOLF SETS

Winner's choice for next 50 names drawn! Chick Harbert autograph sets for men, Lady BURKE sets for women!

### 65 WALTCO FISHING SETS

"Fit for a king" fishing equipment for next 65 winners. Two deluxe matched fishing rods and "Ny-O-Lite" Reel.



### 50 CUMMINS POWER TOOL SETS

for the next 50 names drawn. Favorites of "Do-it-yourself" fans! Each winner will get a CUMMINS "Maxaw" and a CUMMINS Drill Kit.

## STOP COLD MISERIES IN YOUR FAMILY

**Look for this display at your Rexall Drug Store**

### 6-Way Relief REXALL SUPER ANAPAC

Bioflavonoid and vitamin C promote resistance while anti-histamine and APC relieve colds at every stage. 30 tabs, **$1.79**; Juniors, 24, **79¢** 12, **98¢**

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Swift relief from nasal congestion and hay fever! Antibiotic with anti-histamine, in handy pocket atomizer. More than 200 applications. 20 cc. **$1.19**

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Save **$1.86**

½-gallon size. Automatic shutoff for safety. UL-approved. Save now! Both, Reg. $5.74 **$3.88**

**REXALL CHERROSOTE COUGH SYRUP** has 12 active ingredients. Pint, **$1.65**; ½-pt. ...**98¢**
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**REXALL TRIPLE ACTION CHEST RUB** may also be used as a steam inhalant. 2-oz. ..**79¢**

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**REXALL NASOTHRICIN.** Nasal spray in ½-oz. squeeze bottle, **89¢**; dropper bottle.....**69¢**
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**REXALL OROTHRICIN,** antibiotic throat gargle and antiseptic. ½-pint bottle.....**98¢**

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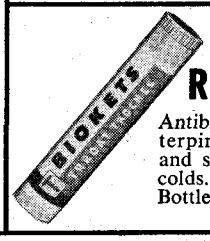
Ruby-red bulb with hard glass. Spotlights the heat right where it's needed. Reg. $2.95 **$2.29**

### Stops Tickle REXALL TRIPLE ACTION COUGH SYRUP

3-way action helps check coughing due to colds. Penetrates, soothes, helps relax cough reflex. Adult's formula, 4-oz. ... **98¢**

**CHILD'S FORMULA,** 3-ounce size.....**79¢**
**TRIPLE ACTION NASAL SPRAY** for children. Pleasant and effective! Handy ½-ounce squeeze bottle, **79¢**; dropper bottle....**59¢**

### Sore Throat? REXALL BIOKETS



*Antibiotic throat troches with* terpin hydrate soothe coughs and simple sore throat due to colds. 35 tabs., **$1.29**. Bottle of 15 tabs.... **69¢**

### Save 31¢ REXALL MONACET A. P. C.

Aspirin, phenacetin, and caffeine for fast relief of headache and cold misery. 200, reg. $1.29, now.... **98¢**

### Save $1.96 ELECTREX HEATING PAD

Comforting warmth! 3-heat, wetproof. Removable flannel cover. Safe; UL-approved. Reg. $6.95 Now **$4.99**

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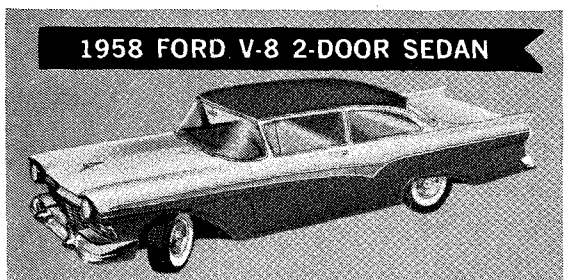
# SUPER PLENAMINS SWEEPSTAKES

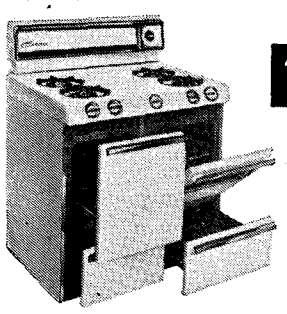


**1958 FORD V-8 2-DOOR SEDAN**

**DREAM CAR FOR NEXT LUCKY WINNER.** Second prize is a new FORD V-8 Custom 300, complete with radio and heater! You may soon be at the wheel of this popular car...if your name is the fourth to be drawn in Rexall's big Super Plenamins Sweepstakes.

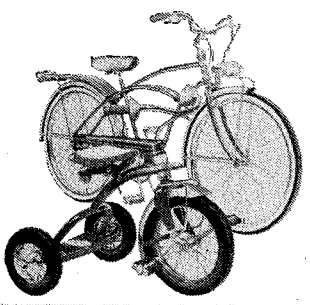
## NOTHING TO BUY!
## NOTHING TO THINK UP!
## NOTHING TO WRITE!
### But Your Name And Address

**ALL YOU DO IS ASK YOUR REXALL DRUGGIST TO TELL YOU ABOUT SUPER PLENAMINS**...a question that could make your wildest dream come true! You may win a luxurious trip for two to romantic Brazil via VARIG AIRLINES, if yours is one of the *first three names* drawn in Rexall's Super Plenamins Sweepstakes. And there are 1,436 more chances your name will be drawn for one of the other fabulous dream prizes shown here. You will receive an official entry blank when you ask about Super Plenamins.



**40 DELUXE CALORIC GAS RANGES**

The CALORIC's new automatic Thermo-Set burner ends guesswork, makes cooking automatic! No more burning, sticking, scorching! 40 lucky winners will get this deluxe CALORIC Range.



**40 EVANS BICYCLES**

to the next 40 winners. Popular FIREBIRD, America's foremost speed-king, with 3-speed gear shift.

**75 EVANS TRICYCLES**

Famous Imperial Velocipedes to next 75 names drawn in these Sweepstakes.

**PLUS** 1000 one-year Supplies of REXALL SUPER PLENAMINS

**11 VITAMINS, 12 MINERALS** with $B_{12}$, iron and true liver concentrate in *one daily tablet*...a formula so potent, so well balanced, that Rexall SUPER PLENAMINS have become America's *largest-selling* vitamin-mineral product! Rexall's Super Plenamins Sweepstakes ends November 30, so enter now at your Rexall Drug Store. Contest subject to state, local and federal laws. Your chance to win is as good as anyone else's!

**Bottle of 144, $7.95**
**72, $4.79. 36, only $2.59**

For children aged 6 to 12, ask about Super Plenamins, Junior

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**Guaranteed 60 Days**
**SPUNTEX NYLONS** Box of 2 Pairs $2.98

New twin-thread knit makes these sheer nylons wear twice as long because they resist snags. You're unconditionally guaranteed 60 days' wear from this box of 2 pairs. 60 gauge, deluxe sheer DuPont Nylon; exquisite shades.

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**Save ½**
**CARA NOME LIQUID CREAM SHAMPOO**

Luxurious, lanolin-rich lather leaves hair as lustrous as a model's. Extra-large, 12-oz. professional size. Lasts for months! Reg. $2.00 **98¢**

**CARA NOME BATH OIL**

Less than ½ price! A few drops soften and perfume the water; leave skin smooth and fragrant. Reg. $2 **98¢**

**CARA NOME ESTROGENIC HORMONE CREAM**

Super-rich lubricating cream for women over 30. Has 10,000 hormone units per oz. 1⅝-oz. $2.00 Val. **98¢**

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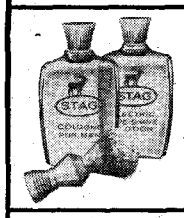
**NEW Save 41¢**
**STAG AFTER SHAVE LOTION**

Stag's new lotion with the outdoor tang has proved so popular, we've added this bigger, 10-ounce size! $2.00 Value **$1.59**



**STAG LATHER BRUSH** has pure badger bristles in rubber. Reg. $5.00....**$3.69**
**STAG COLOGNE...$1.25**
**STAG ELECTRIC PRE-SHAVE** sets up your beard for a cleaner shave. **$1.00**
**SEE THE COMPLETE LINE** of Stag Toiletries for men!

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**REXALL TABLE SWEET**

Put this smart decanter right on the table! New liquid sweetener has no calories, no sugar, no sugar-substitute flavor! 4-oz. **89¢**

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**LUXURY FITTED ELECTRIC BLANKET**

Guaranteed 2 years! New Acrilan blend is lighter, warmer, washable. 8" contour foot, color choice. UL-approved. Twin-bed size, **$18.45**. Double-bed, dual control, **$24.95**. Double-bed with single control illustrated. All prices include Federal Tax..... **$18.95**

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**BOBBY PINS** Helen Cornell. Rubber-tipped ends protect hair and scalp. Card of 72, black or bronze, reg. 25¢, now 19¢ or **2 FOR 35¢**

**HOUSEHOLD GLOVES** Lady Fair plastic gloves resist acids, detergents, insecticides. Non-slip surface. Choice of sizes. **69¢**

**FACIAL TISSUES** Rexall Luxury Tissues are soft, yet strong. Come in popular pastel colors. Save on big box of 500..... **32¢**

**CHRISTMAS CARDS** Cello Packs. Full-color Kodachrome, sparkle-cards, modern, traditional. Big pack with env's. **39¢**

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**REX-RAY FAN HEATER**

Portable, powerful, priced low! The coils heat fast; the fan blows warm air. Streamlined, smart colors, UL-approved. **$9.95**

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**CHRISTMAS CARDS**

**BIG VALUE BOX.** 50 tall slims, many with metallic glitter. Special .....**98¢**

**QUALITY BOX,** 25 unusual cards. Special .....**89¢**

**RELIGIOUS CARDS.** 15, **69¢**

**"MERRY CHRISTMAS" BOX.** 16 tall slims....**69¢**

**FAMILY BOX** of 36 beautiful and distinctive cards, a buy at **$1.49**

**OTHER SMART, BOXED CARDS FROM 50¢**

**CUDDLY WILD ANIMALS**

Only **$3.99**

Choose this huge, huggable Tiger or a lazy, lovable Leopard — each with a coat of soft plush fur. The green-eyed Tiger, lounging but ready to lunge, is more than 2½ feet long from snout to the tip of his tail. The lazy Leopard is so relaxed you can almost hear him purr. Ea., only **$3.99**

**WESTCLOX**

**THREE BEAUTIFUL WATCHES** for women, with the Westclox full-year guarantee!

**1. BLACK-FACED COQUETTE,** a dark modern beauty with gleaming silver-color case. **$12.95**

**2. THE WESTCLOX COQUETTE.** Ultra modern numeral marks, golden hands, second hand. Smart, slender leather band....**$11.95**

**3. THE COQUETTE** with expansion band, **$12.95**

**COLBY POCKET WATCH** for men, reg. $2.98, **$2.57**

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Rexall

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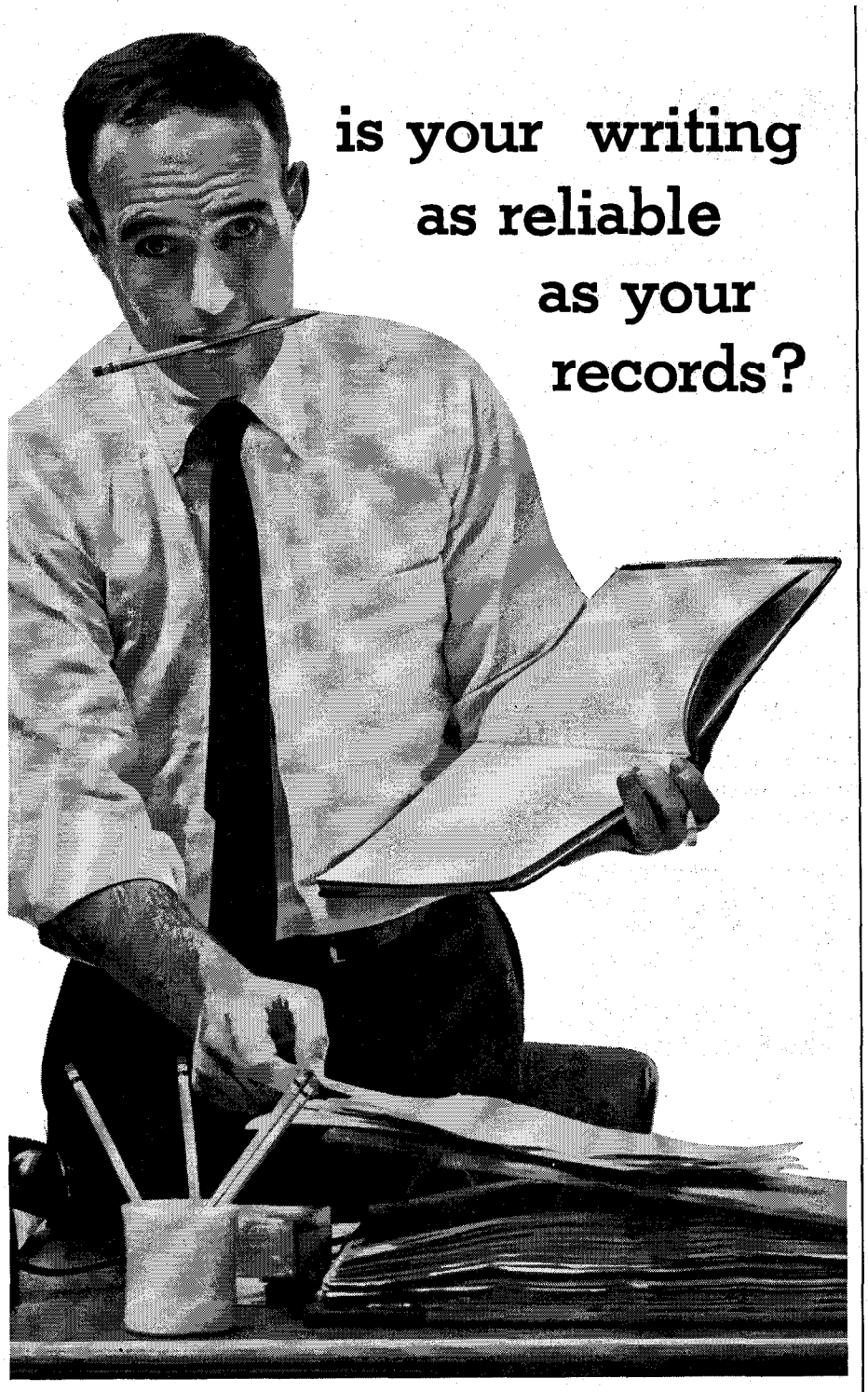


Accuracy goes to waste if your books get too smudgy to read. And blunt, worn-down pencil points will smudge 'em up fast. That's why it's a smart idea to use EAGLE MIRADO. MIRADO holds a sharp point for pages . . . writes clean, legible figures column after column. Makes your records look good—and *you*, too! So why just say "pencils"? It's so easy to say *MIRADO!*

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**STAYS SHARP FOR PAGES!**

EAGLE "CHEMI*SEALED" MIRADO 174 MEDIUM SOFT 2

EAGLE PENCIL COMPANY • NEW YORK • LONDON • TORONTO • MEXICO • SYDNEY • BOGOTA


(*Continued from Page 63*)

expression. "I admit I came here with another purpose besides praying."

"With another purpose?"

"I know the sisters of St. Cecile's gather old clothes for foreign missions. And I thought—if it just so happened that an evening suit was found among them, why —— Well, if it came from the sisters, Georgie could hardly refuse."

Sister Louise shook her head. "I'm afraid I've never come across a man's evening suit in our collections. But it would be too bad if your young friend was deprived of this wonderful chance to play before a big audience. When is the concert to be?"

"Day after tomorrow. The conductor, Nils Jansen, is already rehearsing for the first one."

"We will pray for you. Come back tomorrow at this time, and maybe the Lord will provide a solution."

"Oh, thank you. Thank you, sisters," she exclaimed fervently.

Sister Louise bowed before the figure of her patron saint. "Take pity on this troubled girl," said she, "and send us a nice long swallow-tail outfit suitable to a young man making his concert debut. See that it fits nicely around the shoulders, that the cuffs aren't frayed, that no big spots are showing, and you will earn my eternal gratitude."

"You're not asking for a suit," murmured Sister Anne, "but a miracle. Do you expect it to appear, all wrapped up in a neat package, when we come out here tomorrow morning?"

"Sister, I'm just asking. What I expect is something else again."

The following day they met the young, trustful Barbara with sad countenances. "We prayed, but I'm afraid our prayers have so far gone unanswered," sighed Sister Louise.

"And I so counted on this concert to help Georgie's career." Barbara raised her handkerchief to her slightly reddened nose. "It could have meant our getting married so much sooner."

"Personally," asserted Sister Louise, "I've always been convinced that the Lord helps those that help themselves. So I've worked out a nice little scheme——"

"Oh, no! Not again!" cried Sister Anne.

Louise was smiling. "Even if the reverend mother disapproves, I know it's right to help answer a prayer. What size is your Georgie?" she inquired.

"Size? Well, he's sort of tall and slender. Medium tall."

"Come back this evening, and perhaps your problem will be solved."

"Do you really think so?"

Louise, her shiny pink cheeks lifted in a grin, reached out to touch the girl's fingers. "I can't guarantee victory, but I never admit defeat."

When the young lady had gone Anne said, "Now what are you up to, sister? I'm scared to death. The last time the mother warned me ——"

"Why, it's perfectly simple. All those men who play in the orchestra have evening suits. We'll simply call on Mr. Edison, the man who manages the symphony—I looked up one of their programs last night—and ask if some musician hasn't a nice suit he grew out of or something. Surely ——"

Sister Anne was shaking her head. "I just know we're going to get into trouble."

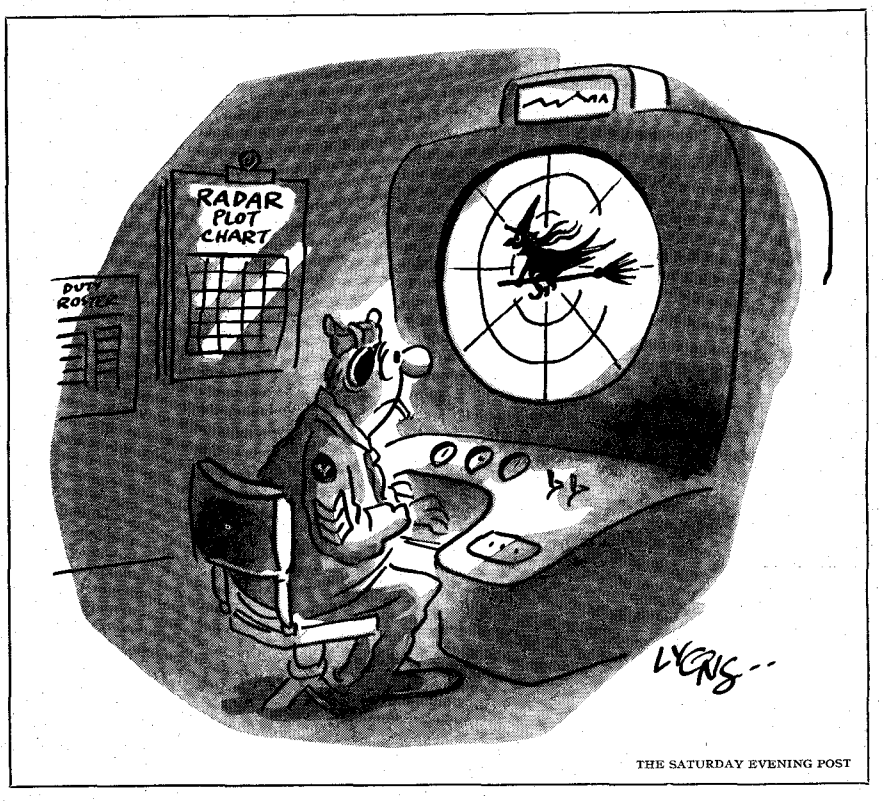
Mr. Edison, who managed the local symphony, was rather easy to approach. When told they were seeking a suit of dress clothes for a highly worthy cause, he nodded sympathetically. "I understand just how these sudden emergencies arise. Hm'm'm." He gazed thoughtfully at the blotter on his desk. "Suppose you return in an hour or so. I think I have an idea."

"What did I tell you?" said Louise gleefully when they had left the manager's office. "I do believe the blessed St. Cecile is working for us this time. Surely that quotation the mother is always reminding us of, 'If God so clothe the grass of the field, shall He not much more clothe you' applies perfectly in this case."

"What the mother will say when she finds we've been begging again is all I can think of," said Anne.

"And I keep thinking of a talented young man realizing his fondest ambitions," declared Louise, "and of hearing that girl laughing happily again. If this is a sin, sister, I'm afraid I have a sinning heart."

When they returned they observed a newly wrapped package on the manager's desk. "I've done better than I expected. Mr. Jansen, our visiting conductor, owns a regal supply of evening clothes. His personal valet readily offered to loan us this fine one for your charitable purpose, along with the proper shirt and tie and slippers. The conductor is a good-

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sized man, rather tall, and I hope it fits the recipient."

"It will have to," asserted Louise. "And may Our Lord bless you for your kindness."

The manager reached into his drawer. "Meanwhile, since one of our local prodigies is performing on Saturday evening, I thought you sisters might like to attend the concert. So here are two tickets right up in front."

"Bless you again," murmured Louise.

As predicted by the pretty Miss Patti, her talented friend seemed willing enough to use the suit provided by the sisters. "He tried it on last night. It's kind of big around the chest," Barbara told them. "But—well, he looks simply beautiful in it. He's rehearsing right now with the orchestra. They're playing the Mendelssohn concerto. I just know he's going to be wonderful!"

"We're sure of it." Louise was beaming happily. "Our Mother Superior has given us permission to use the tickets Mr. Edison gave us, and we'll be right up front applauding."

On the way to the concert hall Louise said to her companion, "I feel very nice tonight, sister. Surely it was the work of the blessed St. Cecile that brought about this happy ending for our two young people."

"But will it have a happy ending for us?" Sister Anne wondered. "Remember, the mother knows nothing of how we went out soliciting clothes for a stranger, using our holy calling to arouse sympathy. I can't imagine what penance we'll be made to suffer when ——"

"Whatever it is, I'll suffer it willingly," declared Louise. "At least we went begging for others, not ourselves. Meanwhile, when I nudge you, begin applauding like mad. We can't let this concert be a half-success."

A fine glow of pleasure spread through Sister Louise when the tall young violinist, whom they were seeing for the first time, stepped out from the wings. Mr. Jansen, the conductor, tapped his baton, and in a moment the music was under way. But both sisters noticed certain peculiar movements of the soloist that had nothing to do with violin playing. He kept tugging at the sleeve of his bowing arm, and seemed to be hitching up his trousers now and then with his right elbow. The conductor, Jansen, appeared to be fascinated by these unlikely wriggles and movements. Those in the back rows, unaware of this, sat entranced by the fine performance they were hearing.

In the end it was unnecessary for Louise to nudge her companion, as an instant burst of applause resounded throughout the concert hall.

During the intermission, Mr. Edison came down to invite them backstage. "They're asking for you," explained the manager. "We've at least ten minutes before the concluding number."

Accompanying him through a curtained door, they found Georgie, Barbara, Mr. Jansen and several others in a group. The young musician, flushed and perspiry, was still tugging at his coat-sleeve. Jansen, usually a most sedate man, was grinning from ear to ear. "So these are the sisters who procured the evening suit for our very talented soloist."

Georgie, his hair a little on end, went to them. "I just can't put into words how grateful I am," he said with deep sincerity.

Mr. Jansen continued to smile. "Please let me give you a bit of advice, if I may. The next time you ask for a suit of clothes, find out something about the owner, sisters."

"But we did. Mr. Edison told us it was one of yours. He said you had so many ——"

"True. But what he doesn't know is that the suits I conduct in are tailored especially to my purpose. I recognized this one the moment Mr. Milarda stepped out on the platform. I kept racking my brain trying to figure out how he'd got it. You see, I have the right sleeve and trousers leg made a little longer than the left ones so they'll look all right even when my baton is stretched up over my head. This little conceit of mine worked to the great disadvantage of the young man during the Mendelssohn, but he came bravely through it like a real trouper."

"I just couldn't figure out what was wrong. I thought I was losing something," said Georgie. "I was so excited when I was trying them on that I guess I never noticed that long side."

"Anyway, it had a happy conclusion," observed Mr. Edison. "Georgie here was

... ... ... ... ... ... ...

## The Web of Frost

By Herbert Merrill

Spider in your fragile web
Under azure autumn sky,
Fishing in the season's ebb
For a last bluebottle fly,
Are you not aware that
soon
In the web of circumstance,
Underneath a waning
moon,
You will dance a final
dance?
Frost will spin its chilly
strand
Round the little world you
know,
Binding you within a band
Of iron ice and silver snow.
And there will be no way to
break it;
Like us all, you'll have to
take it.

... ... ... ... ... ... ...

a great success—thanks to the efforts and kind hearts of two unselfish sisters."

Mr. Jansen, the conductor, turned to address the small assembly of people. "It goes deeper than that. We're so concerned with our own affairs, we seldom have time to stop and think of others. By their thoughtfulness these sisters have brought home at least to me what a little thing like an evening suit can mean in another's life. From now on, I'll remember not to take so much for granted, and I'm profoundly grateful for their lesson." A buzzer sounded. "I'm afraid that's my cue. Please excuse me."

"Now," said Louise on their way back to the cloister, "was I right or was I wrong?"

"I guess you were right," murmured Anne. "It was wonderful to see the expression on Barbara's face when she realized her prayer had been answered. But ——"

"But what?"

"I'm thinking of the Mother Superior. You know what a strict view of things she takes. I can just hear her saying, 'Since when have musical concerts become the business of St. Cecile's?'"

Louise sighed. "That does sound like the mother. And it would take us till Doomsday to explain the whole thing, whereas she never lets us have a minute, but says, 'For your presumption, Sister Louise, I give you a penance of two weeks' silence.'"

"All we can hope," said Anne, "is that she never finds out about it."

"No such luck. The mother finds out everything. That's why she's our reverend mother."

And their assumption was correct. The Mother Superior heard of the incident almost immediately. The next morning, following matins, the message was delivered promptly by Sister Martha. "She wants to see you both in her office."

Sister Louise drew a deep breath. "Here we go again."

The elderly Mother Superior was standing by the garden window, massaging the deep marks made by her glasses. "Come in, sisters. I've just finished making up my daybook, and I'm resting my eyes a moment. You needn't stand so stiffly, Sister Louise. I've told you time and again, you're much too intense. Do relax."

"I'm—I'm trying to, reverend mother."

"Did you enjoy the concert?"

"Oh, very much!" They waited for her to continue.

"Word has come to me," the mother said, "of your efforts on behalf of Mr. Milarda, the soloist of the evening. I refer to the suit you procured from the conductor—or at least from his valet."

"You've heard ——" Louise gulped. "So soon?"

"Through your efforts I believe you have also helped to further the romance between Mr. Milarda and his young lady." The elderly nun turned her reposeful gaze upon them. "What strange occupations we do engage in, we who are dedicated to works of compassion and charity!"

"We didn't mean —— That is, it was just ——" Sister Louise swallowed painfully. "What I want to say is that we were not out begging for ourselves this time, but thinking only of the happiness of others."

"A most laudable impulse, I am sure." The Mother Superior replaced her glasses. "So at least the gentleman whose suit you borrowed seems to feel."

"Mr. Jansen! You've spoken with him, reverend mother?"

"Let us say he spoke with me. He visited here, with the concert manager, Mr. Edison, this morning. His object in coming was to make a proposal for which he sought my approval."

"A proposal, reverend mother?"

"He had planned to rest today, Sunday, after giving the three concerts on his schedule. However, the incident of the boy's suit, and your part in it, made a deep impression on him. He and all the musicians have volunteered to give an extra concert this afternoon, choosing the Passion According to St. Matthew, by Bach, and has offered to donate the entire proceeds, which should come to a goodly sum, to the Cloister of St. Cecile."

Two round tears had suddenly appeared in Sister Louise's eyes. "Then we can really have the furnace fixed at last?"

The reverend mother nodded. "Meanwhile recalling that through music great blessings may come, often sweetly and unbidden."

"And our penances, reverend mother?"

The mother was blinking a little herself. "Considering all the circumstances, I am inclined to make them light."

"We are ready," murmured Louise.

"They will be only to remember the good advice I gave you. When it pleases Our Lord to send us charity of His free will, we will receive it. That is all, sisters. You may go."

THE END


LOOK!

**An Eagle Verithin wrote all these numbers—and kept a sharp point! (No wonder accountants love it!)**

(There's a mistake in the addition. Send the correct total to The Eagle Pencil Co., 703 E. 13 St., New York 9, N. Y. You'll get two FREE Verithins—one red and one blue!)

$2,817,423,322.41
7,326,711,855.11
5,014,123,989.56
1,455,801,237.20
3,686,510,300.00
6,302,467,525.98
8,118,345,230.13
4,936,718,125.60
9,421,683,700.35
5,650,876,319.83
2,323,920,466.49
8,334,998,608.75
1,005,193,272.04
6,532,436,000.27
9,802,373,239.39
4,776,195,582.53
2,431,688,998.18
7,223,541,176.69
3,013,811,060.77
8,699,707,324.43
1,547,029,818.26

$110,410,882,155.97

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is one red pencil that really stays sharp!*

*SO DO OUR 39 OTHER COLORS!


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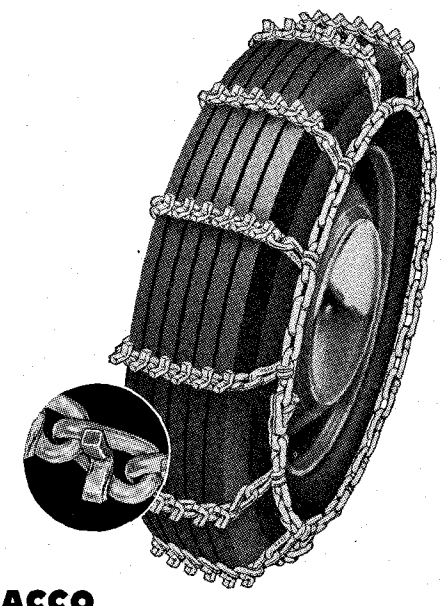
**WEED V-BAR REINFORCED TIRE CHAINS**

*Carry a set in your car*

*Traction you can trust —on regular or snow tires*



ACCO

American Chain & Cable Company
York, Pa. • Bridgeport, Conn.

*In Business for Your Safety*

## Three Days' Leave (Continued from Page 31)

neat haircuts, and whose tailored trousers were creased so sharp you could cut a finger on them.

He'd seen a sign that said "Officers' Club," but beneath it a second sign had said, "Base Staff Officers Only," and so he'd passed it by. Another club had had a sign saying that neckties must be worn, and he'd passed that by too. It had been quite a while since he'd last worn a tie or even owned one. Then, a few minutes ago, an MP had stopped him and stared with a grim disapproval at the hole which gaped in one knee of Sam's pants.

"I'll have to take your name, captain," the MP had said curtly. "You're in improper uniform . . . sir."

Sam had got that tear in his pants during the fight for Campoleone Station, but there'd been no point in telling the MP that. So he'd just said, "Chard, Samuel; captain," and given the MP the name of his unit and returned the MP's snappy salute with a tired wave of his hand. Now he was thinking that he'd like a glass of wine or maybe brandy, and then he'd look for an LST going back to Anzio.

"Hey, cap!" Claude called out. "Come and set, huh? The Bearpaw tribe has always been agin drinking alone, sir!"

Sam Chard got his first good look at Claude now. He saw a dark-complexioned youth with high cheek bones and a Roman nose, lean as a lath and with a cheerful grin spread across his face. Claude's uniform was informal—a khaki shirt with the sleeves chopped off above the elbows and a pilot's wings pinned on upside down. A long-billed baseball cap was pushed onto the back of his black hair.

Sam Chard moved with his slow, deliberate pace and sat at the table. "Why, much obliged, lieutenant," he said in his diffident voice, and looked at the upside-down wings.

Claude saw the look and his grin got wider. "Distress signal, cap," he said. "Injun boy elopes from the hospital, but the rear-echelon wallahs catch him and demote him to office boy. So wear wings thataway. Like ship in distress. Good, huh?"

"I see," Sam said politely. He didn't see, but it was nice to find someone friendly for a change. After a moment, he added politely, "My name's Chard—Sam Chard."

"Bearpaw, Claude," the latter said, tapping himself modestly on the chest. "How, white man? What you drink?"

Sam Chard murmured carefully, "I'll go along with whatever you're having, I guess, lieutenant."

*These Air Force kids*, he was thinking soberly, but without resentment. *How little they know of what war is really like. They sleep in clean, dry beds so far back that they can't even hear the guns. I wonder what this precocious child was in hospital for? A bellyache, perhaps, or a sprained ankle.*

Claude was answering the unasked question. "They were picking flak out of my butt," he mentioned thoughtfully. "There was a cross-eyed nurse there who was a hellion with the flak clippers; morning, noon and night she was after me. At that, it was better than flying a desk back here in this condemned base section like I am."

"You don't like Naples, lieutenant?" Sam asked politely.

"It stinks," Claude said. "These monkeys here are trying to ship the Injun back to the States again."

"You mean you don't want to go back to the States?" Sam Chard asked in a voice that was a little shocked. "You can go back—and you don't want to?"

"Nope," Claude said. . . . "Where the heck's Mamma? . . . Mamma! You think we're camels—only need to drink every seven days?"

Sam shook his head and blinked and guessed he must be hearing things. Anybody who didn't want to go home from Italy had holes in his head; certainly he had holes in his head if he'd ever been up in the Anzio beachhead. He started to say that, but Mamma Marconi had waddled in from a back room and was beaming down at Claude now.

"Ah, the poor *bambino*," she said in a fond voice. "W'at is it that you weesh to drink, my beloved one?"

"This is Sam Chard," Claude said, hooking a thumb in Sam's direction. "He's a good Joe, so you treat him nice an' trot out a couple of Oklahoma Specials, huh? Can do?"

"Ah, *sì*," Mamma said and beamed at both of them and waddled off.

Two new customers came in from the street; the sunlight was behind them, so that Sam Chard couldn't see their faces too clearly. They wore ties, though. He could see that.

"Mamma's the hero-worshipin' type," Claude was explaining. "The Injun don't discourage it; it makes for good service. . . . You been out here long, cap?"

Somewhere along the line Sam had lost his branch insigne—the crossed muskets of the infantry—and Claude noted that indifferently now. The old geezer was probably in the quartermasters or the ordnancers or some base section like that; the captain had that kind of a settled family look. So Claude concluded.

"Quite a while," Sam was answering a little self-consciously. He never liked to say that he'd gone ashore with the first wave at Fédala, back in '42; it sounded a little like boasting, so he said haltingly instead, "It must take a lot of skill to fly an airplane. You know, I've never been up in one."

"No!" Claude said in a shocked voice—as though Sam had just admitted that he beat his wife regularly. "Why, cap, even my old grandpappy back in Oklahoma used to fly in airyplanes!"

"Probably it's because I'm afraid of them," Sam said. He thought of that for a moment and then added, "There's quite a lot of things that I'm afraid of, I guess, lieutenant."

He might have explained that up at Anzio a man was afraid most of the time—particularly since that last German counterattack had come rolling down the Albano road from Campoleone two weeks ago. For a while it had looked as though everything was going down the drain and the Allies would get themselves kicked back into the sea. Hard fighting had finally stopped the krauts, and Sam's company had been in the middle of it, but, when the counterattack was finally halted, Sam Chard had had it. His colonel had seen that.

"Get out of here for a few days, Sam," the Old Man had said gruffly. "You've been out here too long; you're getting that thousand-yard look in your eyes. Catch an LST back to Naples and get drunk and forget the war for a few days."

Sam had begun his mild protest, standing there muddy and with his five-day growth of dirty beard and his eyes red-rimmed from sleeplessness. "Sir, I'm O.K. I'll just ——"

"That's an order!" the Old Man had yelled. "Get the hell out of here or, so help me, I'll toss you in the can!"

Of course, the Old Man had really been the one who had needed a little break, but Sam had come, and now he wished that he hadn't, but he couldn't explain that. Nor could he explain to this happy child, with his upside-down wings, how it was that you were always afraid up in the beachhead; that fear was a gray companion who slogged at your side when you marched and who shared your blanket when you slept.

The lieutenant wouldn't understand any more than the MP had understood. Or any more than the two trim officers, who'd just come into Mamma Marconi's, would understand. One was a major and the other a captain, and now Sam could see that they wore rear-echelon devices on their clean, sharply pressed uniforms. They were looking in his direction now and scowling while they talked in low voices.

Mamma Marconi came back with two glasses containing a muddy-looking liquid, but that lonesomeness was starting to settle into Sam Chard again and a drink—any kind of a drink—would be welcome, he decided. Mamma beamed and put the glasses on the table and went away.

"Nonsense, Madam!—Just your toes alone are size five!"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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"How!" Claude said and lifted his drink, and Sam automatically followed suit. "Mud in your eye, cap."

Sam took a hefty pull at his drink; swallowed and then put his glass carefully down again while his eyes popped and sweat dewed his forehead suddenly. His throat felt as though someone had reamed it with barbed wire and was twisting more barbed wire around in his belly; when, after a couple of tries, he was finally able to expel his breath, he half expected to see it tinged with flame.

"Uh-h-h—uh-h-h—wha'!" he managed at last.

Claude grinned. "Ole Bearpaw recipe," he explained, unbothered himself. "Cognac, bay rum, Dago red and cayenne pepper. Been handed down in the tribe ever since my grandpappy, ole Chief Benbow, thunk it up in honor of a war he was planning. Grandpappy was mad at the Great White Father over some royalties on his oil wells and he figures that a couple of good snorts of the Oklahoma Special and the tribe will hit the warpath awhoopin' and ahollerin'."

Sam Chard smiled weakly and cautiously took another sip. This one went down easier and that bonfire in his stomach had suddenly taken on a pleasing warmth. He found that he was beginning to like this crazy lieutenant; somehow, young Claude Bearpaw seemed to smell more like Anzio than did any of the rest of this haircutted and necktied rear-echelon crowd that he'd met so far.

"Your grandfather must be quite a character," he said politely.

"Yup," Claude said. "Dead now, though. I bet if he'd peek up through his periscope and see the Injun boy flyin' a desk like he is, grandpappy would throw up."

Sam Chard took another pull at his glass. The two officers across the way were glowering openly now, but Sam no longer cared. He wanted to hear more about Claude's ole grandpappy. "Periscope?" he asked. "Did you say periscope?"

"Sure," Claude told him matter-of-factly. "How else you suppose ole grandpappy is going to see up from where he is, cap? . . . Hey, *Mamma mia*, a couple more Specials for the heroes!"

The voices of the other two officers were louder now. "It's damned disgusting!" one of them said, and the other agreed.

"Why doesn't the provost marshal do something about it?" he wondered.

Claude and Sam Chard paid no attention. They had two more Specials and Sam was beginning to realize that this was a friendly town after all. Claude Bearpaw hauled the bill of his baseball cap around so that it stuck across one ear as he slapped a big palm down on the top of the table.

"You and me are going for an airyplane ride, cap!" he announced loudly. "Every man's got a right to an airyplane ride—even quartermasters and ordnancers have got a right to an airyplane ride!"

Sam Chard didn't know what Claude meant by his reference to quartermasters and ordnancers, but all at once the idea of an airplane ride seemed fine. "You got any airplane?" he asked.

"Nope," Claude told him in a voice that could be heard in the street. "Injun boy's flying a desk, like I told you. He knows where he can steal an airyplane, though. Let's go, cap!"

The two rear-echelon officers had got up from their table and were coming across the floor, Sam noted absently. Probably nice chaps, he decided; probably coming to welcome him to Naples from that stinking Anzio. The major, who was the shorter of the two, stopped and glowered down at Sam.

"It's people like you two who give the Army a bad name!" the major was saying. "Look at you—both of you! No ties! Drunk in a civilian establishment! By heaven, if I had my way, your kind wouldn't even be allowed to come into town!"

Claude Bearpaw squared the baseball cap around so that he squinted at the speaker from beneath the bill now. "A general-staff type," he announced gravely to Sam Chard. "Combatant. Very combatant, cap. They're always looking for a fight."

The major's face got redder. "What's your name and outfit, lieutenant?" he snapped. "I'm going to report you for this! You Air Force characters will damned well find out that you can't ——"

The major was probably right, Sam thought, his diffidence returning; maybe he and the lieutenant should be more soldierly back here. He'd better tell the major that. "I guess we were a little loud, major," he said. "We'll shove along, sir."

The major turned his head and ran his eyes distastefully over Sam's worn jacket; the major had a lot of very pretty ribbons on the breast of his own tunic, Sam noted. No battle stars or DSC's or Purple Hearts, though. Just theater stuff and commendation ribbons and the like. Still, they looked nice.

"You haven't even the excuse of being in the nitwitted Air Force, captain," the major was saying acidly. "Get back to wherever you belong, and after this you stay out of Naples until you've learned to

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at least look a little like an officer! You understand?"

The Oklahoma Specials and the memory of that last week in the beachhead suddenly hit Sam Chard all at once. He would still have been polite, though, had the major not suddenly wheeled to his companion and snapped, "Call an MP, George! We'll just see if we can't make an example of these two!"

That sort of tore it. Claude Bearpaw smiled dreamily at Sam; he made an "O" with thumb and forefinger and then placed a big shoe against the table edge. He shoved and the table slid sideways and caught the chubby major in the stomach; he said "Oof!" in a strangled voice and sat down. The captain charged forward and Sam neatly kicked his feet from beneath him and he fell on top of the major.

"Let's get the hell out of here, cap," Claude said.

"Lead on, lieutenant," Sam agreed.

They went out the back way and Claude peeled lire notes from a hefty roll and stuffed them into Mamma Marconi's hand, gave her a buss on the cheek and a pat on the rear. "Give them two weekend warriors out front a couple of Oklahoma Specials on me, dearie," he said. "It'll quiet their corpuscles down. . . . Come on, cap."

A jeep was parked in the alley outside; Claude had borrowed it, unbeknownst to its owner, when he'd taken off from the base section this morning. Claude slipped behind the wheel and Sam Chard climbed in beside him, and presently they were into the outskirts of the city. The Specials were beginning to wear off and the lonesomeness was starting to come into Sam again. That major was right.

What was he, Sam Chard, doing back here, anyway? He belonged with his company up there in the bridgehead; his job was to help keep the krauts from spilling across Highway 7 and kicking everybody back into the sea. So, what was he doing here where he had no business to be? Picking quarrels with rear-echelon people because he didn't wear a necktie and bucketing around the countryside with a crazy Air Force kid who'd probably never heard a shot fired in anger and who wore his silly wings upside down. He'd get back to Anzio where he belonged!

He started to say that, but Claude suddenly wrenched the jeep off the highway and they ran along a dirt road and onto a landing strip where the metal mats clanked beneath the wheels. A half-dozen light liaison planes—puddle jumpers—were parked at the far end of the field and Claude was heading for them. The little ships caught Sam's attention. He knew the type; he'd seen them often enough spotting for the artillery in the skies over the beachhead. They were a doughboy's friends. It made him feel better just to look at them.

Claude Bearpaw skidded the jeep to a stop and flapped a big hand toward the tiny puddle jumpers. "Purty, ain't they?" he drawled, stepping down out of the jeep. Then his voice got a little apologetic, "Putt-putt around in the air like an old mother hen. Not much of an airyplane for your first ride, though, cap. The Injun'd give you a sure-'nough ride—like in a B-Twenty-five—only them babies are gettin' hard to steal back here in the rear echelon."

Sam Chard climbed slowly out of the jeep while he looked around the airfield. The feeling that this wasn't for him had come back now, and he suddenly made up his mind.

"Thanks, lieutenant," he said, choosing his words—he didn't want to hurt the boy's feelings. "If it's just the same to you, I guess I won't bother about a ride today. I guess I'd better be getting back to my company at Anzio."

Claude stiffened as though he'd been jabbed with a needle; then squinted cautiously at Sam from beneath the bill of the baseball cap. "You didn't say Anzio, did you, cap?" he asked softly.

Sam Chard nodded slowly. "That's right," he answered. "I just came down to—well, look around a little. There'll be an LST going up tonight and—well, I'd better be getting back. I've got an infantry company up there, you see."

"Well, I be damn," Claude said, and the admiration was so patent in his voice that Sam couldn't miss it. "Look, you in that big fight a couple of weeks ago when the krauts counterattacked?"

"Yes," Sam said soberly. "I was there."

"I heard it was rough as a cob up there."

"Pretty rough," Sam admitted.

Claude removed his cap and scratched his head, and the look in his eyes embarrassed Sam; it was like the look of a small kid staring at a poster of the heavyweight champ.

"I don't know why I didn't figure you for Anzio, cap," he said, and apology was in his voice. "After Anzio I guess it must of made you pretty sick to your stomach to be chewed out by a couple of staff clowns like back in Mamma Marconi's, and to pal around with a drip-nose Indian who ain't done nothing in this war except fly an airplane. I didn't even know you were a doggy, cap."

"That's all right," Sam Chard said, the embarrassment still on him. "The infantry's not very glamorous, I guess."

"If I was a doggy, it'd make me sick to my stomach!" Claude said, not to be sidetracked. "I bet my grandpappy is being sick in his grave right now the way I been pattin' you on the head!"

Sam Chard blinked, and it suddenly dawned on him that maybe this kid had seen more war, himself, than Sam Chard had realized. Anyway, Claude Bearpaw was a lot different from those two staff officers back there in the café.

"Everybody's got to fight the war in their own way, I suppose," Sam said lamely. "Well, I'll be going, lieutenant."

Claude scowled and turned away toward one of the light planes parked ahead. "Come on, cap," he grunted.

"Come on where?"

"To Anzio," Claude said shortly. "You don't think I'm going to let you walk back up there, do you?"

Presently they were in the air and headed northwest.

The puddle jumper was an artillery-spotting plane, flown back for an overhaul, and there'd been an exchange of lire notes between Claude and a sergeant pilot who'd said that he was in no hurry to get back to that condemned beachhead and anybody who was fool enough to want to fly up there had his blessing. Now, almost an hour later, they were nearing Torre Astura at a thousand feet and, off to the right, Sam Chard could see the houses of Cisterna di Littoria and, beyond that, the hump of the Colli Laziali frowning down on Highway 7 and the Albano road.

But something wasn't right there, Sam thought anxiously. When he'd left yesterday the beachhead had been quiet; now, the dirty smoke flowers of heavy-artillery concentrations were blossoming east of the railroad. What Sam Chard didn't know was that this morning, when he'd been getting off the LST in Naples, the Germans had launched the last of their vicious counterattacks against the bridgehead. Armor and infantry hammering in against a perimeter which was woefully thin, except for the wall of steel that the guns were laying down up there beyond Cisterna di Littoria in the dying afternoon.

*I've got to get on the ground,* Sam's mind said clearly and distinctly. *I've got to get back to the company. This could be worse, even, than the fight at the Albano road was.*

Claude was fiddling with the knobs of the dinky radio, he saw as he leaned forward to put his mouth close to the pilot's ear. The puddle jumper was beginning to lose altitude and Claude was pointing it inland toward where a couple of other small planes circled slowly behind the line of the railroad.

"Land, damn it!" Sam yelled hoarsely. "That's a new kraut counterattack! I've got to get to my company!"

They were less than a mile from the railroad now—the broken houses of Cisterna were ahead. Toy vehicles moved down there, nosing across the flat terrain, and Sam knew that they were German tanks and that German infantry would be filling the gaps. The vehicles moved in jerks and stops, but they kept going forward; the counterattack was still rolling—might not be stopped until it reached the beach.

Claude Bearpaw pried one of the headphones away from one ear and turned his head to look back. Sam Chard was a little shocked at the concentrated, killing look that was on the Indian's face now. He thought, *I was wrong; this is no crazy, airplane-happy kid. This guy knows all about killing. A tiger's eyes must look like that.*

"Can't land now!" Claude yelled above the putt-putt of the light plane's engine. "Look off there to the left!"

Sam Chard saw. One of the fragile, high-winged spotting planes was a half mile ahead and a little to one side as it circled in the sunshine, unaware of the death that was almost on it. A German fighter had suddenly come over the crest of the Colli Laziali; it flew level with the spotter and was closing at maybe four hundred miles per hour. And the little spotting plane didn't see!

Sam Chard was yelling hoarsely, *Look behind you. For heaven's sake, look behind you. . . . Ah-h-h-h!*

Then he knew that he hadn't spoken aloud at all, except for that last involuntary expulsion of his breath. For the space of a half-dozen heartbeats he'd seen the winking red flashes of the ME-109's cannon; then the light plane seemed to fly apart as the 20-mm. cannon shells slammed home. It was over and the ME-109 was thundering like a locomotive toward their own plane, and Sam Chard felt his belly contract while he waited for the wicked little cannon shells to start bursting in his face.

They didn't come. Vaguely Sam knew that the puddle jumper had flipped away at the last moment and that the ME-109 had roared on by. Out in front, the wreckage of the spotting plane was drifting down like a lazy leaf in the wind. Claude was shoving the headset toward Sam Chard.

"Some guy yakking on it!" he yelled. "Makes me nervous! See can you quiet him, huh? That Me-one-oh-nine'll be coming back to play with us some more before long!"

None of it made any sense, Sam Chard thought; nothing made any sense any more. His place was down there with Baker company, waiting to stop that kraut infantry that he could see plainly in the gaps between a new Panzer force that seemed to be forming in the woods a little to the east of where Highway 7 made its bend to run through Cisterna di Littoria. Something told him that that must be a reserve tank unit moving out to lend its weight to the battle. He could see the whole thing plainly because the artillery flowers were no longer blossoming over there.

He pulled the headphones on and it took a moment for him to realize that a voice—as scratchy as an old phonograph record—was rasping in his ear, "Able Lucifer! Able Lucifer! Where the hell are you, Able Lucifer? Come in, damn it! Have you a target for us? Come in, Able Lucifer!"

Sam Chard understood then. Able Lucifer must be the spotting plane that had gone down a few minutes ago. Maybe these spotting planes all used the same frequencies or (*Continued on Page 74*)

"I never did understand you, and I'm not going to start trying now."

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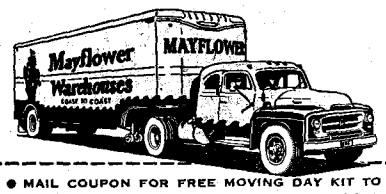


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(*Continued from Page 74*) impaired circulation were indirect and only partially effective. Patients with mild occlusions in the leg were told to walk less or to take prescribed exercises. In more severe cases the surgeons snipped out bits of the sympathetic nerves to relax the narrowed vessels and increase the flow. (Sympathectomy is still performed, with varying results.) Repair of aneurysms was attempted by several methods, one of which was to stuff coils of wire inside the stretched aorta to induce formation of a clot as an inner bulwark against rupture—a rationale now regarded as fallacious.

The discouraging results of medicine's earlier efforts against circulatory troubles, plus the general notion that hardening of the arteries was an inevitable—and irreversible—consequence of aging, created an almost fatalistic attitude toward the problem. Einstein died from a ruptured aortic aneurysm, and although it was recognized some days before his death, he refused an operation. Often the physicians themselves have taken a gloomy view. Francis Nixon, father of the Vice President, lived for two weeks after his abdominal aneurysm ruptured. His stamina amazed the doctors, who, however, decided that because of his age, seventy-seven, surgery was out of the question.

Although not all the problems are solved, yesterday's pessimism is quite unwarranted today. There is now scarcely a spot along the main channels of the body's blood stream which the vascular surgeons cannot reach for repairs. Age alone is no longer a deterrent. I saw an aneurysm as big as a grapefruit successfully removed from the abdomen of a man of eighty-four. And many aneurysms have been fixed even after they have ruptured; for nature often provides a few days of grace—two weeks in Mr. Nixon's case—by sealing off the break with scar tissue. William McCarthy, father of Glenn, the Houston oil tycoon, was operated upon three days after his aneurysm had burst. His nylon graft now keeps him alive and healthy. Another patient was flown to Houston from his home in Venezuela after his aneurysm had ruptured, and he, too, was saved with an artificial artery.

As a matter of fact, the vascular-surgery group at Houston, the busiest artery-mending center in the country, has operated upon forty aneurysms after they had ruptured, and two thirds of the patients are living. A few years ago all would have died, with or without surgery. The Houston team is headed by Dr. Michael E. DeBakey, professor of surgery at Baylor University College of Medicine. A graduate of Tulane University School of Medicine, in New Orleans, where he taught for many years, Doctor DeBakey has made numerous contributions to the advance of heart and blood-vessel surgery, including his invention of the milking-action pump widely used in heart-lung machines. Quiet voiced, with only a trace of his native Louisiana accent, and extremely patient and deliberate at the operating table, he is nevertheless a man of tremendous energy. He starts his day at 5:30 and is still making late ward rounds at 6:00 or 7:00 in the evening, with perhaps a medical meeting to follow. He and his young associates, Drs. Denton A. Cooley, E. Stanley Crawford, George C. Morris, Jr., and Oscar Creech, Jr.—who recently left Baylor to become professor of surgery at Tulane—have in the past five years installed more than 1200 arterial grafts. Approximately 500 have been for aortic aneurysms and another 500 for occlusions of the aorta or of lesser vessels. The remaining grafts were used to correct congenital constrictions of the aorta, known as coarctation, or to repair injuries.

Most of the replacements in Houston were homografts, vessels obtained at autopsy with permission of the next of kin. But Doctor DeBakey and his fellow surgeons began almost four years ago to use various plastic substitutes as grafts, and more recently took up a knitted-Dacron graft of Doctor DeBakey's own design. Since last spring they have used synthetic arteries almost exclusively, believing, on the basis of tests in dogs, that they are stronger than homografts and are more immune to reinvasion by arteriosclerotic patches. No lifetime guarantee comes with the nylon arteries—which are shipped in transparent tubes with an instruction diagram for surgeons—and the question of how long they last can't be given an exact answer until they have been in use longer. Actually a few have clogged up and required reoperation. But they remain amazingly strong, according to both animal tests and clinical experience. For example, a nylon graft removed from one patient's leg in a reoperation, after being in place for twenty months, had a tensile strength of 125 pounds, actually a higher value than a new nylon artery of the same caliber.

The relative merits of natural versus artificial materials have been argued almost from the beginning of the search for artery replacements. A German scientist, E. Hopfur, in 1903, and the late Dr. Alexis Carrel, of the Rockefeller Institute for Medical Research, in 1907, made the first successful transplantations of arteries from one dog to another. Doctor Carrel, who won a Nobel Prize for his pioneer work in blood-vessel surgery and grafting, then tried glass and gold-plated aluminum tubes coated inside with paraffin. But these didn't work too well, and it was not until 1948 that artery grafting reached a practical level, with the brilliant operations of Dr. Robert E. Gross, chief surgeon of the Boston Children's Hospital. He employed human grafts preserved in a special solution and refrigerated.

Stimulated by Doctor Gross' achievements, arterial grafting made rapid gains during the 1950's. Artery banks became more practical to operate when they adopted the freeze-dry process originated earlier for preserving blood plasma. Improvements in transfusion, plus the use of antibiotics to check infection, supported the surgeon's hand as he tackled more and more difficult circulatory problems.

But the availability of donor arteries varied greatly around the country. The surgeons at Baylor were able to keep a fairly good balance in their artery bank. So was Dr. Albert W. Humphries, vascular surgeon at the Cleveland Clinic, who has done some 350 graft operations. He still prefers the homografts to the synthetics and says he can get all he needs.

On the other hand, many communities found the demand for fresh arteries far exceeded the supply. In an effort to overcome the shortage in Philadelphia, the Heart Association of Southeastern Penn-

### Prompt Pardon

We're locked in the pillory of repentance
Till new temptation remits our sentence.

By Georgie Starbuck Galbraith

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sylvania organized a blood-vessel-reclamation project under the direction of Dr. Orville Horwitz, assistant professor of clinical medicine at the University of Pennsylvania. With the co-operation of Dr. Joseph W. Spelman, city medical examiner, a young surgeon, Dr. G. F. Parrott, interviews families of persons brought to the morgue and seeks written permission for him to remove the aorta and the iliac and femoral arteries. On the whole, the relatives have been quite co-operative, once they realize the vessels can save a life or prevent an amputation.

In the opinion of many vascular surgeons, though, this source of artery-graft material is not entirely satisfactory. Consequently the search for a strong synthetic artery has continued. At Columbia-Presbyterian Medical Center, in New York, Drs. Arthur H. Blakemore, Arthur B. Voorhees, Jr., and A. Jaretski, 3d, tried a fine-woven vinyon cloth, seamed to form a tube. Engrafted to a dog's aorta, the tailored artery was soon lined with a smooth impermeable layer of the animal's own tissue cells. Encouraged by this, the surgeons began, in 1953, to use the cloth artery to repair aortic aneurysms in human patients, achieving good results in ten of the first seventeen patients.

Doctor Blakemore described his vinyon arteries at a Cleveland meeting in 1954. In the audience was Doctor Edwards, assistant professor of surgery at Alabama Medical College, who had been mending arteries with homografts. Doctor Edwards recognized the possible advantages of the synthetic vessels, but thought they were too flabby and wondered if a way couldn't be found to give them more body.

Back in Birmingham he talked the problem over with a patient, Pat Moore. An electrical engineer and gadgeteer, Mr. Moore had been trying, with desperate urgency, to help Doctor Edwards design not an artificial artery, but a plastic aortic valve. The valve in Moore's own aorta was leaking dangerously.

Unfortunately, Pat Moore did not see the valve problem solved in time to save his life, but he was intrigued by the idea of fashioning arteries out of cloth, and he began to discuss with Doctor Edwards some of the things his firm, the Chemstrand Corporation, was doing with synthetic fibers.

"Before I knew what was happening," said Doctor Edwards, "Pat Moore had gone back to Decatur and had sold the company on the idea of developing a synthetic artery." Since the commercial production of such a product would be definitely outside its field, Chemstrand entered into the work on a purely nonprofit, public-service basis.

Doctor Tapp, director of the pioneering research section, was assigned to the program. Doctor Tapp literally started the new project on a shoestring. He reasoned that a braided tubing was a logical form for the artery. Nylon shoelaces are made of braided tubing. He ordered 250 yards of them, made up from several different sizes of nylon yarn supplied by Chemstrand.

To give the tubing the required firmness, he dipped it in formic acid, a semi-solvent for nylon. This also reduced the porosity. To close the pores even more and to make the fabric water-repellent, he treated it with silicone.

Doctor Tapp now ordered the tubing in larger diameters—a quarter to three quarters of an inch. Installed by Doctor Edwards in dogs' aortas and in the groin of a human patient, the first nylon arteries kinked at the bend and shut off the blood flow. Research would be dull without its setbacks, and Doctor Tapp happened on a solution to this one quite by accident. As he was pushing a length of braided tubing off a mandrel—a glass rod—the tubing crinkled up in accordion pleats, as the paper wrapper does when removed from a soda straw. When he then bent the crimped tubing he saw that it held its shape. It was kink-proof. The principle is an old one, being utilized, for example, in some vacuum-cleaner hoses. But this was a simple way to achieve the crimp, and subsequent heat treatment gave it a permanent set.

"We had misgivings, however, about the rough lining of the crimped tube," Doctor Edwards recalled. "We were afraid it would impede the blood flow and cause clots. But we hooked one up to the aorta of a dog, and, by golly, it worked. In a short time the dog's tissues had given it a perfectly smooth inner lining." The crimping of the synthetic artery also gave it stretchability, important when a graft lies across a knee or hip joint.

Among the first patients to receive a nylon artery was a twenty-seven-year-old Negro. He had been shot in the groin by a policeman's .38-caliber pistol while trying to escape from the scene of a robbery. The torn part of the femoral artery was removed on the operating table and replaced by a two-inch piece of crimped nylon graft. Describing the case in his new book, Plastic Arterial Grafts (Charles C. Thomas, Publisher), Doctor Edwards notes that "follow-up visits at intervals of six months are carried out through the courtesy of the county sheriff." Strength and efficiency of the graft in supplying blood to the man's leg are indicated, the doctor adds, by the fact that "this individual is regular halfback on the prison football team."

Another patient who gives his nylon leg graft vigorous use is a Birmingham brickmason, Alex Brown. A man of fifty, he had such advanced arteriosclerosis that, for six months before the operation, he could not walk more than a half block without severe pain in the left calf and thigh. He is now on his feet all day long, laying as many bricks as men twenty years his junior.

After completing the pioneering research on the nylon arteries, Chemstrand granted a royalty-free license to the U. S. Catheter & Instrument Corporation, Glens Falls, New York, for their manufacture. More than 19,000 of the straight tubes and 2000 Y grafts have been delivered in the past year and a half, including several hundred to a dozen foreign countries. No one knows exactly how many have actually been stitched into patients, but estimates run into the thousands.

Surgeons and patients may eventually have a choice in arteries between braided nylon and knitted dacron. Doctor DeBakey has been working on the latter item with the support of Arthur Hanisch, of Pasadena, California. Mr. Hanisch's own aneurysm was successfully repaired three years ago with a natural graft, but he is keenly interested in the development of synthetics. Through him, Doctor DeBakey got in touch with the Philadelphia Textile Institute, whose experts are helping in the design and who are turning out dacron arteries on a forty-year-old necktie-knitting machine, modified for this medical purpose.

Regardless of the type of graft being implanted—natural or synthetic—blood-vessel operations are major surgery and are not to be entered into lightly. The surgeon may facetiously speak of his job as "plumbing," but he cannot, like the plumber fixing the kitchen faucet, turn off the flow at the main valve and work with empty pipes. The brain cannot be deprived of blood for more than a few minutes without risk of paralysis, mental degeneration or death. Other vital organs also suffer if the supply is cut off too long.

Just getting down to the site of the trouble is no small assignment, as we became aware while watching Doctor DeBakey and his assistants operate at Methodist Hospital in Houston. Four surgeons, a physician-anesthesiologist, an assistant anesthetist and three nurses clustered around the table. On it lay a middle-aged woman whose chief complaint had been a pain in the lower back. An X ray disclosed a swelling in the abdominal portion of the aorta—unmistakably an aneurysm.

The clock on the tiled wall of the operating room registered 7:45 A.M. as the surgeons began. They made a long midline incision and then gently lifted out loops of intestine and laid them near the edge of the (*Continued on Page 80*)

"That's not fair! I listened to the others."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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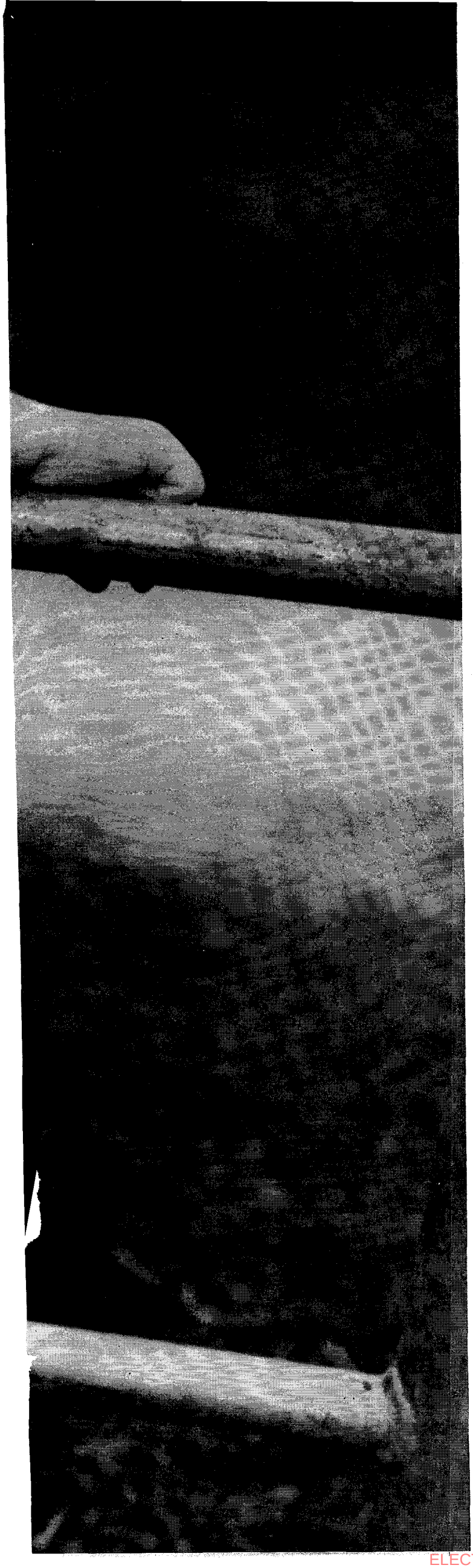

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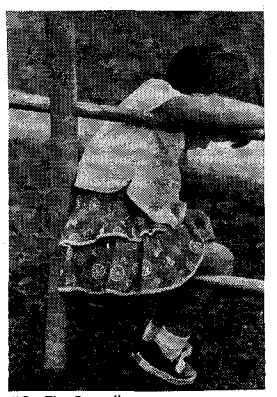

"On The Fence"
photographed by George Zimbel

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(*Continued from Page 77*) opening, under moist cloths. This was necessary to provide clear access to the aorta, which lay deep in the abdomen, next to the backbone. A cut through the translucent peritoneal membrane now exposed the big vessel, swollen to twice normal diameter and pulsating with every heartbeat.

"You can see," one of the doctors remarked, "how the pulsating mass could cause the patient's back pain. In fact, in serious cases the pulsations actually wear away and weaken parts of the vertebrae."

As aneurysms go, this one was not large—about three inches long and two inches in diameter. But all aneurysms are weak-walled and, if not treated, become larger. Many, as in this case, contain a clot, from which fragments may break off and lodge elsewhere to cause trouble. In any event, they must be handled with care and respect, as the surgeons were now doing. They passed a tape under the aorta, above the swollen area, and pulled it away from the spine enough to permit the curved jaws of a clamp to be put in place.

At this point Doctor DeBakey injected heparin into the aorta below the clamp, to minimize clotting, and applied small bulldog clamps to the iliac arteries, which fork off from the lower end of the aorta.

"What's her pressure now?" he asked.

From behind the drapes at the head of the table came a voice, "Hundred and sixty over eighty. She's doing all right." The anesthesiologist stood up to adjust a transfusion bottle, one of a half dozen flasks and plastic bags from which blood or saline was dripping into the patient's arm and foot veins. His job in these operations is complicated by the fact that the heart and the blood-pressure mechanisms of the body are acutely sensitive to changes in flow produced by the opening and closing of clamps. When a major vessel is clamped shut the pressure rises on the upstream side. When a clamp is opened the pressure drops. To boost it back up, the anesthesiologist eases the flow of ether and squeezes a rubber bag to force a few extra puffs of oxygen into the patient's lungs. He may also speed the transfusion of fluids and add a few drops of synthetic adrenalin.

The clock read 8:26 as the surgeons severed the iliac arteries, and 8:27 as they cut the aorta above the aneurysmal sac and lifted out the sick and worn-out segment.

Meanwhile a nurse had placed a synthetic artery in a pan to soak up some of the patient's own blood. This was done to start the beneficial type of clotting which would close the pores of the knitted graft, reduce the initial seepage and lay the foundation for the growth of a smooth natural lining. She now handed the forked graft to Doctor DeBakey, who held it in position and with a scissors trimmed it to fit. With small crescent-shaped needles and hair-fine silk thread he stitched the upper end of the graft to the open end of the patient's own aorta. When he had completed a good tight seam he released the aorta clamp momentarily to let blood flush out any loose clots that might have formed back of the clamp. As soon as the connection was made to the left iliac vessel, the surgeons removed the clamps and let the blood flow through the graft to the left side of the body.

As expected, there was some oozing through the fabric mesh. The doctors pressed hot, moist pads of gauze against the graft, and the leaking soon stopped. With some patients whose arteries are fragile, the packing and the tying off of small "bleeders" can be a long, tedious and frustrating procedure. In this instance, however, things went smoothly. The second branch of the graft was soon sewed to the right iliac artery, and at 9:15 the last blood-vessel clamp was removed and the crucial part of the operation was over. Elapsed time: one hour and thirty minutes. There remained only the task of restoring the loops of intestine to their normal position in the abdomen and "closing up."

While his assistants completed the final stages, Doctor DeBakey peeled off his operating gown and, still wearing his green cotton "scrub suit," drove across town to Jefferson Davis Hospital to lend a hand in the removal of another type of aneurysm. This was in the thoracic aorta—that part of the great vessel lying in the chest. Thoracic aneurysms are much more difficult and hazardous to deal with surgically than abdominal aneurysms. Even in the Houston group's experience the operative mortality has run 31 per cent, although without surgery most of the patients die, and the 69 per cent saved constitute a tremendous salvage. In contrast, the same surgeons have brought the operative death rate in abdominal-aneurysm repair down from 25 per cent, in their earlier experience, to less than 2 per cent in the most recent cases.

What makes the thoracic aneurysm so touchy is its proximity to the heart, which means the surgeons must interrupt more vital blood-supply lines during the operation. The problem was being met, for the Jefferson Davis patient, a young woman, by an electrical blood pump, which was drawing blood out of the left auricle of the heart, bypassing the damaged and clamped-off aorta, and returning it to the body via the femoral artery in the left groin.

Surgery's new success in repairing worn-out or plugged-up arteries imposes a heavier responsibility upon doctors and patients to recognize these conditions. This was not so important in the past, when little could be done anyway. But today an overlooked aneurysm may mean an unnecessary death. And a man may miss a chance for many more years of active life if the pain and fatigue of arterial blockage are mistaken, as they sometimes are, for arthritis or advancing age. A Wisconsin meat dealer who had felt himself slowing down over the past three years, particularly in the legs, consulted several doctors. The first one checked him over, found nothing specifically wrong, clapped him on the shoulder and said, "It's just later than you think." Another physician made the diagnosis of abdominal aneurysm, and the patient went to Houston to have it repaired.

When the trouble is an aneurysm there is usually no hesitancy about surgery. Chronic clogging of a leg vessel, however, demands careful evaluation to determine whether or not an operation is advisable. Doctor Horwitz and Dr. Raymond Penneys, of the vascular section at the Hospital of the University of Pennsylvania, discuss the question in a recent report. If the patient's only complaint is pain on walking, and if he has adequate circulation to the skin, then a major operation may not be justified. The circulation in these cases is enough to keep the leg alive, but inadequate to support a lot of muscle action. "If the person has heart disease in addition to occlusion of his leg vessels, the pain on walking may be useful," Doctor Horwitz observed, "in holding down his activity. But if he is young and has no serious heart impairment, there is more point in giving him a graft. We put all these matters up to the patient and let him decide for himself."

In estimating the state of the circulation in a leg, one of the most important tests is the measurement of skin temperature. Feet that are numb and cold, and fail to warm up when heat pads are placed on the abdomen, mean insufficient blood flow. Arterial grafting should always be considered in these patients, Doctors Horwitz and Penneys conclude. Whether the blockage is localized and whether good enough vessels lie beyond the block to warrant placement of a graft are shown by X-ray studies.

Not all of the obstructions being treated by these new techniques are in the lower part of the body. Some lie in the large arteries that spring from the arch of the aorta to supply the head and arms. These may produce a baffling variety of symptoms, from headache, dizziness and arm pain to blindness, convulsions and paralysis.

A case that illustrates the milder type of this "aortic arch syndrome" is that of a Houston house painter who had to quit work because of pain in his right arm. A nylon-artery graft effectively detoured the blood around the obstruction and sent the patient happily back to his job.

Similar in mechanism, but limited to the carotid artery, is a type of obstruction now believed to account for many so-called "little strokes"—transitory episodes of paralysis, unconsciousness, blindness or aphasia. They may last for a few minutes to several hours. The aphasia, or speech difficulty, may persist for days or weeks. These symptoms have usually been attributed to plugging of small vessels in the brain itself. Recent evidence suggests that at least some and possibly a large number of the "little strokes" are due to carotid-artery blockage.

Here again, nylon arteries have come to the rescue as a bypass around the obstruction. Dr. Champ Lyons, professor of surgery at the Medical College of Alabama, has operated upon eight of these patients—all from the Birmingham area—in a single year. He feels the condition is much more common than had previously been realized. Six of the eight were completely relieved.

The bypass operation had not only relieved these patients of their distressing symptoms, it had also, by providing a new clear channel to the brain, averted more serious damage in the future. And in its basic design it was following the pattern common to all of the surgical procedures we have been discussing—namely, the prompt repair of local interruptions in the body's vital supply lines, wherever they may be.

Logical as this approach is, its present application on a broad scale has come only with a changing concept concerning arteriosclerosis, the underlying cause of most of these circulatory derangements. Hardening of the arteries was formerly considered to be a generalized and diffuse disease, affecting big and small branches alike, and certainly not a condition which surgery could do anything for. Now Doctor Lyons, Doctor Edwards, Doctor DeBakey and other leaders are emphasizing a new concept. "Within the last few years," says Doctor DeBakey, "surgeons have begun to realize that arteriosclerosis is in a great many cases a local condition, segmental in nature. Certain locations are more vulnerable to the development of obstructing disease than others. And since surgery's chief role is the correction of localized pathology, surgeons have found this was something they could do a great deal about. We now feel there are tremendous numbers of patients who can be helped." THE END

## The Perfect Squelch

The aging, thrice-married director had some very young ideas, especially regarding the girls in his show. He regularly picked the loveliest and most youthful for his special attention, pretended a deep interest in her career and suggested a dinner or night-club meeting to talk it over.

Forewarned of the director's technique, one glamorous newcomer listened politely as he launched into his usual routine. She thanked him for his interest in her career and pleasantly agreed to everything he said until he suggested a dinner date.

Then she acted greatly surprised. "Don't be silly," she exclaimed. "Why, I'm old enough to be your wife."

**Winifred Cushing Wallace**

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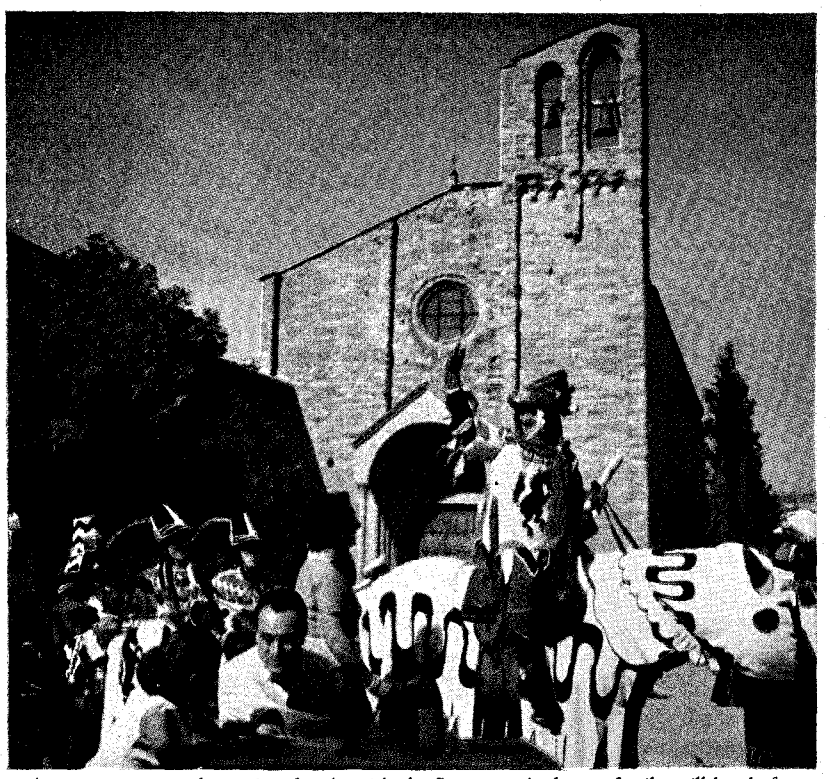
# "Every day is worth celebrating with real Italian-style ravioli!"



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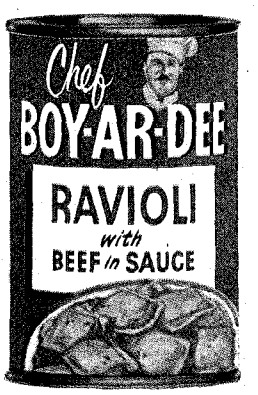

Traditional as this festival at Arezzo...the serving of ravioli at the feast. But *you* don't have to wait for an occasion to serve this savory, satisfying dish. You can serve Chef Boy-Ar-Dee real Italian-style Ravioli *any time.*

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*An extra-cost option

Coming NOV. 9



# They Don't Need Progress

(Continued from Page 39)

the pleasant, generally unhurried, if early rising, life they lead. A banker, no less, tells you, "It isn't just a matter of dollars and cents. Many of these young cowboys could make a lot more money working at Boeing's airplane plant down in Wichita, but it would take virtual starvation to drive them out of the Hills."

A leather-skinned rancher with the look of distance in his sun-squinted eyes takes you to the highest hilltop on his land, plants his boot heels in the sod, doffs his battered stockman's hat and gestures toward the far horizon. "Look at that big view," he exclaims. "You can see forty-five miles and it's all a carpet of bluestem grass. This is wonderful country for cattle—and people. It's a place where you have time to live. Man, if you cut me, I think bluestem sap would run out."

A farm wife with a poetic touch says, "Truly a beautiful land. I never tire of watching the Hills change color as the sunsets reflect on the hillsides and ravines. And the air—it never has been used before, it seems."

The Flint Hills even have their own favorite minnesingers, such as Rolla A. Clymer, editor of the El Dorado Times. He is moved frequently to dash off tributes to the relaxing, colorful and character-building qualities of the Hills, thus strengthening the inner conviction of his readers that they are indeed a fortunate people. His best-loved *tour de force*, which has been reprinted in 14-point type on poster-size sheets and hangs on the walls of many homes, is titled Majesty of the Hills, and originally was read by Clymer before a cattlemen's convention. The narration dwells lovingly on the great seasonal event of the Hills, the coming of the "Big Beef Steer—monarch and ruler of all he surveys," to knee-deep summer pastures. "He comes from the Southland when spring smiles in welcome," Clymer put it. "His realm is a surpassingly lovely creation of emerald-coated ranges, fading off into mystic purplish haze. . . . All therein is touched with stillness and tranquillity. . . . The majestic quiet that hovers over the scene is broken only by the trill of the meadow lark or his various winged cousins."

When Clymer finished reading this to the rawhide-tough cow waddies, there wasn't a dry eye in the house.

However, much as they prize their peace, the people of the Hills don't hesitate to take strong, unpeaceful measures when some outsider threatens their "stillness and tranquillity." A certain young preacher discovered this the hard way. He was the new pastor of a church attended by the Ferrells, a pioneer family which owns a 7000-acre ranch deep in the Hills, where pastures are measured by the square mile and quick-footed quail scoot in the thickets, prairie chickens rise in arch-winged flight from the tall grass, and wild ducks and geese visit the still, willow-rimmed ponds.

The minister had a passion for hunting and went gunning one fine day on the Ferrell empire. But as he stalked the birds the Ferrells' tough old foreman stalked the preacher and suddenly rode up behind him and blasted out an earthy, highly descriptive opinion of people who wave a shotgun around in a pasture full of cattle.

The young man of the cloth held up his hand in a dignified manner. "You had better watch your language, sir," he advised. "I'll have you know that I am a minister and pastor of the Ferrells' church."

The foreman was unmoved by this information and continued to scowl down from the saddle. "That is no blankety-blank excuse for the likes of you," he growled. "If you're a preacher, you damn well oughta be able to read all them No Hunting signs on the fence."

Later, when the minister had achieved the knack of Flint Hills humor, he topped this story about himself. Lloyd Ferrell, then the elderly head of the clan, was ill and the minister came to call, bearing the main ingredients for the old rancher's favorite dish—quails on toast. As he extended the gift, the cleric said, "I want it understood that I did not shoot these birds. They ran in front of me and I accidentally stepped on them."

Just what and where are these wonderful hills that grip their people so tightly? Well, they are a geological accident that preserved a 4,000,000-acre meadow, once part of the Great Prairie that was the Midwest, along with a ruggedly individualistic society. Two immutable conditions have dictated the course of life in the Hills: (1) The soil and climate are ideal for the tall prairie grasses, and (2) the flinty limestone arches that form the

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Let's have another look at that invitation!"

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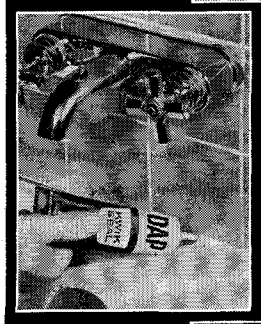

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backbone of the Hills are so close to the surface that most of the land can't be plowed. As one cowman observed, "Don't give us humans credit for saving this pretty land. If the settlers could have stuck their plowpoints into it, the whole shebang would have washed down the rivers long ago."

The Hills astonish some visitors who have thought of Kansas as a table-flat plain. Yet there they stand, rising as high as 1700 feet above sea level, extending in a north-to-south strip, often called the Bluestem Belt, across the eastern part of the state. If you count their flanks, not just their backbone, the Hills are as wide as sixty miles in some places, only twenty or so in others. When Horace Greeley came upon them in 1859, he called them "a gently heaving sea of grass." They roll and undulate, a pleasant green barrier across the state, broken by broad river valleys. The dominant grasses on the rounded slopes are Big Bluestem (Andropogon furcatus) and Little Bluestem (Andropogon scoparius) which Nature decided many hundreds of thousands of years ago were best suited for these thin, limestone-bedded soils. And which, fortunately, taste as good to a steer as ice cream does to a small boy.

In normal years, when rainfall is around thirty inches, five acres of bluestem will carry a steer from April fifteenth to October fifteenth and add a pound and a half to two pounds of meat to him every day. Pasture fees run fifteen to twenty dollars per steer. So the condition of the grass is vital business for the ranchers. They have a saying in the Hills: "Listen to the feet in town and you hear a cowman's boots. Pay heed to the grass and you hear his heartbeat."

Long before the white man came on the scene, the Plains Indians discovered that this succulent grass, growing as high as the back of a horse when it shoots to make seed, was a powerful magnet for wild game. They used the Flint Hills as a sort of self-service meat market. In the fall or winter they would fire off the old brown grass and, as spring rains brought forth a fresh, verdant carpet over the hills, herds of buffalo, elk and antelope would flock into the area, under the bows of the waiting hunters.

When the pioneers began filtering into the Hills about a century ago, they soon learned the futility of cultivating the thin-soiled slopes and borrowed the Indians' system, substituting beef cattle for wild game. Thus bluestem remained the mainspring of life in the Hills. At first the cattle of the settlers were herded on the free grass. Then came the Texas Longhorns that trailed a thousand miles across the Plains, up from Texas, dipped their muzzles in the lush grass, gaining fat and finish before moving on to the rough-and-ready cow town, Abilene, for shipment east on the Union Pacific.

The Hills were still open range within the memory of sons of pioneers, now a thinning band, who recall when "your best title to your grass was your Winchester rifle." Today the big pastures of the Hills long have been behind thousands of miles of barbed-wire fence. There are more than 800,000 cattle in the area during summer—a half million that are owned by local ranchers and farmers, and an average of more than 300,000 that arrive from the Southwest and other range lands, not trailed up from Texas, but riding fast trailer trucks and cattle trains.

The animals themselves are vastly changed from the old Longhorns that are remembered as "mostly horns and legs, rough to handle and tougher to eat." Most of the steers that harvest the bluestem these days are young, tender and scientifically developed by generations of breeding to produce the most and best meat per acre of grass. Occasionally shipments of "ornery" cattle come to the Hills, but the kind the ranchers like best are calm, good-natured steaks on the hoof, devoted to the goal of getting fat by the time they are two years old. Hillsmen see incomparable beauty in the low, blocky contours of the deep bodies that are supported by short, peglike legs, because, as they say, "Daylight under a steer don't weigh anything."

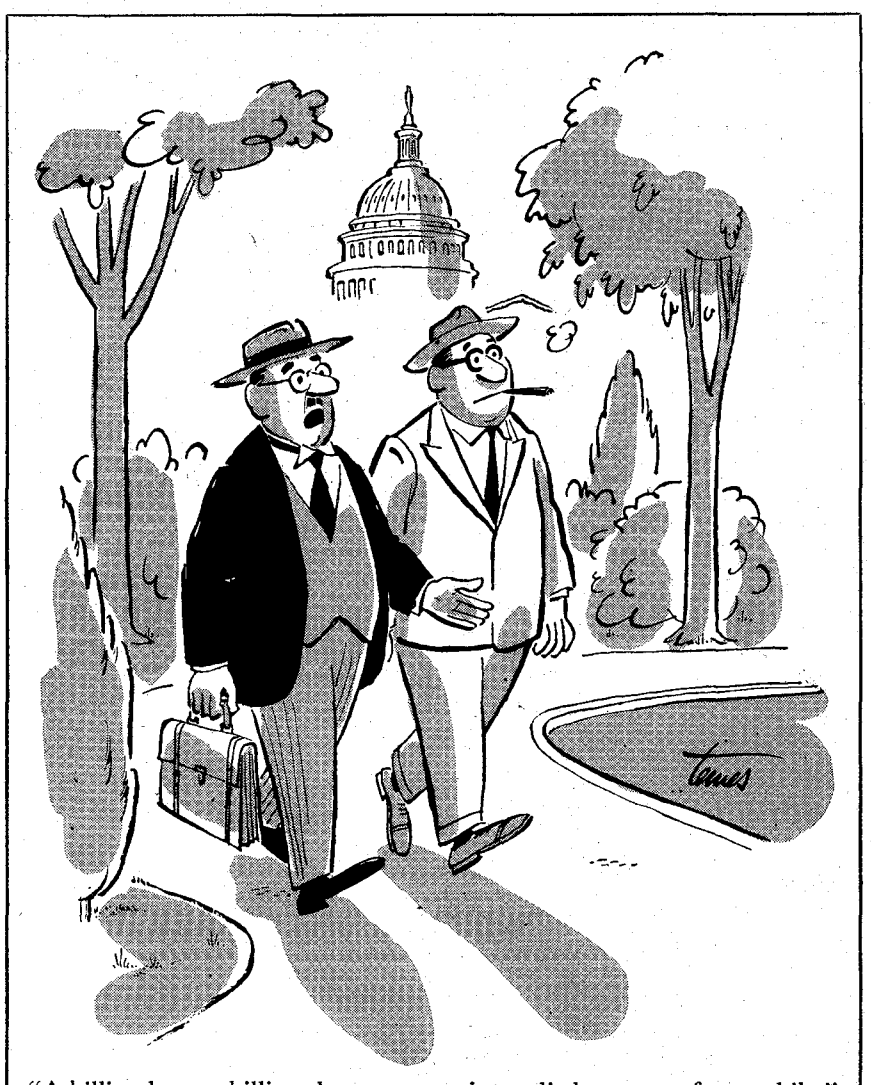
Every effort is made to keep these animals contented and healthy. John Gish, a veterinarian who roves a southern portion of the Hills, is on call twenty-four hours a day and has a radio-telephone in his car, so he can be reached en route.

"There are times, though, when even the doc can't help," one rancher said. "The doggonedest things happen. A storm comes up, the cattle crowd in a fence corner, lightning strikes the barbed wire and they all get electrocuted. Or, the other day a tree blew over, and, of course, a steer worth nearly two hundred dollars had to be standing where it hit."

Life in the Flint Hills revolves, as it always has, around the grass, the grazing animals and the seasons. Today it is a blend of frontier days and modern time. The people, like hill dwellers in all parts of the world, have certain typical habits of thought, speech and dress, but they are quick to point out that they aren't isolated and, they hope, not too provincial. They are strong for education and many of the old ranching families have a tradition of sending their sons and daughters to college, perhaps to one of the two colleges in Emporia, at the edge of the bluestem belt, or to Kansas State, a beautiful tree-shaded campus in a northern wing of the Hills. Some clans have a habit of sending their sons to Harvard, Princeton or Yale to widen their horizons, but, they are quick to point out, most of these young men come back to the Hills and make fine ranchers too.

The little villages of the Hills are a study in adaptation to modern times without sacrificing the old, tested things. Many of the place names have an English ring to them—like Westmoreland, Matfield Green, Yates Center. But first driving into Cassoday, for example, you could imagine yourself in a cow town of the 1890's. The unpaved main street, opening into prairie at either end, features a half dozen false-fronted buildings. In front of Opal's Café stand several cow hands, spraddle-legged in high-heeled boots, tight dungarees, work shirts with a handkerchief around the throat, and curl-brimmed ten-gallon hats. Behind the main street are boxlike frame homes, some with scrollwork trimmings on the porches; many of them have a small corral and barn back of the house where the saddle horses and family cows are kept. The main recreation still is "visitin'," the natives tell you.

The scene is incomplete, however. The sky is cut by a power line that runs into town; tall aluminum towers sprout from the tops of houses to bring in television programs from Wichita, Kansas City and Topeka. Air-conditioners protrude from windows. In the driveways of ranchers' homes—a number of them live in town—sit expensive automobiles, station wagons and trucks. Not far away is a brand-new superhighway on which they can drive to Kansas City in the morning, do a day's stint of shopping and return home in time for dinner. Even the cow ponies are, to an extent, mechanized. A cow hand can't waste time riding a horse from the home corral to the point, perhaps many miles away, where cattle are to be worked. So he loads the horse in a truck or a special horse trailer, whizzes to the



"A billion here, a billion there can run into a little money after a while."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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scene of action, unloads Old Paint, and is ready to start ridin', ropin' and brandin'.

The whole business by which these folks live has become more and more specialized, although it still comes down to a man, his grass and his cattle. One big outfit, the Ramsey Ranch, has brought a punch-card machine to the Hills to compute the progress of its 800 breeding cows on its 6000 acres. Manager Dale Engler explains, "Simply by pushing a button, the machine sorts records and tells us how much a given cow's calves have weighed, their sires, body scores and so forth." The less-advanced neighbors who still keep their records by hand and eye aren't exactly skeptical, but delight in asking innocently, "Will that contraption tell the price of those calves at market time?"

City visitors to the Hills frequently are shocked to find that the womenfolk there don't regard it as unladylike to fix balky windmills, drive a truck or to encourage a steer into a loading chute with an electric prod pole. The men of the Hills aren't encouraging any trend away from this pioneer attitude, and the mere fact that a rancher may be well-heeled doesn't necessarily mean that his female dependents can, or will want to, confine their activities to home, bridge clubs and golf. A $700 cutting horse is considered just as thoughtful a Christmas gift as a fur coat in ranch circles, and is somewhat more useful. If you ask in the Hills why the women are so versatile and self-reliant, you get an answer like this: "Ours is a family-type business, and it's just natural for the whole family to pitch in when there's a job to be done."

That is the way Frank and Clementine Condell operate their Dellford Ranch near El Dorado, devoted to the breeding of fine Hereford cattle. Their herd got its start in 1922, when Condell was a boy and was given a purebred heifer by the late Robert H. Hazlett, a famous Hereford breeder for whom Condell's father worked as ranch superintendent. By the time Condell had finished college, the heifer had multiplied to twenty-eight brood cows, which became the foundation of the present Condell herd of 200.

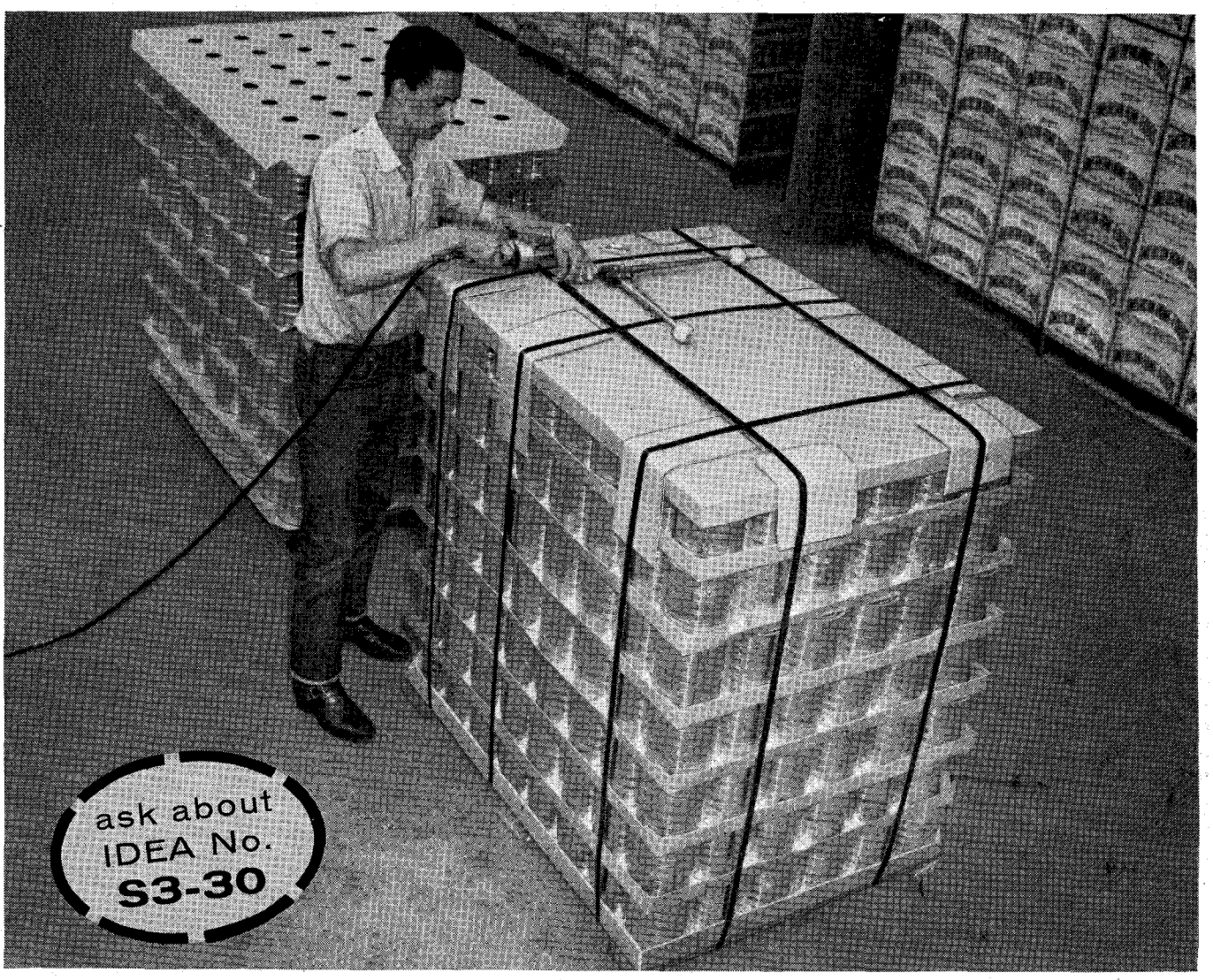
"You have to live the purebred cattle business to make a success of it," Clementine Condell says. "You have to love your cattle like children." She even admits that in some respects the Condell family is more concerned for the comfort of their valuable purebreds than for their own. Kansas can be blazing hot in summertime, but people stand heat better than cattle, so the barn for the show cattle is air-conditioned, while the attractive Condell home is not, as yet.

The climax of the Condells' year comes in the fall, when they show and sell the young breeding stock they have produced. "This is strictly a home-talent show," Frank Condell says. "Clementine writes the copy for the advertisements and the sales catalogue—she can talk pedigrees and bloodlines just as well as any of us. I take the photos to illustrate the booklet, and the kids help us pose the animals."

In the weeks before the sale, there is plenty of work for all hands. The neatly marcelled coats of the young Herefords must be shampooed and combed to bring out the glossy red color. The animals have been trained to be halter-led, and the Condell youngsters—Martha, seventeen, Susan, fifteen, and Nancy, eleven—rehearse them for the show. The kids learn, almost as soon as they can walk, how to "show" an animal, how to make it stand with feet squarely planted, head up and back straight, so that its boxy lines are best displayed. As sale day nears, there's a big tent to put up near the barn; that's where the auction will take place. There's a steer to be barbecued for the free lunch. Plans must be made for parking hundreds of cars. Hundreds of old cattleman friends from all over the country must be greeted. "We try to give it a homy, friendly touch," says Condell. "After that, the looks and records of our cattle speak for themselves."

By and large, the Hills earn a comfortable, if not fancy, living for their people, although hard-boiled economists point out that the large capital required to run an efficient grass ranch would earn more, with less risk, in many other kinds of business. For example, a study of a number of livestock ranches in Butler County, in the heart of the Hills, showed that they averaged 1800 acres in size and represented an average of $111,000 in invested capital. The net income per ranch rises or falls with dizzying speed, reflecting vagaries in weather and prices; these ranchers averaged more than $8000 above costs in good years, as little as $800 in a recent drought year. So you can see why the Flint Hills people are steady listeners to weather forecasts. It costs them real money when, as they say, "The clouds go around us."

There's another source of wealth for the fortunate few who have oil wells on their land. The oil comes from so-called Shoestring Sands, long, narrow, unpredictable strips of buried, oil-filled sand that once were the shores of an ancient sea. The wells don't produce "big oil"; twenty-five barrels a day per well is considered quite fine. But they are long-lasting, like an annuity. Some fields have been going since 1915, and now, by a system of water recharge, seem good for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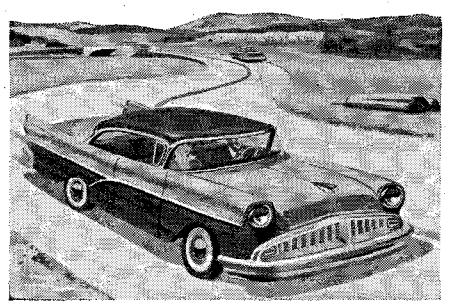

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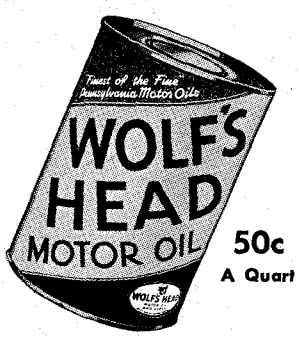


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many more years. The 3000 wells in thirty pools scattered over several Hill counties now yield an average of eight barrels daily per well. As the landowner gets an eighth of the flow, the average well brings him a barrel a day, worth $2.80. Not a bonanza, but if you have a dozen or so wells on your place, as some do, it mounts up. As one rancher said, eying the truck ruts and blackened sod around a well, "It's hell on the grass, but nice on the grocery bill." No doubt, it also helps pay for the fine cars that some ranchers drive, and for the winter vacations in Florida or California that some take.

Life in the Hills is geared to the seasons. Winter is a time of relaxation and preparation. Rain and snow slant into the dusty-rose grass of the vacant pastures, and moisture trickles deep into the limestone to bathe the roots which go down ten or fifteen feet. The ranchers check their saddle gear, rebuild fences—some using power-driven augers—and put their loading yards into repair. At night they listen to the radio and look at TV—and listen to the mournful howl of the coyote, complaining to the frosty moon or answering the distant wail of a Santa Fe freight engine. Daytimes, young cow hands, dreaming of becoming stars in the home-talent rodeo staged each year at Countryman's Ranch, practice trick riding and use a goat as a target for their lariats. It is not a hurried time, but a time to rest up for strenuous days and sleepless nights ahead, a time to sit around the stove in the crossroads stores and yarn about Hills characters, such as William J. Tod, of Maple Hill, who was so solicitous for his grass that he put in his will a clause requesting that his prairie lands be protected from plowing and overgrazing.

Starting in mid-April, good weather or bad, the rush is on with the coming of the cattle, more than 300,000 of them, from the great ranges of the Southwest, far surpassing in numbers the fabled herds that once plodded to Abilene and Dodge City. Daylight at any Flint Hills stockyards or truck-unloading point finds cowpokes, red-faced, spurs clicking, backs to the wind, their horses saddled and ground-hitched, waiting for cattle. Whatever the hour, it's their job to be there to get the critters unloaded, counted and off to pasture. The cafés that cater to ranchers are open day and night, because a man who finishes working cattle at midnight or four A.M. is tired, hungry and wanting cups of hot coffee.

The key man, the co-ordinator, of the spring rush is the "pasture man," a highly developed Flint Hills generalist who must have the eye of a steer for grass, the knack of a quartermaster general for logistics and the financial responsibility of a bank. On one hand, he lines up the herd owners in Texas, Colorado, New Mexico, Louisiana or wherever they are; on the other, he contracts with bluestem owners to fill their pastures. He's more than a broker, though. He receives the steers, sees that they are properly distributed, keeps tab on their health and condition, sees that they have plenty of water and salt, and, before the end of the season, October fifteenth or earlier, oversees the shipment of his wards to feed lots in the Corn Belt, or to market, as the case may be. By custom and contract, the pasture man must "guarantee the count"—that is, if any animals are missing at the end of the season, and he can't supply evidence that they died of natural causes, he must pay for them. As some pasture men have $500,000 to $1,000,000 worth of cattle in their custody, such responsibility is not for a scatterbrain.

Roy Beedle, the father of the energetic Dorotha, fits the part of pasture man as though it were written for him, and he should, as he grew up in the business. His friends say, "A real cow man, every pound and inch," which is saying a lot because Beedle stands a straight six feet three inches and, now in his mid-sixties, still rides a cow pony with easy-does-it skill. From his headquarters in the little village of Bazaar, he has supervised the grazing of as many as 10,000 steers per season over 50,000 acres of Hills. Recently, due to drought conditions and a desire to take things a bit easier, he has cut down to a mere 4000 or 5000 steers.

From spring until fall, Beedle thinks of little besides cattle. "To see those steers comin', to watch 'em bloom on our fine grass is the most enjoyable occupation there is," he claims. "You don't get rich, but you sure enjoy life."

There's plenty of action—and danger too—when the cattle trains thunder into Bazaar, particularly when the steers are frightened, spooky beasts combed out of the cactus and mesquite down toward Mexico. These steers are likely to burst from the cattle cars with tails up and heads down, ready to take off for home. Knowing what to do with cattle like that—and being able to do it in a split second—is what makes a top cow hand,

... ... ... ... ... ... ...

**Address to the Fates**

Future, take care of yourself.
Past, please remain on the shelf.
Present, it's all I can do
Just to keep even with you!

**Dorothy Brown Thompson**

... ... ... ... ... ... ...

like Dorotha Beedle Blankenship. "There's more to this business than keeping your pants in your boots," her father says.

The whole Beedle family keeps its ears tuned for weather reports, and what is feared most of all is a late-spring "ice-water rain" when some Southern cattle are due. There have been cases when such thin-blooded animals, worn down by the trip, have died by the hundreds in a chilling downpour. Once the cattle are on pasture and have filled their stomachs with fortifying grass, the Beedles relax a bit.

Dry weather and wild cattle cause the most sustained headaches for a pasture man. "Water is the most important item in the business," Beedle explains. "A steer needs ten, twelve gallons a day. If he runs out of water, he loses weight and don't come back fast. Our contracts specify that we are responsible for water, so, if the ponds and streams dry up, we have to haul it. And there's no quicker way of losing money than hauling water for several thousand steers."

He remembers all too well the meanest bunch of cattle he ever handled. They were Brahmans—a long-legged, humped breed, originally from India. This lot of cattle had "spoiled," or gone wild. When sixty carloads of these animals hit Bazaar, shipped to Beedle, they nearly wrecked the place. To hold them inside the fenced pastures he had to keep a crew of cow hands with them. Finally, near the season's end, he started to market the beasts for their owner, and sent the first, fattest lot to St. Joseph, Missouri.

"We got urgent word back from the commission company not to send any more," Beedle recalls. "Those steers turned the stockyards into a madhouse. They jumped the fences like goats."

He sent the next shipment to Kansas City. "Same results. They warned us they wouldn't accept another shipment."

Beedle and the owner went into a huddle. They knew the bad news about their wild cattle would get around to all the livestock markets in a few days. Finally the owner instructed, "We'll ship them all in one lot, all to Omaha, before the people there hear about them. Ship so they'll arrive on Sunday, when the stockyards are quiet. Early next morning sell those steers on the first bid you get. Whatever it is, take it. You don't want to spend the rest of your life with those ornery critters."

Beedle didn't. He breathed a sigh of relief when the strategy worked and the cattle were sold.

For all of this work, worry and responsibility, a pasture man gets a fee, sometimes 10 per cent of the pasture rent, sometimes a flat payment of around $2.50 to $3.00 per head. The deals and details, involving thousands of acres of grass and heads of cattle, are made over the telephone. A written contract is used for one purpose only, to protect both parties in case one of them dies. "A cowman—a real cowman—is dependable," they say in the Hills. "He has to be or he won't be in business long."

When the grazing season ends and the cattle—each weighing 250 to 300 pounds more than it did when it came—are shipped out, the pasture men take it easy. First thing, Roy Beedle and the young Blankenships get out their hunting togs and head for the Colorado Rockies, where they camp out and tramp through the mountains, usually bagging enough venison to fill the freezer at home. Then, during the winter while Dorotha and Jerry Blankenship take care of the ranching chores, Mr. and Mrs. Beedle become tourists. They have visited both coasts, but best of all they like the Southwest, where, as he points out, "there are plenty of good cattle to look at."

Some folks worry about the future of the Flint Hills—not a pressing fear, but a niggling awareness that things are changing, perhaps not for the better. They realize that the colorful family enterprise is changing more and more toward a cold-cut business proposition. More of the grass is passing into the hands of large absentee owners, and this causes the natives to shake their heads. "Oilmen and rich doctors pay eighty to a hundred dollars an acre for grass," they say. "We can't compete with that, not when we have to borrow money and pay interest."

A grass specialist points out that this last big block of natural prairie has been taking a terrific beating from grazing during recent drought years. There is no great danger that the Hills will be ruined by erosion, he says, but in places the rich bluestem, unequaled as a beef builder, is losing out to less desirable grasses, a process that takes many years to reverse, given good weather and careful management. Many of the old-style ranchers feel themselves increasingly hemmed in as dual-lane highways push through the Hills, bringing the roar of trucks and scream of high-speed traffic to once-quiet valleys. "They can keep all that progress," says one rancher. "We're running a summer hotel for cattle and it should be nice and peaceful."

Still, there is much that is unchanged, especially if you go deep in the Hills. Here, as Rolla Clymer lyricizes, "You pass into a different world from the one you left with its hustle and bustle and carking cares. In the bluestem pastures there is always brooding peace and a calm and serene beauty . . . their soothing benediction ever ready for those who are spiritually attuned to accept it."

THE END

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# Lawyer for the Defense

(Continued from Page 26)

newspaper copy written about his courtroom triumphs, he has no press clippings or scrapbooks. All his case records are destroyed after they cease to have functional value.

Murray has defended thousands of cases, hundreds of them involving murders, but has kept no box score of his wins and losses. The record does show he once had a phenomenal run of forty-three straight acquittals in General Sessions, where felonies are tried. In the loss column, nine of his clients have walked the last mile in the death house.

The most recent of Murray's clients to take that stroll was John Francis Roche, as vicious a murderer as ever lived. Roche confessed to killing five innocent people for pleasure and profit, one of them a fourteen-year-old schoolgirl whom he smashed over the head with an iron pipe in a tenement hallway, raped and left lying unconscious in a puddle of blood.

Roche was tried for murdering the girl. When the prosecutor tolled off the victim's gruesome injuries, Murray, thinking of his own grandchildren, fled the courtroom during the bloody recital. Then he made a valiant effort to prove that Roche was legally insane, describing the killer as a masochist "with a mind like a scrambled egg . . . a monster in human form who couldn't tell the difference between right and wrong." The jury, however, maintained that Roche was sane and deserved to die.

Some of Murray's closest friends disapprovingly asked why he defended such a beast as Roche. Murray replied that the court had appointed him and he was duty-bound to serve. Roche, like many of Murray's highly publicized clients, was broke and friendless, and the courts wanted to appoint a lawyer of such stature that there could be no question that he had the best legal talent available.

In return for this tribute to his skill, Murray and three other lawyers who assisted him split a $1500 fee—not enough to cover their expenses. Murray was tied up on the case for months; he knew the verdict was almost sure to go against him. The final straw was that Roche, resenting Murray's graphic description of his mental processes, refused to speak to his defender.

Murray has learned not to expect gratitude from those he serves. The only exception he encountered was a convicted cop killer he rescued from the death house and subsequently cleared of the charges. Murray's stipend was an annual Christmas card—a rare expression of gratitude that touched him deeply.

As a rule, people accused of crimes don't worry about their lawyers' finances. It's an axiom of the profession that if a fee isn't paid in advance, it probably never will be paid. Murray took his worst financial licking last year, when he represented Ivan Jerome, sixty-three-year-old multimillionaire inventor, who was indicted in Nassau County on sixty morals charges. Jerome was accused of luring young girls to his penthouse, where he staged sex orgies which he photographed with a hidden camera. Jerome pleaded he was short of cash and begged Murray to take a piece of property as his fee. Murray curtly replied that he wasn't in the real-estate business, but would trust Jerome. Murray managed to get his client released in $100,000 bail and advised him to plead guilty and ask for clemency. Instead Jerome fled, forfeiting his bail and leaving Murray holding the bag for the fee. To date, Jerome hasn't been caught or heard from.

Murray has lost untold thousands of dollars in unpaid fees, but never has pressed a client for payment, never sued to collect and never turned a claim over to a collection agency. "I regard the law as a profession," he says, "not a business."

Despite these losses, it is widely assumed that Murray has salted away a tidy fortune. This suggestion makes him smile wryly.

Murray doesn't play the ponies; he seldom drinks, doesn't carouse and hates night clubs. Most of his earnings have gone for medical expenses and family economic crises.

"My total assets," he says, "consist of an insurance policy worth fifteen thousand dollars. I live in a rented apartment, I own no car, no stocks, bonds or other investments. My suits cost fifty dollars, my shirts three ninety-five; the shoes I'm wearing are five years old and cost eleven ninety-five. I haven't taken a vacation since I was sick in 1935. When I stop working, my natural habitat will be the almshouse."

The biggest single fee he ever collected was $40,000, for representing the infamous Capone mob against charges of

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It's beginner's luck when a baby is born in America.

DAN BENNETT

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shaking down the movie industry in New York. Most of the unfortunates Murray defends can't afford big fees, so he gears his prices to their pocketbooks, not to their desperation. Curiously, his reputation often is more of a liability than an asset. Judges seem to think of him automatically when they have to appoint a lawyer to represent a penniless murder defendant. Yet many people of moderate means by-pass him because they assume he would be prohibitively expensive.

Murray dourly says that if it weren't for the civil practice he and his associate, Irving Greenberg, conduct, "I would be sleeping in the park." He claims that he prefers the easier and more lucrative civil cases, "but an old mother comes in crying that her boy is in trouble. You yield to her tears and do what you can." Murray also is known to get emotionally involved in the plight of many of his clients and if they run out of funds, he may carry on their battle out of his own undernourished pocket.

In legal circles, Murray is known as a champion of lost causes, because he takes practically every case that is thrown at him—seemingly even the hopeless ones—and wins a good share of them. One of the few he refused was that of Fritz Kuhn, the arrogant Nazi Bund leader. Murray didn't care what happened to Kuhn and was afraid that under the circumstances he could not put forth his best efforts.

Despite the esteem he enjoys among lawyers, Murray has no illusions about the public's conception of a lawyer who defends people on the wrong side of the law. He says, "The public at large regards the defense lawyer in the same light with the criminal he defends." He blames this unfortunate viewpoint on public ignorance of the United States Constitution and the criminal statutes. New York's penal code, he explains, has some 2500 provisions "based, for the most part, on the Ten Commandments given by the Lord to Moses on Mt. Sinai. And under the Constitution every man is presumed innocent until proved guilty."

Murray explains that it is the criminal lawyer's sworn duty to resist by all ethical means the conviction of his client, "but that doesn't mean a lawyer is supposed to get down in the gutter with his client."

He has avoided those allegorical gutters with such zeal that not the slightest taint of scandal has ever rubbed off on him. It is a point of pride with him that he has never fraternized with anyone charged with a crime. "I never went to lunch with them, never went to their homes nor had them to mine," he says. "They (the underworld element) begin by wanting to give you tickets to fights and buy you expensive suits and wind up trying to buy your soul. I didn't take their gifts."

Murray's personal morality has been tested many times. On behalf of a client he once sued a race-track operator, the pal of a top politician, for libel. The politician sent a flunky to ask Murray if he would drop the suit. Murray's reply was to get a lawyer's civil arrest of the race-track operator and have him placed in bail. Another time he was defending the notorious Anna "Ma" Swift, keeper of an extraordinary house of ill-fame that specialized in abnormal sex acts, when he received a flurry of phone calls from nervous corporation lawyers whose prominent clients wanted to know if names would be named in court. A less scrupulous lawyer might have been tempted to pick up a fast buck in return for silence or to win sensational headlines by revealing names. Murray, however, told his callers to "tell your clients to rest easy. No names will be used."

While he remains socially aloof from his clients, Murray regards the majority with profound sympathy, especially the youthful transgressors. On occasion he visits his charges after their fate is out of his hands and in that of the warden or the keeper of the death house. "Often they don't even have anyone to buy them a smoke," he says. Once he sneaked a suit from his own closet to a shabby defendant going on trial for his life—a domestic misdemeanor he confessed to his wife only when she was getting ready to accuse the neighborhood tailor of misappropriating the garment.

"I suppose I'm a soft-minded sentimentalist," he says. "To me, the man on trial is always the underdog, regardless of his background. He is but an individual, and opposing him is the organized might of society. The forces of law are set in motion to destroy the defendant; the only one who can stand between him and destruction is his lawyer.

"I always remember that it isn't only the man in the death house who suffers; he may have a fine brother, sister or a wife and children. Although they are blameless, they go on suffering for years."

Murray doesn't believe in capital punishment. "I don't think that man has the right to take that which only God can give—human life. I don't think capital punishment ever deterred a man from committing a murder." But he adds sharply, "Don't think I'm not in favor of law. I am. If you didn't have law you would be living in a jungle. I believe in jails. Some people belong in them all their lives. But as you grow older, you get greater respect for human life and more sympathy for people who get in trouble."

Murray often is asked how he can, in good conscience, defend clients who obviously are guilty. It is a sore point with him. Patiently, he replies, "When a lawyer assumes the defense of a client he is not trying a moral issue. He is trying a legal issue. A defendant may be morally guilty as hell, but legally guiltless because the


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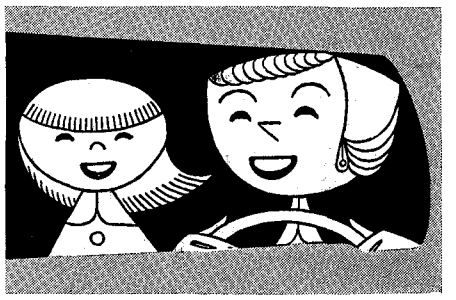

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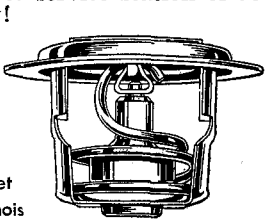

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prosecution has failed to prove guilt beyond a reasonable doubt. The man in the street doesn't understand this vital point. Neither do many lawyers who have never tried a criminal case. No lawyer can assume his client is guilty until he has been proved legally guilty."

For his efforts on behalf of clients, Murray has suffered not only assorted slanders and financial hardship but physical distress as well. His burden is migraines. Frequently he is trying a case when suddenly, by his description, "it feels as if some diabolical demon sticks a red-hot poker through your eye and out the side of your head." Murray blames his attacks on nervous tension.

Why did he enter a profession that demanded so much and returned such meager rewards? Murray lifts his hands helplessly and exclaims, "Why? The Lord knows. I was blown willy-nilly by chance and expediency. I accepted what came to me and did my best with it."

Unlike most lawyers, he never had any desire to enter politics. "It's too dirty for me," he says. And he never had any ambition to be a prosecutor. During depression days a former judge he knew was elected New York County District Attorney and offered to appoint Murray as one of his assistants because "you're the only lawyer in town who hasn't hounded me for a job."

Murray declined with thanks. "I'm grateful, judge," he said, "but I'm too squeamish to be a man hunter."

Grinding out one of the innumerable cigarettes he smokes, Murray thoughtfully continues, "I never was hungry for money. That was the history of my family. My brother, John Gregory, was Archbishop of St. Paul, Minnesota. When he died last October he left an estate of sixty-seven dollars. He gave every cent he had to the poor or hospitals, and he rode buses instead of limousines. That was the attitude of our family toward money. I can hardly recall ever hearing it mentioned around home when I was growing up."

James Dennis Clement Murray was born in Waterbury, Connecticut. It is noteworthy that, in addition to him, Waterbury's other renowned sons include New York County District Attorney Frank Hogan and his celebrated captive, The Mad Bomber, all three of whom may be thrown into one of the most explosive legal dramas of the century if Metesky recovers from a severe case of tuberculosis that felled him following his arrest last year.

The last time Murray made a professional splash in his home town was two decades ago, when Waterbury's mayor and twenty-five other town fathers were indicted for fraud and called on him to save their skins. He returned home to the sound of journalistic trumpets as the local boy who had made good in the big city, but his hour of glory faded as the chastised municipal officials were carted off to the pokey.

Murray's formative years in Waterbury—a factory town—undoubtedly helped to shape his attitudes and philosophy. He recalls factory workers putting in a twelve-hour, six-day week for $1.12 a day. His own father, a mechanic in a metal-rolling mill, earned the handsome sum of five dollars daily and with it sent all five of his brood through college.

Murray recalls explosions in a local dynamite factory that left unprotected workers dead or maimed and their families destitute. Such compensation laws as then existed were full of loopholes, he says, and the courts were controlled by the wealthy, so the victim or his survivors received little or nothing. "Those things impressed me," Murray says. "As I grew older I began to conclude that the benefits of law were only for the well-to-do, and the poor didn't have a chance."

Dismayed as he was by those social ills, he wasn't stirred to such an extent that he determined to crusade for legal justice as a career. In his last year of high school he took a fling at being a newspaper reporter and would happily have remained one if John Gregory hadn't persuaded him to attend college. Murray—an uninspired student—subsequently was graduated from Holy Cross in Worcester, Massachusetts, and New York Law School, working his way through the latter by teaching English to Jewish immigrants.

On October 21, 1907, Murray was admitted to the bar—a profession he embarked on primarily because of the urging of a Holy Cross professor who thought he was "gaited for the law."

Murray's first job was as assistant to a general-practice lawyer for twelve dollars weekly. His first assignment was to defend a man accused of stealing from a hardware store. He was so green that he didn't even know where the Criminal Courts Building was, and he had to ask the lawyer representing his client's co-defendant what to do. "The jury must have felt sorry for me," he says. "They acquitted my client and convicted the other lawyer's."

After that initial victory he was on his way, and in 1912 opened his own office. As a result of his amazing string of victories in General Sessions during the '20's, he was retained in 1928 to defend George A. McManus, an "honest" bookmaker charged with the sensational murder of the notorious gambler, Arnold Rothstein. Murray emerged with an unexpected acquittal and a national reputation. He also won local celebrity for his caustic tongue and barbed-wire forthrightness which he used impartially to impale prosecutors, witnesses, judges, foes and friends alike.

When the intrepid Tom Dewey was being considered as special prosecutor to clean up graft-ridden New York in 1935, Jimmy Hines, a powerful Tammany district leader, visited Murray to ask what the effect of such an appointment might be. Murray unhesitantly let Hines have it right between the eyes. "If that fellow is appointed," he said, "it'll affect you by putting you in jail"—a prophecy that soon came to pass.

Murray's ingenuous personality has dictated his professional technique. He is regarded as a consistently brilliant performer, but not a spectacular one. Instead of cheap sensationalism or tricks designed to impress juries and newspapermen, Murray depends on thorough preparation and an excellent knowledge of law, bolstered by his long experience. He has a phenomenal memory and seldom makes notes, rarely bothering to carry a brief case. He is an excellent stage manager, focusing attention on his clients and keeping himself in the background. He dresses quietly but meticulously, and he has that intangible ability to make juries like and trust him.

Alexander Herman, head of the New York County District Attorney's Homicide Bureau, who has butted heads with Murray in scores of murder trials, says of him, "He's very, very much the fox. You have to watch him closely every minute or he'll catch you off guard. His greatest asset is his ability to cross-examine without antagonizing the witness; he asks questions gently, quietly, tactfully. He disarms the witness completely. But he keeps digging. Suddenly the witness realizes that about fifteen questions back he contradicted himself. Then it's too late. Murray bangs him over the head with it, displaying a fine sense of outrage that the witness is trying to withhold the truth and deprive the defendant of justice."

Murray's courtroom technique was dramatically illustrated when he defended a client charged with murder in a so-called "dying declaration," allegedly made by the victim to a policeman. Murray cross-examined the cop doggedly, but the witness refused to budge in his testimony. The jurors looked grim; it appeared that the defendant was heading for the chair. Suddenly, Murray produced startling evidence—hospital records which proved that the victim had suffered lockjaw and had been unable to talk for three days before his death. The judge angrily kicked the overzealous cop out of court and quashed the charges.

Murray is considered deadliest when addressing a jury, framing his incisive logic in colorful eloquence and embellishing it with emotional appeal. Of a criminal turned state's witness in the extortion case involving the Capone mob, he cried, "The soul of Ananias came hissing out of the hall of hell to live again in the body of Willie Bioff." The lips of another state's witness in the same case were said to be "hot with perjury." A fallen woman was described as a "sawdust doll." Defending a youth who had killed his mother's sadistic lover, Murray stood before the court, tears coursing down his cheeks, to cry, "If this happened in my family, I want to say to your honor, I'd be disappointed if my boy didn't do as this boy did." The youth got off with a suspended sentence, and grew up to become a respected family man.

Murray feels more sure of his ground when defending the professional criminal. "He will tell his lawyer everything," he says, "while the casual offender won't admit the facts even to himself, and you may be taken by surprise in court as the evidence unfolds." Murray considers women the most difficult to defend. "They are able to hypnotize themselves into a disbelief that they committed a criminal act, and they conceal the facts from their lawyers," he says.

In fact, where women defendants are concerned, Murray is recklessly forthright: "Most of the women I have met are pathological liars when they are in trouble. I do not challenge the entire array of women. I have no hatred of women. But generally, I know that many of the women defendants I have met resorted to the concealment of facts by subterfuges that are characteristic of their sex."

Murray has made some equally trenchant observations about juries. He doesn't want jurors of one mind. He especially tries to avoid employees of big corporations because they are too influenced by authority; to them the district attorney and the law represent authority. He prefers to have jurors from different walks of life with individual viewpoints.

In an especially tough case he tries to slip in a person he calls "a bug—one who won't agree with anybody just as a matter of principle." This gives the defense a chance for a mistrial because the jury can't agree on a verdict. Murray has no fixed formula for identifying a "bug," but says he has learned to spot them by "intuition based on long experience," by the way they (*Continued on Page 90*)

## You be the Judge

By WILLIAM DONALDSON

Harrigan, deer hunting in thick underbrush, saw a deer leap in front of him. It moved so quickly that he could not tell whether it was a buck, doe or fawn, but it looked as big as a buck. So he fired. The deer fell. To his amazement, it proved to be a full-grown buck which, through some freak of nature, lacked antlers. Along came a game warden and promptly arrested him.

"Our laws define a fawn as any deer with antlers less than three inches long and prohibit killing fawns," the warden later told the judge. "As this deer had no horns at all, legally it was a fawn and Harrigan should be fined for shooting it."

"That's silly," Harrigan replied. "Horns or no horns, anybody can see that what I shot was a grown-up daddy buck, not a fawn. So I'm not guilty."

If you were the judge, would you fine Harrigan?

• • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • •

Harrigan wasn't fined. The court ruled: "Biologically the animal was a buck, not a fawn. In strictly female company, he would have had to bow to no critic. He would have been handicapped only in fighting (another buck) for the affections of the distaff side. What he lacked in weapons, he could have made up for in celerity, dexterity or finesse.... He was no baby and not even a sissy."

*Based upon a 1956 U. S. District Court decision.*

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(*Continued from Page 88*) answer questions, and by behavior that reveals a cantankerous nature. However, having one on a jury sometimes misfires. One of Murray's murder clients failed to win an acquittal simply because a particularly adamant "bug" stymied the jury by holding out alone for a verdict of guilty.

Murray's melancholy sense of humor causes him to recall cases in which his efforts to outwit the opposition with a stroke of genius ended in a pratfall. Another side of his nature is revealed by his refusal to thank a jury when his clients are acquitted. "I don't want them to feel they did me any favor," he says tartly. "Justice isn't the prize you give away in a popularity contest."

Neither does he celebrate his victories or discuss his cases at home with his wife, the former Jennie Lorell Slater, in their modest apartment in Rockville Center on Long Island. "She doesn't know whether I'm a street sweeper or a lawyer unless she reads the papers," he says.

Murray spends most evenings at home reading, his tastes running toward history and encyclopedias. He can't stand television and doesn't go to movies or the theater and doesn't read fiction. His idea of a good time is his Saturday ritual of gathering a quorum of his ten grandchildren and taking them to lunch, holding the baby on his knee. "After we're through, you can tell what the menu was by studying my shirt front," he says. "It abounds with circumstantial evidence."

While Murray is deeply devoted to his family, he is by nature a lonely, introspective man given to brooding and pangs of frustration. He doesn't like New York and says he wishes he had stayed in Waterbury or a similar city "where you have friends and not just acquaintances." Of the big city, he says, "The motto of New York is that nothing succeeds like success."

His office in the Woolworth Building, which overlooks the East River and the New York harbor, has a mellow, old-fashioned flavor, characterized by worn, black leather chairs that have started coming apart where the stitches failed, family photographs and fading diplomas on the walls, rows of legal books behind soot-begrimed glass panels, an ancient mahogany desk heaped high with papers in a state of orderly chaos, and in the corner a dust-covered brief case and an abandoned cane of elegant design. Within this sanctuary Murray occasionally lets himself be drawn into philosophical discussion, revealing some of the psychic scars left by half a century of exposure to tragedy, violence and heartbreak:

"There are so many gadgets in the human brain. When one gets out of order, you never know what will happen. Only God knows what justice is. We only approximate it. As you grow older you don't get more calloused to the sufferings of others; instead you become more sensitive, mentally and morally. You begin to think you are guilty of a misspent life. If you had built a bridge, a hospital, or been a doctor alleviating the pain of others, or influencing youth along the right path, you would have done something for society.

"You might think to yourself that you are upholding the law and guarding the individual's rights. But often in cross-examination you are trying to paint black white and white black and trap witnesses, so you haven't rendered any real service to society. You are the confidant of frightening revelations of the human soul. When I go to the grave, ten thousand secrets will be buried with me."

Murray paused to look out the window at the city below before continuing, "There is one thing—I have an abiding faith that only a small percentage of the people do wrong. The vast majority are law-abiding. About them you hear nothing. Crime makes the headlines and you get the idea the country is going to the dogs. But that isn't true. I have never lost faith in the human race. I still believe in the goodness of people in general."

# Jim Tatum of the Tarheels (Continued from Page 30)

Few doubted that he could rebuild the team, and improvement began to manifest itself early this season. After losing their opener to North Carolina State, 7–0, the Tarheels thumped Clemson, 26–0, and then upset a highly-touted Navy team, 13–7.

Win or lose, however, there are elements in the situation—and in Tatum's own complex nature—which may yet cause him to move on. At North Carolina he has not had the same sweep of authority he enjoyed at Maryland. It is questionable whether he ever will enjoy it again; the pendulum seems to be swinging toward closer supervision of athletics at all schools.

Although Tatum's arrival at Chapel Hill was generally welcomed, some faculty members, students and alumni felt—and still feel—that his appointment was a grave mistake. This attitude reflected his prominence as an apostle of the big-time-football creed. For years he has been meeting criticisms of the game head-on, with no apologies or platitudes.

Is it wrong for colleges to give football players special treatment? Some coaches would deny that players get special treatment. Tatum insists on it. "Of course, you can't make any exceptions in academics or conduct," he says, "but remember, you are putting the player in a special category the moment you offer him a scholarship for his athletic ability."

Is winning overemphasized in the big-time game? Tatum has responded, "I don't think winning is the most important thing. I think it is the only thing," and, "Isn't it big time when you're winning and small time when you're losing?"

Tatum also has said, "It's a sad occasion when academic leaders don't have a sufficient education in athletics to appreciate the benefits which athletes receive from the field of sports." However, he doesn't hold that mere participation is of value. "You always hear that a losing coach is building character," Tatum declares. "I say you can't build character in losing football."

In the 1956 finale against archrival Duke, his underdog Carolina team battled valiantly but went down, 21–6. Afterward Tatum was asked, "Aren't you proud of the way your boys fought?"

He was disdainful. "How can you be proud of a losing team?" he said.

Jim Tatum makes different impressions on different people. He has been variously described as ruthless and softhearted, shrewd and tactless, candid and hypocritical. Actually, all these adjectives apply. Underneath this mosaic of contradictions, however, there is one bedrock element that never changes. This is his compelling desire to win.

Tatum has absolute confidence in his ability to produce a winner if he is not hampered by what he believes are senseless restrictions. This leaves plenty of room for friction, because his concept of a football coach's sphere is a broad one.

Tatum feels that every phase of environment can affect a squad's performance. The equipment man, for example, is instructed to report any player who does not hang up his gear properly. As

## And it is a Knack

Successful host and hostess
Employ a double knack—
They urge the backward forward
And edge the forward back.

By May Williams Ward

Tatum sees it, a player who doesn't take pride in all things cannot take pride in his team. Tatum includes schoolwork in this statement. He likes to point out that at Maryland, where his boys were subjected to special tutoring when they fell behind in their studies, the football players had grades above the general average.

It was inevitable that such a tireless perfectionist would experience frustrations at North Carolina. Some of them have been episodes that another coach might have shrugged off. When two pep rallies flopped because of weak publicity, Tatum was incensed. When a campus group which wanted to use the private dining room reserved for the team complained that the football players had too many privileges, Tatum was irate again.

Another source of hurt for Tatum was the reception he got from the student newspaper, the Daily Tar Heel, when North Carolina hired him, back in January, 1956. The paper referred to him as "the parasitic monster of open professionalism." Co-editor Louis Kraar stated that Tatum was being attacked not as an individual, but as a "symbol of rampant professionalism in college sports."

Last winter there were further jabs at Tatum in the Daily Tar Heel, which had found a hero in basketball coach Frank McGuire. The paper said that Tatum was throwing his weight around, and gaining concessions which were denied the basketball team.

McGuire himself became irked over what he thought was unequal treatment. His popularity boomed as the basketball squad rolled to an undefeated national-championship season. A campus leader said, "If the students had to choose today between McGuire and Tatum, it would be McGuire ten to one."

During the height of the controversy Tatum attended a basketball game between Carolina and Maryland. When McGuire made his entrance the students stood up and applauded wildly. It was patently a vote of approval for McGuire.

"Tatum likes to be the whole show," says one critic. "That basketball business about killed him."

Such sniping as he has endured at North Carolina has by no means slowed his driving energy. Once he takes on an assignment, he attacks it furiously. "Jim will work night and day," says Mrs. Tatum, "until he either gets a job done or is convinced the whole thing is hopeless. Then he drops it."

When Tatum took over at North Carolina last year he radiated optimism from the start. The Carolina faithful, who had assumed that even a master coach would need time to produce results, became persuaded that Big Jim would revolutionize the situation overnight. Thus the unsuccessful 1956 season came as a jolting disappointment. Tatum's optimism had been a pose. He wanted to clear the air of defeatism and lure increased contributions from alumni. He did succeed in changing the atmosphere. Money rolled in to finance his expanded program, and players were transformed into shining examples of positive thinking. Unfortunately, although the spirit was willing, the football flesh was weak.

It was difficult to understand why Tatum had let himself in for such problems in the first place. During his nine years at Maryland his teams won seventy-three games, lost only fifteen and tied four. Three times they went undefeated. In 1953 Maryland was voted No. 1 in the nation and Tatum was named Coach of the Year.

His $18,000 salary as athletic director and coach, plus other activities, put him in the $25,000 income bracket. Maryland offered him tenure—the equivalent of a lifetime contract. North Carolina's best offer was a $15,000 salary for five years, with an option of five more.

Yet Tatum went back to his alma mater, which he previously had left after serving as temporary head coach during the wartime season of 1942, and then going into the Navy's V-5 athletic program for three years. Tatum has said that the main reason for returning to Chapel Hill was the happiness of his wife and three children. The gracious Mrs. Tatum is a North Carolina native. Jim himself was the son of a small-town merchant in McColl, South Carolina, only ninety miles from Chapel Hill.

"It's like an old Br'er Rabbit going back to the rabbit patch," Tatum said upon taking the Carolina job. Uncle Remus would have made that a brier patch. In any event, the simile left many critics unconvinced. They surmised that Tatum had left Maryland because he no longer could call the tune or because the tune he liked had changed.

In Tatum's first seven years at Maryland the university's president was its former football coach, Dr. H. C. (Curly) Byrd, a proponent of winning teams. It was Byrd who brought Tatum to College Park in 1947 from Oklahoma, where Jim had won eight and lost three as a first-year coach the season before. Tatum's departure opened the way for his Oklahoma assistant and close friend, Bud Wilkinson, to become head man of the Sooners.

At Maryland, President Byrd gave his new coach a free hand, and Tatum knew how to use it. The Terrapins had a three-six record in 1946. Under Tatum in 1947 they jumped to seven wins, two losses and two ties. They dropped back to six-and-four in 1948, but after that a Tatum-coached Maryland team never lost more than two games.

Into this coach's paradise in 1954 stepped a new president, Dr. Wilson H. Elkins. Doctor Elkins had definite ideas about college athletics, and they weren't the same as Doctor Byrd's. To maintain Maryland's No. 1 ranking in football, said the new president, it would be necessary to place "undue emphasis" on athletic scholarships. "Raiding other states for athletes is not my idea of the function of amateur athletics at a state university," he decreed.

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This was a blow to Jim Tatum, whose player recruiting was concentrated in Pennsylvania. "What was I supposed to do?" asks Tatum. "Only fourteen high schools in Maryland were playing football when I got there. And parts of Pennsylvania are closer to College Park than parts of Maryland."

A harder slap at Tatum's Maryland operations came in an accreditation report on the university by an investigating unit from the Middle States Association of Colleges and Secondary Schools. Made public early in 1955, the report charged Maryland with such shortcomings as a "grossly inadequate" library and low standards of admission and grading.

There was specific criticism of the athletic program, based chiefly on findings about the unbeaten 1953 football team. The report said there were indications of flexible academic regulations for athletes, and of favoritism for them in the awarding of soft part-time jobs. As for scholarship grants, the report disapprovingly noted that while football players constituted only 1.5 per cent of the student body, they received 18 per cent of the Maryland scholarships—and 54 per cent of the scholarship money. Another complaint was that athletic control was in the hands of a tight little group, with the faculty having insufficient voice in policy making.

Jim Tatum feels that the report was a bum rap. He points out that it merely raised the possibility that athletes were being favored on academic requirements—the investigators admitted that they weren't sure this was so. On the scholarship question, Tatum says it was really a matter of Maryland's having too few nonathletic scholarships. The number granted to football players was not excessive. Tatum's program called for twenty-two to twenty-six football scholarships a year. This was about average for the Atlantic Coast Conference, and lower than the figure at many schools.

At any rate, the charges helped to stigmatize Jim Tatum in certain quarters. The North Carolina student editors were thinking of the accreditation report when they denounced his appointment straight off, without having talked to him or watched him work.

As the subject of much controversial publicity, Jim Tatum produces strong reactions from people who have never met him. In the flesh he makes an even more vivid impression. His physical size alone practically insures that. His weight shoots up to 260 pounds when he doesn't watch his diet. However, despite an incipient double chin and thinning hair, he is still robustly good-looking.

Tatum wears flashy ten-gallon hats which add to his swashbuckling appearance. When the 1956 football season started he had all his assistants wearing ten-gallon hats, colored Carolina blue. After three straight losses Tatum ordered the hats discarded.

His voice ranges from a confidential near whisper to a bellow. On his rare trips to downtown Chapel Hill he thinks nothing of shouting good-natured gibes at friends a half block away. No one is a stranger to him. He commands any gathering, and loves to talk—invariably about football. Although extremely intelligent, he has never developed any intellectual interests.

He has a guileless face, and can be most persuasive. When he chooses he also can talk in circles, leaving a questioner wondering just what it was he asked in the first place. Sometimes, after maintaining official silence, Tatum will try to tie up reporters by giving his side of a story off the record. There are those who consider this a form of brainwashing. Regardless of what Tatum says, though, it is generally newsworthy. In trying to dodge one issue, he often smacks into another.

A Maryland associate declares, "Jim started his career making headlines and he always will. People have come to look for controversial statements from him. But I know he believes anything he says is helpful to football. He would fight anybody—with words or with his fists—if they gave him any guff about the value of football."

To know him, often is to like him. Said one coach who got a firsthand look at Jim after having read about him for years, "I used to think Tatum was just a lot of noise. Now I've changed my mind."

The respected Don Faurot, athletic director at the University of Missouri, is a Tatum booster. Faurot, who retired as Missouri football coach last year, is the inventor of the split-T offensive system. He taught it to Tatum—and a number of other coaches—at Iowa Pre-flight School during World War II.

"Jim is no fence rider," says Faurot. "Other coaches seem afraid to venture an opinion on a controversial subject, but not Jim. I admire him for it." Faurot further testifies, "Anybody who knows Tatum or has worked with him is generally strong for him. He gets extreme loyalty from his boys and staff."

This loyalty sometimes approaches hero worship. One Maryland associate says, "I couldn't mention any weak points of his, for I don't think he has any."

Generosity and considerateness mark his relations with those who are members of his "team." At Maryland he shared his television-show revenues with his assistants. He gave them generous cash gifts at Christmas. He has helped several aides get head-coaching positions. Two recent examples are Warren Giese, of South Carolina; and Eddie Teague, of The Citadel. When Tatum left Maryland he assured his assistants that they could join him at North Carolina if they wished.

With the players he adapts his methods to the individual. Mike Sandusky, a standout tackle at Maryland, says, "We respected and liked Coach Tatum. He was rough only on those who made it rough on him."

After his first squad meeting at North Carolina, a player observed, "I don't know what he said, but I got the idea I wanted to play football for him."

Tatum commented later, "I didn't have any speech ready. I just told the boys what I think about football."

Asked after the season how the 1956 North Carolina defeats affected Tatum, star halfback Ed Sutton replied, "He's a mighty big man to take it as he did. His disposition never seemed to vary. He never gave up on us. His personality made the boys want to play." What Sutton didn't know was that Tatum inwardly was dying a thousand deaths.

There never has been any question about Tatum's ability as a coach. He blends football knowledge and recruiting skill with organizing ability, willingness to delegate authority and attention to detail.

Tatum checks every player prospect. A wag has said, "Anybody sitting outside Tatum's office for a week during recruiting time would be stepped on by every good high-school player in North Carolina."

Tatum recruits, always. While in Miami last winter to attend the Orange Bowl game between Clemson and Colorado, Warren Giese, of South Carolina, got a tip on a prospect in Coral Gables. He called the boy and asked when he could see him. The boy said ten A.M. "Can't you make it nine o'clock?" asked Giese.

"No," said the boy, "that's when I'm seeing Coach Tatum."


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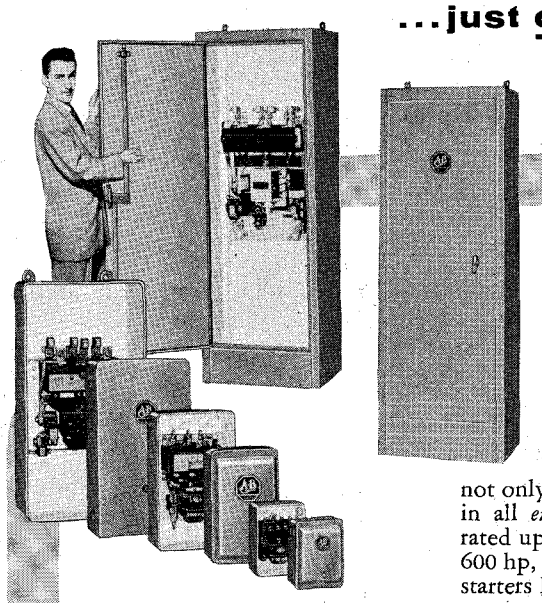

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Bobby Dodd, of Georgia Tech, has remarked, only half in jest, "I'm going to stop recruiting in North Carolina. There's no sense in trying to compete with Tatum."

When Tatum couldn't attend a touchdown-club meeting at Greenville, South Carolina, last January, he sent a note of regret which was read to the gathering. Immediately, Frank Howard, the jocular Clemson coach, hollered, "What part of Pennsylvania did that come from?" Pennsylvania is still one of Tatum's favorite recruiting grounds.

"He's a miraculous recruiter," says Joe Blair, publicity man at Maryland. "Many boys have told me that when they visited Maryland they hadn't the slightest idea of coming here. But after talking with that guy they just couldn't say no."

Recruiting got Tatum into a hassle with Coach Earle Edwards, of North Carolina State, a year ago. An all-state fullback named Cornell Johnson signed a letter of intent to go to State. Later he enrolled at North Carolina. Edwards, usually soft-spoken, erupted in anger, charging that Tatum had lured the boy away even though he knew Johnson had agreed to enter State. Tatum said he knew no such thing, and wouldn't have talked to Johnson if he had. Relations between Tatum and Edwards remain cool.

Although he got a late start in the 1956 recruiting market, Tatum still harvested a large crop. Freshman coach Fred Tullai, who played at Maryland, called the group the best squad he had ever seen. In his first year at North Carolina, Tatum brought in forty-seven players, about twice as many as he used to recruit at Maryland. This year he cut back to about forty. He says the attrition rate will keep the program in balance.

One man at Chapel Hill, after watching Tatum sign up recruits, said, "Sure, we'll win, but it'll take a mint to finance him." In rebuttal Tatum can point out that the Educational Foundation, an alumni group which contributes all athletic-scholarship funds, had an 80 per cent increase in contributions last year. This must be interpreted as reflecting confidence in Tatum. Previously, Carolina had been cutting into surpluses piled up when Charlie (Choo Choo) Justice was leading Tarheel teams to football glory in the late 1940's.

An alumnus who fondly remembers the "Justice era" says, "We'll go all out one more time. Tatum may not have 100 per cent backing of alumni and administration, but he will get all he needs to work with—don't worry."

Tatum has taken extreme interest in the Educational Foundation, at times rattling the athletic department's chain of command. When foundation directors met last winter to accept the resignation of executive secretary George Hogan, who was going into private business, Tatum was the only coach present. And next morning he was in downtown Chapel Hill talking to the foundation treasurer about a successor.

Having been athletic director as well as football coach at Maryland, Tatum sometimes neglects to clear things with the Carolina athletic director, Chuck Erickson. Jim took it upon himself to invite selected faculty members and Educational Foundation contributors on football trips last fall.

Actions of this sort haven't endeared him to those not on the Tatum "team." One such man complains that Tatum has a tendency to regard everyone as either a friend or an enemy. "Jim's tough to work with," he says. "If you disagree with him on the least little thing he thinks you're against him. He can't understand that it's possible not to see everything his way and still be his friend."

There can be little criticism of the way Tatum runs his staff and team. He gives each assistant a job, then lets him alone.

"One of my jobs," relates Maryland assistant Jack Hennemier, "was to order all equipment. When I'd take a list in for Jim to check he'd say, 'Send it in,' without looking at it. You always felt Jim had full confidence in you."

Hennemier especially liked the way Tatum delegated recruiting authority. "I used to have the greater Pittsburgh area," he explains. "If I saw a boy I liked I could offer him a scholarship on the spot without checking back with Jim. We got a lot of good boys that way, because we could offer them something definite while other people were checking back with their head coaches."

Tatum works his staff hard, but he works even harder himself. He often spends half the night driving back from a distant banquet, grabs an hour's sleep and is at his office by seven A.M.

Mrs. Tatum calls her husband the most energetic person she has ever seen. "He's always up to something," she says. "If there's nothing to do, he'll start cleaning out a closet. The times when he seems to be completely exhausted, he'll lie down for fifteen minutes and then be ready to go again."

During a brief trial Tatum had as a tackle with the professional New York Giants, he wrote his wife, complaining how little there was to do. "Half the time we just sit around playing cards," he told her. "I can't stand much of this."

Tatum has been driving himself even harder at North Carolina than he did at Maryland. "At Maryland I used to see Jim in June and July," Mrs. Tatum remarked last winter. "But last summer I didn't even see him then."

Actually she did get to see her husband a bit by visiting the hospital. The furious pace had Tatum worn down, and when he pulled a chest muscle there was fear that he had suffered a heart attack.

"At the rate he was going," says his wife, "it could easily have been a heart attack."

After a few days in the hospital Jim was hard at it again. During the 1956 season that followed, Carolina followers learned to expect the unexpected from Tatum.

A new coach invariably wants his predecessor off the premises. Jim Tatum crossed up everybody by asking the ousted George Barclay to serve as unofficial assistant. "We're good friends, and I need all the help I can get," he said. And several weeks ago Tatum hired Barclay as an official staff member.

It was assumed that Tatum would do some popping off about the changed attitude of the Maryland administration toward football. Instead he had only praise for his previous employers. He also had a surprise for Maryland on the football field. Against the Terrapins, he switched from the split T and bewildered them with a spread formation, 34–6.

In the Duke game five personal fouls were called against the Blue Devils. Everybody thought Tatum would be bitterly critical. Again everybody was wrong. Tatum remained grimly silent after the game.

All these surprises were minor, however, compared to his unpredictable behavior when the Indiana offer came along last January. One afternoon when Jim was struggling to make up his mind, he told an interviewer, "Gosh, I just can't talk with you today. I might take that Indiana job any minute, and everything is up in the air."

The interviewer then went to Jim's home—a rented, colonial-style house in a sylvan setting just off campus. He wanted to talk with Mrs. Tatum about her husband. He found her excitedly awaiting an architect. The Tatums had, she said, bought the wooded lot next door, and were planning to build.

Presently the architect arrived, carrying advanced sketches. Shortly after, in came Jim Tatum. "Hey," he said, completely unabashed. "Let me show you the lot we bought."

When the interviewer left, he was understandably convinced that Tatum had no intention of moving to Indiana. A few days later, however, Jim was out there looking into the job.

Some observers thought the whole episode was just a bluff designed to prod North Carolina authorities into giving him more wholehearted support. But Tatum was not putting on an act. He came so close to leaving, that athletic director Erickson was already mulling over possible replacements.

In the end, Jim's sense of obligation came to the fore. He thought of the tearful children he had left at home when he departed for his Indiana conference. "A lot of people were counting on me to stay in Chapel Hill," he said later. Having stayed, he is giving the North Carolina job his accustomed all-out effort.

Although never at a loss for words, Tatum doesn't place stock in the power of oratory to win football games. He declares, "The big thing is how much confidence and morale the boys have. And that comes not from a sales talk, but from organization and knowing they know what to do."

According to Carolina players, their troubles in 1956 weren't due to any failure on Tatum's part to instruct them in their work. Ed Sutton—now graduated—summed up the Tatum coaching system as "precision teaching." Lineman Jimmy Jones, a senior this year, said, "I'm learning things about football I never knew existed."

As the 1957 season approached, Tatum was not repeating his optimism of the year before. All he would say was, "We'll be improved." He now refers to his rebuilding program at North Carolina as a five-year job.

Many experts think he is moving at a much faster pace, as indicated by the early-season results this year. Peahead Walker, the ex-Wake Forest coach who shifted to the Montreal Alouettes, says, "Tatum has the ability to see what he needs for a winning combination. If he doesn't have it, he goes out and gets it. He can organize and he doesn't waste time. Put these things together with his recruiting skill and you come up with a winner. He'll win at Carolina."

THE END


NEXT WEEK

SOAPY, THE BOY WONDER
Pro and Con a Would-Be President

*In Color:*

HOW TO WIN AT POKER
By HERBERT O. YARDLEY
Secrets of a Master Gambler

WILL YOUR BABY BE NORMAL?
Science Answers Parenthood's Haunting Question

SHOWDOWN IN THE PENTAGON
New Crisis in Our Armed Forces' Rivalry

WE'VE GOT THE WEATHER LICKED
Houses With Man-Made Climate

SOMETHING'S GOT TO GIVE AT TEXAS U.
Coach Darrell Royal Versus Football De-emphasis

I FLEW 14,000 MILES FOR DINNER
High-Speed Adventures of a Globe-Trotter


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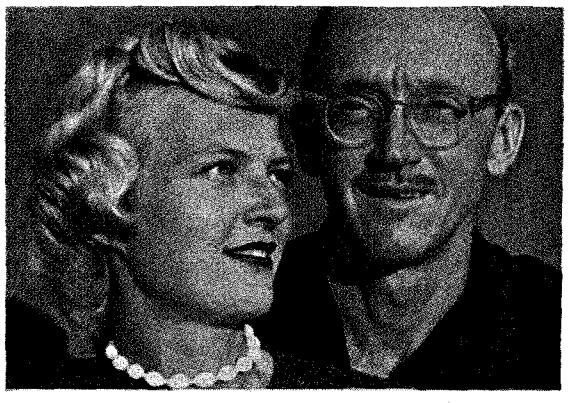

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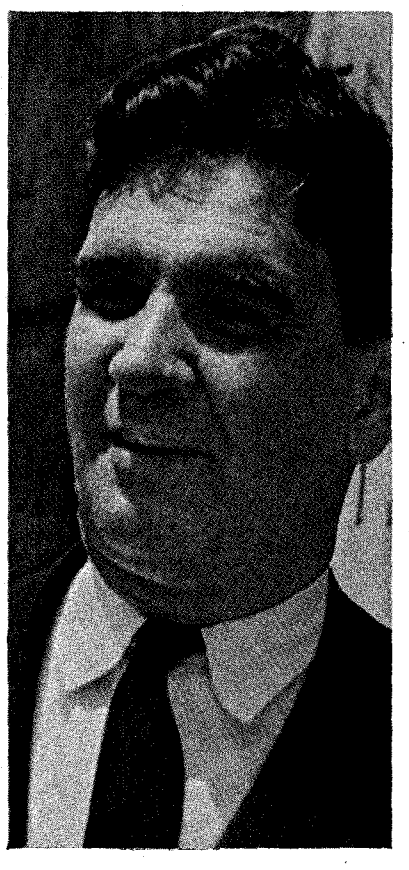

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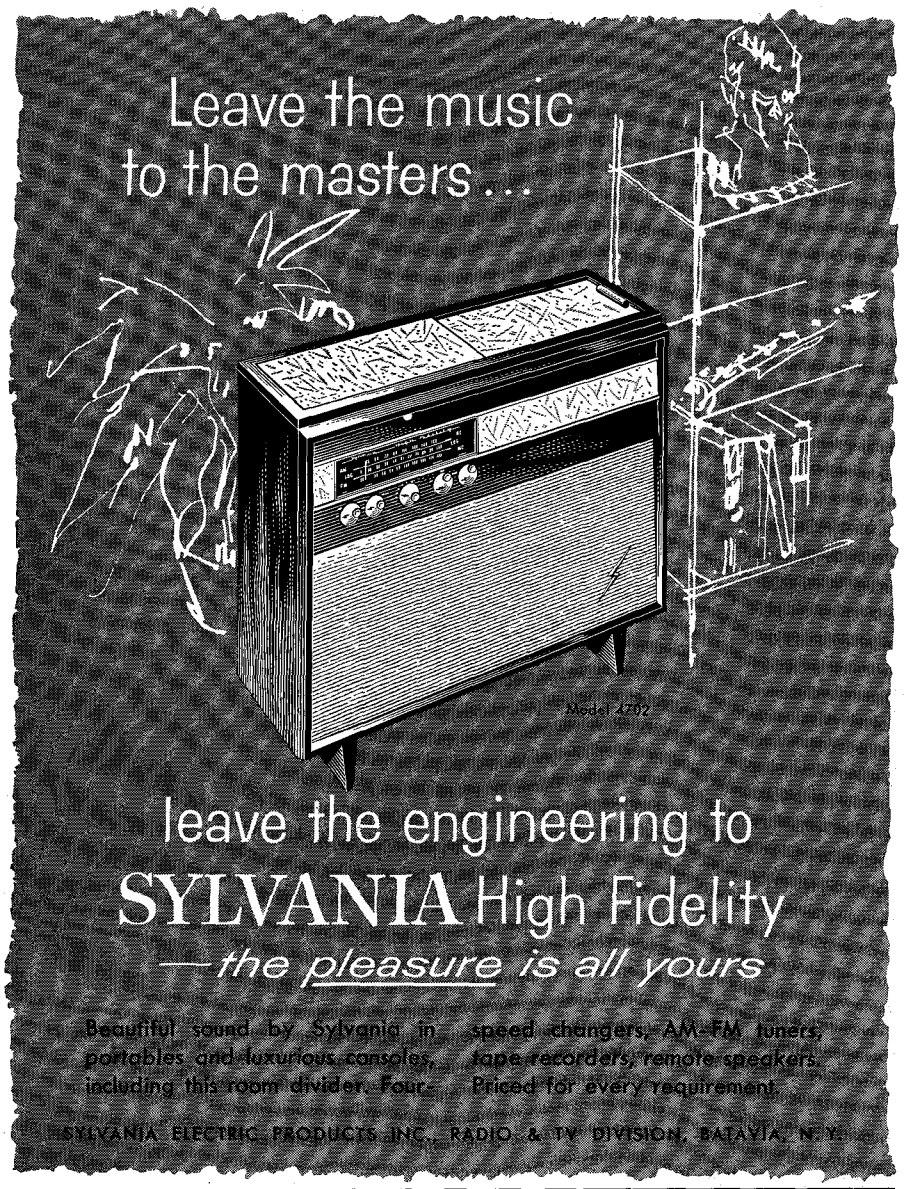
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# Murder on My Street

(Continued from Page 20)

no vested authority, but everyone believed that his job was to spy for Arthur Cole.

Bruce put down the razor and went to the telephone in the living room. He dialed Gilman's home number and waited through five rings before a sleepy voice answered. It was significant; it showed that Arthur Cole had not called the managing editor this morning.

"Gordon, this is Bruce Carter. I just had a call from Arthur Cole. It seems the Old Man is in town."

"He's been in town several days," Gilman said. "Holed up out at the Long Island estate. Not that I've seen him, though."

"He asked me to lunch at one o'clock," Bruce said.

Gilman's voice sounded harsh and unfriendly. "Congratulations. When do you expect to take over?"

It had been in the back of Bruce's mind. Why had he been invited to lunch? Who would replace Gilman if the ax fell? He said quietly, "I hope it's nothing like that, Gordon."

"Now that's real charitable of you, Bruce," Gilman said. "But I know you're aching for the job, and I don't blame you. It's a rat race and I'm kind of a beat-up old rat. I knew it had to come."

"The truth is I'm not exactly aching for the job," Bruce said, and meant it. He wanted a reporting and writing job, preferably in Washington, and from the first had looked on his desk job as temporary.

"Let's not kid each other," Gilman said. "You're the man for the job and you'd be a fool not to want it."

Gilman was a difficult and thorny man, known for his sour manner and quick temper. Bruce had called him out of sympathy and to prepare him for the situation, and he wished that he could think of something cheerful to say, but he knew that any word of encouragement would sound false and would probably be resented.

"As for me, I've had it," Gilman went on. "I expect they'll make room for me in the organization and at least I'll get Harry Banks off my back." His voice tightened. "I brought that guy to New York, you know. He was working under me on the Vincent paper down in Oklahoma and I brought him on here with me. That's where I made my big mistake. Later, when you asked for help in the Paris bureau, I sent him over and I thought I had seen the last of him." Gilman's laugh was short and bitter. "You know what that louse has been doing ever since Arthur Cole took over? He's been writing a daily memo—a day-to-day analysis of the news coverage of this newspaper. In other words, a day-by-day compilation of the mistakes of the managing editor to show the Old Man."

"I know Harry," Bruce said. "He worked under me in Paris, thanks to you."

"What I can't forget is that I did make mistakes," Gilman said. "But is that why circulation and advertising are slipping? Bruce, want a word of advice? Don't take the job."

"I don't know that it will be offered to me."

"You were asked to lunch with the Old Man. That means it's in the bag—that and the fact that nobody has been calling my number this morning, except you. But if you take my advice you'll turn it down cold. This situation isn't healthy. How can you be an independent editor with that guy around, unless, of course, you eat toads for lunch?"

"I don't follow," Bruce said.

"Ever read Frank Merriwell, Tom Swift, the Rover Boys—any of those? In those books there was always a toady. Know what that means?"

"A guy who butters up."

"Sort of," Gilman said. "The word comes down from the days of sorcery. The mountebank used to have an assistant, a boy who would gobble up toads, raw, fried or roasted, so that his master could demonstrate what a hot shot he was by casting out the poison that the toads were believed to contain."

"That's our Harry," Bruce said.

"Just don't let it be you, Bruce. The only way to beat Harry Banks is to eat more toads. I doubt that you have the capacity or the appetite, and I must say I hope not. . . . Well, I'll see you later. I'll leave the office nice and tidy for you."

The receiver clicked and went dead. Gordon Gilman was a bitter man, Bruce thought, but in a sense he was right. In the three months that Harry Banks had worked under him in Paris two years ago, Bruce had learned how he operated. He couldn't be trusted. He was a man with an eye for a weakness or an error, and he catalogued his information in business-like compartments of his memory. He was also a man with an eye for the main chance. He had contrived to hitch his wagon to Arthur Cole's star; as a matter of fact, the dexterous coupling had been accomplished in Paris, under Bruce's eyes. Cole had been making one of his checkup tours of the foreign bureaus, and Harry had shown him around Paris. Harry had made himself indispensable, and when Arthur Cole returned to America he had taken Harry along—to a paper down in Oklahoma that had been a weak sister in the Vincent chain—the same paper Gordon Gilman had edited years ago, come to think of it. Ever since, Harry Banks had been at Cole's elbow.

Still, Bruce knew that he would accept the post as managing editor if Arthur Cole was disposed to offer it to him. He had his future to think of, and he had Pam to think of. And why else had he been invited to lunch with the Old Man? What Arthur Cole recommended, Ezra Vincent would approve. And Bruce had the qualifications for the job. If he did get it he would one day face the empty disillusionment that Gilman had tried so hard to conceal. But he was young and a new vista had opened up. He could go ahead and find that house in the suburbs for Pam.

He chose a jacket and slacks, a plain white shirt and blue tie with only a token design on it. Dressed, he examined himself in the mirror. He was tall and carried his shoulders well. His eyes were deep-set and thoughtful, his nose incisive, his mouth firm. He looked all right, Bruce decided. He was ready to face Ezra Vincent.

Every day he scanned the early editions of the afternoon newspapers before he went to work, and he went now to buy them. This was a pleasant byway of the Village, secure from through traffic. Only two blocks away was Sheridan Square, where the tawdry, sinful side of the Jekyll-and-Hyde personality of Greenwich Village appeared each day at nightfall, but here where Pam skated and played hopscotch was a cohesive and decent community. To watch over the kids of the neighborhood there was Lester Silver who ran the stationery store around the corner on 4th Street, there was the cheerful family that had operated Schwartz's grocery store for a half a century, and there were the friendly waiters at the Italian restaurant on the

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corner, who generally knew what was going on. There was also a pink-faced policeman known to all the kids as Barney, and a bartender who usually knew where to find him.

But most important was Lester Silver. The neighborhood kids met at Silver's—the young ones who bought fireballs and novelty toys, the teen-agers who sat at the soda fountain and used Lester's telephone to arrange their social activities. Because of this neighborhood store, and because of Lester Silver, Bruce felt that Pam was secure on this street.

He picked up one each of the evening newspapers from the display bench outside the store and carried them inside to pay Lester Silver. He saw Lester behind the counter talking with a young woman drinking a soda. Lester was a thin man with graying temples, his eyes shadowed behind thick lenses. He was a gentle, unassuming man, and as Bruce put the coins on the counter he said, with an air of embarrassment, "I hope you don't mind, Mr. Carter. I want you to meet Miss Adele Sharp. She's been wanting to talk to you."

The girl smiled. "I know your daughter, Mr. Carter. Pam and I made friends yesterday."

She was young, about twenty-five, and although not exactly pretty, she had nice brown eyes and a smile that did a good deal for her face. But even when she smiled, she had the anxious look of insecurity that was not uncommon on the streets of New York.

"Mr. Silver told me you came in about this time," she said. "I've been lying in wait. Do you mind?"

As he slid onto the stool beside her, she went on in a soft, drawling voice, "I have a cousin named Sylvia King. Maybe you've seen her around the neighborhood? . . . No?"

"Tall girl," Lester Silver said. "Blonde with big blue eyes and a nice shape. She don't come in here much."

"It's the strangest thing," Adele Sharp said. "She had a job down home in Tulsa, Oklahoma, but a couple of months ago she came to New York and rented an apartment just around the corner. I came up to visit her and I can't find her. I expected her to meet me at the train Sunday afternoon, but she wasn't at the station, so I came on down here and the landlady let me in to wait for her. Here it is Wednesday and she hasn't come home yet."

"If you're worried you ought to call the police."

"I did, the first thing Monday morning and a detective came around to see me. He said not to worry. Her toothbrush and toothpaste and all that were missing, so he thinks she must have gone on a trip and I'll hear from her."

"Sure, that's it," Lester Silver said.

"But she expected me," the girl said. "I sent a wire I was coming. She would have left some word, wouldn't she? She would have got in touch with me by now, wouldn't she?"

"How about her office? Where does she work?"

"That's another thing," Adele Sharp said. "I don't know. She wrote that she had a job selling, but didn't say where."

It was not unusual for girls to disappear in New York. The attraction of New York for some girls was that you could disappear and no questions asked, no scandal whispered. She had probably gone off for a weekend—a long weekend, Bruce thought, and he said, "Give her another day or so, Miss Sharp."

The girl shook her head. "But Syl would have telegraphed or written. There's no telephone in the apartment, but she could have got word to me somehow." She spread her hands in a helpless, anxious gesture. "I came all the way up here from Oklahoma and we had something exciting to talk about—some money that's coming in. We're first cousins, you see. We had the same grandparents on the maternal side and they had a little farm. When they sold it they reserved half the mineral rights and now an oil company has drilled a well on the old farm. It won't be riches, but it will mean a lot to me and Syl, and she should have been waiting for me, to hear all about it."

"She may be out celebrating," he said. "Do you know whether she has any boy friends?"

"I don't know about New York. Down home she did. There was a man in Tulsa she's seen off and on for a couple of years, but I wouldn't have the least idea where to find him. I have an idea he's a married man, anyhow. I only met him a couple of times, but I remember his name is Peter Johnson. I told the detective about him, but he didn't think it was important. Oklahoma is a long way off."

"What kind of job did she have in Tulsa?"

"She was a car-hop in a drive-in restaurant, but she can dance a little and she has ambitions. She thought maybe she could get on television."

"Do you have a photograph of her?"

"There's one in the apartment, just around the corner. That's what I was thinking, that if you ran her picture, somebody might see it and tell us something. . . . Do you have time?"

Bruce glanced at his watch. "Yes, if we hurry."

She led the way around the corner to a brownstone building. The apartment was on the third floor, at the front, and was the sort of furnished flat that had no quality of permanence or welcome, a drab place with built-in loneliness. There was a living room, a small bedroom in an alcove, and a kitchenette.

"The police really searched this place," she said. "First there was a man from the precinct, a Mr. O'Reilly, and then another detective came—I think his name was Higby or Digby. He searched the place, high and low, and went all through Syl's things. He even broke open a loaf of rye bread and tore it up. You should have seen how he searched this place."

"For what?" Bruce asked.

"For a clue, he said. I don't know." She hesitated a moment. "He was awfully nosy about her money, and it really is strange. Look at this bankbook. Syl has over ten thousand dollars in the bank."

She put a bankbook in his hand and he saw that the balance was $10,341, swelled by one single deposit of ten thousand dollars made in May. He looked up questioningly. "Where did she get all this?"

"I can't imagine."

"You said something about an oil well."

"Yes, they drilled a well, but they haven't tied onto the pipeline yet, so nothing has been paid out—to me, at least."

"She could have sold her royalty interest, though."

"Of course; that must be it," Adele Sharp said. She put the bankbook down and picked up a small photograph from a table, first removing a turquoise-and-silver bracelet of Navajo Indian craftsmanship that had been used as a weight. "Here's the photo. It's just a snapshot."

It showed a tall girl in a bathing suit, with long firm legs and a rounded body, but the features were not distinct. The background showed a strip of beach on which the girl was standing, and in the distance a squat lighthouse. There was water on each side, as if the lighthouse guarded a peninsula, but in the remote distance more land showed indistinctly.

"I'm afraid this isn't clear enough to reproduce," Bruce said. "I'll take it along, though."

"There was another one, but Mr. O'Reilly took it to the precinct," she said. "It's sort of—well, I guess she had it taken for television or something. It's what they call cheesecake, I guess. Maybe I can get it back from Mr. O'Reilly. If I can, I'll bring it up to your office."

"All right," Bruce said. "I'll have our man at police headquarters see what he can find out, and meanwhile I wouldn't worry."

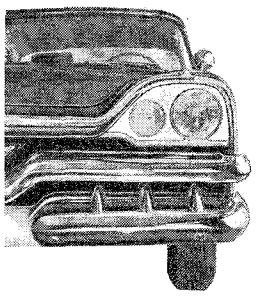
He went back down to the street and walked on to the subway station at Sheridan Square. He had little doubt that Sylvia King would turn up.

Bruce entered the city room of the Express with an air of expectancy, like a man prepared for the arena. It was a quarter to one when he reached the city desk, which gave him time to confer with Jack Gray, the day city editor.

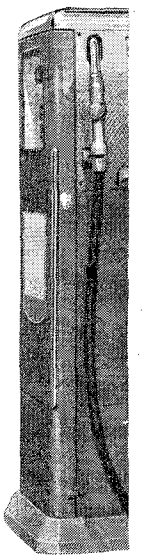
As he took his chair, Jack murmured in his ear, "Things are happening, Bruce.

"Little by little, Waldo is learning to relax."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

gasoline savings*



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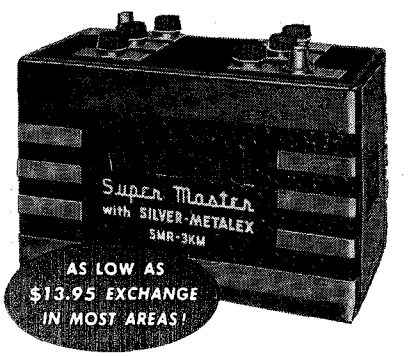


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The Old Man is in town and a little while ago Gordon Gilman came in, looking pale around the gills, and went to see Arthur Cole. He hasn't come back yet."

"Jack, call Joe Fox at police headquarters, will you?" Bruce said. "Ask him to check with the Missing Persons Bureau about a girl named Sylvia King."

Jack wrote the name down. "Who is she?"

"Just another girl gone wrong, probably," Bruce said. "But tell Joe Fox to get all the dope."

He pushed back his chair and got to his feet. It was time to go. He straightened his necktie and walked across the city room, feeling tense now. Would he do as good a job as Gilman had done, he asked himself. Would he last as long? Would he also panic and lose his self-respect? Now was the time to ask himself the question. He could say no. He could beg off. He smiled grimly. In the past hour he had decided that he wanted to be managing editor; he had set his heart on the job.

He followed a corridor that led to the executive offices at the front of the building, off which opened the editorial offices, the office of the dramatic critic and the untidy domain of Laura Parker, the fashion editor. As he passed her door, she looked up and smiled. She was a tall, poised brunette—almost statuesque—and surely lovely to look at. She was always faultlessly dressed, as close to high fashion as her work on a newspaper would allow, but now, in the privacy of her office she had kicked off her shoes and was walking about in her stocking feet. Her voice was confident, her accent precise, her manner sophisticated, but her blue eyes were friendly and there was warmth in her smile.

Bruce had first met her when she had covered the Paris fashion openings two years ago. She had done her job well and it had been no surprise when she had been given the post of fashion editor while still in her twenties. Her plumage was as brilliant as that of any other bird in the jungle of fashion, but the casual way she kicked off her shoes, the naturalness of her smile, showed refreshingly that she was only playing her role. At least Bruce thought so, but he was not entirely sure.

"Bruce, wait," she called, and quickly crossed the floor, soundless in her stocking feet. Without her shoes, the top of her head was not much above his shoulder, and when she raised her face, her eyes met his like oblique shafts of blue light. She said softly, "I suppose you know Gordon Gilman is out?"

"Is that definite?"

"Yes, it's definite. I had an appointment with Mr. Vincent this morning, and he dropped a hint that we were going to have a new managing editor."

"I'm sorry about Gordon," Bruce said.

"I heard something else," she said. "I heard that you were lunching at the royal table."

He nodded. "That's right."

"That's really good news," she said. "You go in there and knock the Old Man on his ear. You can do it."

"I've never even met him," Bruce said. "Frankly, I'm not sure what to expect, there are so many conflicting opinions."

"Just let him pat your knee and you'll do all right," she said. She saw his face and laughed. "It worked fine with me, but he doesn't pat me any more, now that I'm an editor. At least that's one reason. The other is—remember that cold winter I was in Paris? That was the last time his benevolent fingers patted my knee. The heating was awful and I had put on some winter woolen longies—down to here. He patted under the luncheon table and felt those longies, and snatched his hand away as if he'd caught it in a mousetrap." She laughed again, richly. "I think he was so impressed by it that he gave me the job as fashion editor, on the theory that a girl who could wear longies under a Dior dress could go far."

"That isn't my picture of the Old Man," Bruce said.

"Everybody has a different picture of the Old Man. One reason is he's a mixture of so many things. Some people think he's sort of a freak because he's a vegetarian and a teetotaler and a little bit of a nut about health. But let me tell you something, Bruce. Leaving his foibles aside, he's a friendly, sincere man—even a good man. Those little pats on the knee were entirely fatherly, and it was outrageous of me to tell the story the way I did."

Bruce smiled. "Maybe."

"Will you take some advice?" she asked. "Be frank with him. Be sincere. Of course I don't have to tell you that. You couldn't be otherwise, probably. Remember he's a big man with a big job. He has no wife, no children, no close relatives except his niece. The trouble with getting to be as powerful as Ezra Vincent is that you never know who you can trust. Just take a tip from me. Yes-men don't deceive him."

"You seem to be an authority on Ezra Vincent."

"My father spent twenty-five years in the Vincent organization," she said quietly. "The Old Man bounced me on his knee when I was a baby. Probably I'm as much an authority as anybody, and that even goes for Arthur Cole. I don't think Arthur fools the Old Man."

"Does he try?"

"Everybody tries," she said. "Say, what time is your appointment?"

"One o'clock."

"Golly, get going, Don't be late."

Bruce walked on to the executive offices. There were two elaborate suites, one for Arthur Cole and the other set aside for the owner on his visits to New York. A conference room separated the suites, and from the conference room a door led to the private dining room where they were to lunch.

The door was standing open and, inside the dining room, with his hands clasped behind his back, Arthur Cole was waiting.

"Come in, Carter," Arthur Cole said. "I'm glad to see you're prompt." He held out his hand. "Good to see you."

Arthur Cole was a heavy-set man with brooding eyebrows and a chin slightly bluish with beard. His eyes were dark and roving and seemed always to have a troubled expression, even when he was smiling, as he was now.

"You know Harry Banks, of course," Arthur Cole said.

It was no surprise to find Harry Banks there. He was the toady, as ever-present as a shadow, but a valuable sort of shadow which had ears and eyes and a retentive memory. Harry had a stolid, unrelaxed face, a small mouth that was rather petulant—probably he had been a thumb-sucking child to have made the pronounced puffing of the upper lip—and eyes that were still and shrewd and coldly secret.

Now a faint smile showed on Harry's pouting lips as he put out his hand. It was a bony hand, with a large finger ring that made itself felt in his handshake.

"On the dot, I see," he said.

"On the dot," said Bruce.

He heard behind him the swift closing of a door and turned to find Ezra Vincent looking at him curiously.

Arthur Cole said softly, "This is Bruce Carter, Mr. Vincent."

"Ah, yes," Ezra Vincent said.

So this was the Old Man, Bruce thought. He was shorter than Bruce had expected, actually a small man, and somewhat roly-poly. He was close to seventy years old, but looked much younger, with pink cheeks and eyes that were a clear china blue. His hair was white and thick, but his eyebrows had retained their original blackness and were slightly arched, so that his whole face had a questioning, alert expression. When he spoke, his voice was unexpectedly deep, with a resonance that seemed cultivated.

"Are you a drinking man, Mr. Carter?" he asked.

Bruce met the china-blue eyes and said, "In a moderate way, Mr. Vincent."

Ezra Vincent's smile seemed almost joyous. "But you do take a drink?"

"Certainly," Bruce said.

The Old Man turned his head abruptly. "Arthur, what do we have here for Mr. Carter to drink?"

"I take my drink at the end of the working day, Mr. Vincent," Bruce said. "A cocktail at lunch only makes me sleepy."

"Good," said Ezra Vincent. "Then we'll dispense with the booze.... Arthur, ring for the waiter. I said lunch at one, I believe." The bright eyes came around again to Bruce. The Old Man stood with his small feet planted a little apart, his head on one side as he frankly studied Bruce. After a moment, he said, "You did excellent work in Paris, Mr. Carter."

"Thank you, sir," Bruce said, and he thought it was revealing that the Old Man called him mister, while Arthur Cole did not. Cole showed his authority in small matters; the Old Man did not need to.

"I keep my eyes open for bright young men," Ezra Vincent said. "The only product a newspaper has to sell is talent, as I see it. I endeavor to get the best and give the best to the public, and there's always opportunity for advancement for bright young men in my organization. Competitive excellence—that's the slogan I like to apply. Sensationalism is all right for some papers in some cities, but in New York the standards are different.... Isn't that right, Arthur?"

"Competitive excellence is the word," Cole said.

"I like the way you've been handling the local news," Ezra Vincent went on warmly. "Sit down, gentlemen; here's our waiter at last." He took the chair at the head of the table, and Bruce observed that it stood a little higher from the floor than the others; it elevated the Old Man's torso to equality.

"But I don't content myself with hiring good men and sitting back while they do the work," Ezra Vincent went on. "I keep my eyes open. I keep my people on their toes. Do you know that I read every newspaper in my group, Mr. Carter? Every paper, every day of the week. I study and compare them, and I rate them one against another. I might say that the New York Express rates high, particularly in its coverage of the local news in this great and complex metropolis. You may take a bow, young man."

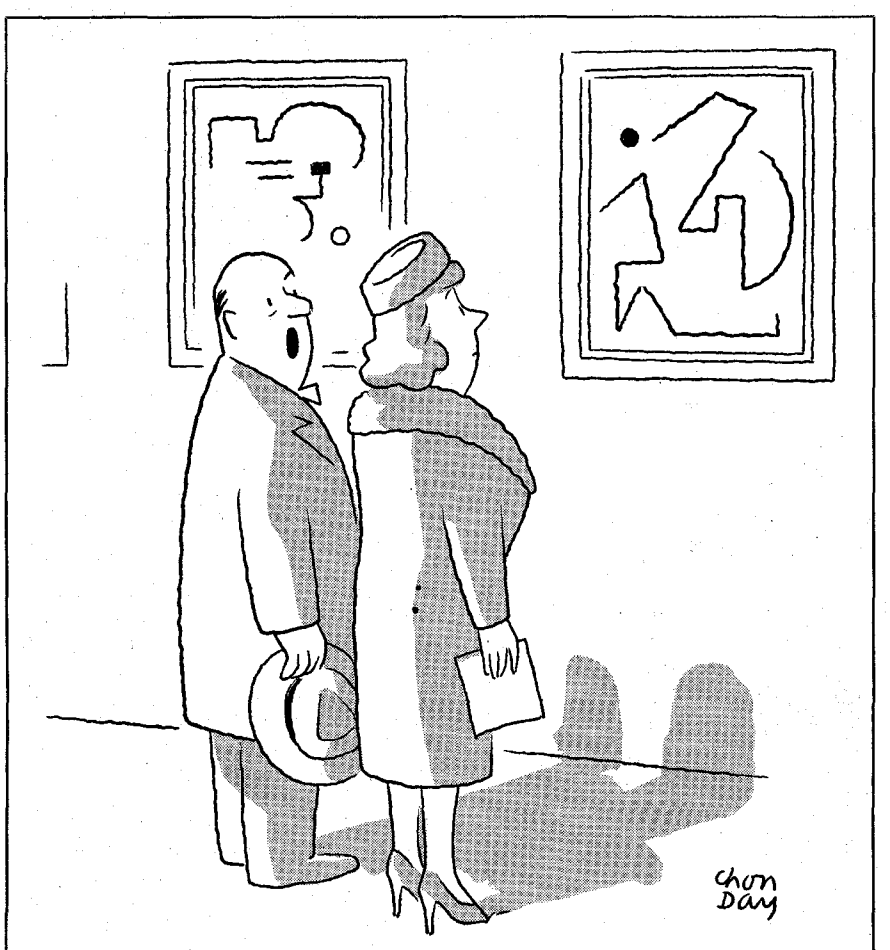
"I'm very pleased to hear it, sir," Bruce said.

"But we all know that in advertising and circulation the Express is a disappointment," the Old Man said. "Something has to be done about that, which is the reason we're all here.... What's that you're eating, Arthur?"

"Lamb chops," Arthur Cole said.

"You should try this nut-meat roast. I found the recipe in a little health restaurant in Los Angeles and sent it on to the chef here. It's delicious.... Waiter, suppose you bring Mr. Cole a little dish of the nut-meat roast."

Arthur Cole managed to hide his feelings, whatever they were. Bruce's reaction was relief that the nut-meat roast was being urged only on the editor. He thought he understood why. It would not be nearly so much fun for the Old Man to force the nut roast down all their gullets; it was more enjoyable to serve it to Arthur Cole (*Continued on Page 98*)




"He's crazy? What about us? We paid fifty cents to get in."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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*In the channel fog*

# HER ENGINE FALTERED

A few minutes out of Dover, fog wrapped the flimsy Bleriot monoplane like a shroud.

The pretty young woman in the smart flying costume (she'd designed it herself—"bloomers, blouse, and hood of mauve satin") glanced at her compass. It was the first time she'd ever used one. She thought of instructor Hamel's parting words:

"Be sure to keep on course, Miss Quimby, for if you get five miles out of the way, you'll be over the North Sea, and you know what that means."

She climbed to 6,000 feet. Freezing cold and still fog.

She pointed her nose down. The comforting clatter of the Gnome engine changed to a coughing splutter. It was conking out! She leveled off, figuring how she'd ditch. To her relief, the engine suddenly took hold. Harriet re-checked her compass.

Some time later, breaking into clear sky, she saw a stretch of beach below. She put down at Hardelot; and on April 16, 1912, Harriet Quimby, first American woman to earn a pilot's license, became the first woman in the world to fly the English Channel.

As charming as she was brave, Harriet Quimby combined the thorough femininity and the self-confident ability which make American women like no others on earth. And help make this country so strong in character that investing in America is the wisest thing any American can do!

Today more than 40,000,000 of us have more than $41,000,000,000 securely invested in our country—through U. S. Savings Bonds. There's no greater security! Buy Bonds regularly—where you bank or through the Payroll Savings Plan where you work.

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**Now Savings Bonds are better than ever!** Every Series E Bond purchased since February 1, 1957, pays 3¼% interest when held to maturity. It earns higher interest in the early years than ever before, and matures in only 8 years and 11 months. Hold your *old* E Bonds, too. They earn more as they get older.

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(*Continued from Page 96*) and let his subordinates watch him choke it down. And it might as well be toads, Bruce thought; Harry Banks was not the only toad eater at the table. He began to suspect that Ezra Vincent did not particularly cherish the man who had married his niece and taken charge of the Express.

The Old Man fastened his brilliant eyes once more on Bruce and said, "The secret of a good newspaper is teamwork, the concerted efforts of satisfied men. If we can get that sort of teamwork on the Express, I think we can expect a change in the trend. I think those circulation figures will go up again. I think our advertising columns will swell. What do you think, Mr. Banks?"

"Arthur mentioned that you were considering a puzzle contest," Harry said. "I think that's a very good idea."

"It brings circulation, yes," Ezra Vincent said. "It will be up to you to hold that circulation."

"I'll certainly do my best, sir," Harry Banks said.

The bright blue eyes returned to Bruce. "You and Mr. Banks once worked together in the Paris bureau, Arthur tells me."

"That's right," Bruce said.

"You two got along all right, did you?"

Bruce kept his face expressionless, kept his voice even. He saw what was happening and he could not believe it. "I'd say we did," he murmured.

"Think you can continue to co-operate?" Ezra Vincent asked.

"I don't believe I understand," Bruce said.

The Old Man's blue eyes showed surprise. "Why, I thought you knew. . . . Arthur, didn't you tell Mr. Carter?"

Arthur Cole cleared his throat and said softly, "I couldn't get hold of Gilman all morning. Naturally I had to see Gilman first."

Ezra Vincent showed concern. "It's very possible that Mr. Carter has come here under a misapprehension. . . . I don't like that, Arthur."

Arthur Cole gazed past Bruce at the blond wood paneling and said, "Gordon Gilman has been transferred to the editorial page, Carter. Harry Banks is taking over as managing editor, as of today."

Bruce's disappointment had been brief, because he had already guessed what had happened. It was followed by a surprising sense of relief, and then by astonishment. Why Harry Banks? What was his equipment, his background! Plainly Arthur Cole had sold the Old Man a bill of goods.

He said evenly, "Congratulations, Harry."

"It looks like you and I will be carrying the ball," Harry said, his eyes as still as peas in a pod.

"This is an emergency action," Ezra Vincent said. "Like all emergency action, it's tentative. That is, I want results. That's why I need to know what sort of team we'll have. I don't want any frictions. I want men who can get in there and work together. . . . How about it, Mr. Carter? Can you do that?"

Bruce hesitated, and his impulse was to say no. Instead he sipped water from his glass, to cover the delay, and said, "I'll do my part, Mr. Vincent."

"I'm glad to hear you say it," Ezra Vincent said. "Our meeting has been no disappointment to me, Mr. Carter. I expect great things of you, not only in this job you're doing now but in the future, in some other capacity."

Bruce told himself that he should have appraised the situation more realistically. He had known that Harry Banks was undermining Gordon Gilman, and he should have figured out why. He felt a strong resentment toward Arthur Cole. The editor had led him up the garden path. Arthur Cole should have told him straight out what was in the cards. Bruce had let the invitation to lunch with the Old Man mislead him, and he now knew the truth—actually he had been on the carpet. Co-operate or else—that was the message Arthur Cole meant to convey.

The lunch was soon over, ending when Ezra Vincent bounced up from his chair and said, "Well, gentlemen, shall we call it a day?"

He shook Bruce's hand warmly, waved airily to Arthur Cole and Harry Banks, and quickly left the room.

Cole said in a low voice as soon as the Old Man had gone, "My secretary will post the announcement right away. . . . Harry, ready to try your new office for size?"

## One Way Out

To learn this expedient took
me too long—
It's quiet and peaceful now
under my roof;
It's better admitting at once
that I'm wrong
Than spending all evening
receiving the proof.

By Leonard K. Schiff

"DON'T DRINK THAT!"

It's poison!

Polluted water not only endangers your life . . . it costs you money as well. Local pollution compels many communities to travel too far for drinkable water . . . and taxes climb.

If industry, our second greatest user, must purify water *before* using it, production costs soar. You pay more for goods.

Pollution robs you of your fun too . . . ruins fishing, swimming, boating.

Water officials ask your help in preventing pollution and solving other problems.

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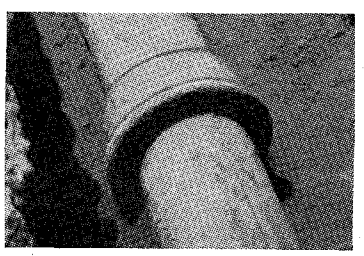
2. **Support realistic water rates and water supply bond issues.**
3. **Conserve water where you can.**

Water today is everyone's business!



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"Yes, I'd like to get started, Arthur."

Arthur Cole took up his hat and led the way into the corridor, where he left them with a brisk nod and walked off toward the elevator lobby. There was a faint, rueful smile on Bruce's lips as he walked with Harry Banks toward the city room. He had been making big plans. He had been walking on a cloud that had no substance. In a sense it served him right. He knew that his talent lay in reporting and writing the news, not in directing the work of others. The managing editor's job was not for him. He hadn't wanted it. The point was that he could not have refused it.

In the city room a copy boy intercepted Bruce and said, "A lady has been waiting for you a long time at the reception desk, Mr. Carter. Name of Miss Sharp."

Bruce nodded. "Want to bring her in?"

Harry Banks had gone on to the managing editor's office, but Gordon Gilman was still inside, cleaning out his desk, with his head bowed. He was a tall, thin man with gaunt cheeks and very thin hair brushed crosswise to cover as much scalp as possible, but his bent head showed what progress baldness had made. As Harry Banks reached the door, Gordon looked up and Bruce saw his cold, bleak eyes.

Bruce took his chair at the city desk. Already Arthur Cole's secretary had opened the glass panel covering the bulletin board and was affixing a typed announcement to the cork. Immediately a cluster of incredulous faces gathered at the bulletin board, and Bruce was aware of glances cast his way. The staff had undoubtedly expected that Bruce would get the job, but the only direct comment made to Bruce was by Jack Gray, who murmured, "There ain't no justice."

"Did Joe Fox report on that missing girl?" Bruce asked, with an air of getting back to business.

"He said it was kind of routine. He said the cops think she's just taking a little time off for herself."

A voice softly called, "Bruce." He looked up and saw Laura Parker standing a few yards away, crooking a finger at him. When he reached her side, she said, "I don't know what to say except don't let it get you down."

He smiled. "It won't."

Her eyes met his. Her lips were pinched in a little at the corners and she touched his arm lightly, sympathetically. "You ought to get out more," she said. "I never see you around at parties or anywhere."

"I guess I take it pretty seriously, being a father. A ten-year-old daughter is a large responsibility."

"You stay home every night?"

"Just about."

She gave her head a slight shake, gazing at the floor, pushing at a piece of crumpled copy paper with the toe of her shoe. When she looked up again, her gaze was direct. "Bruce, you've got to get around more," she said. "It's politics, politics. You have to get into it and learn your way around or you'll just be a door mat." Her lips tightened. "You know that Gordon Gilman's throat was cut. How about your own? Didn't you even feel the knife?"

She turned abruptly away, as if sorry she had spoken. Yes, he supposed it was true. Harry's first task had been to get rid of Gilman, but also he had had to polish off the next serious contender. He smiled grimly, and at his elbow the copy boy said, "The lady went. I guess she got tired of waiting, but she left this for you."

He pushed a Manila envelope into Bruce's hand, and as Bruce opened it and drew out a photograph, Jack Gray whistled softly and asked, "Who's that?"

"It's the missing girl—Sylvia King."

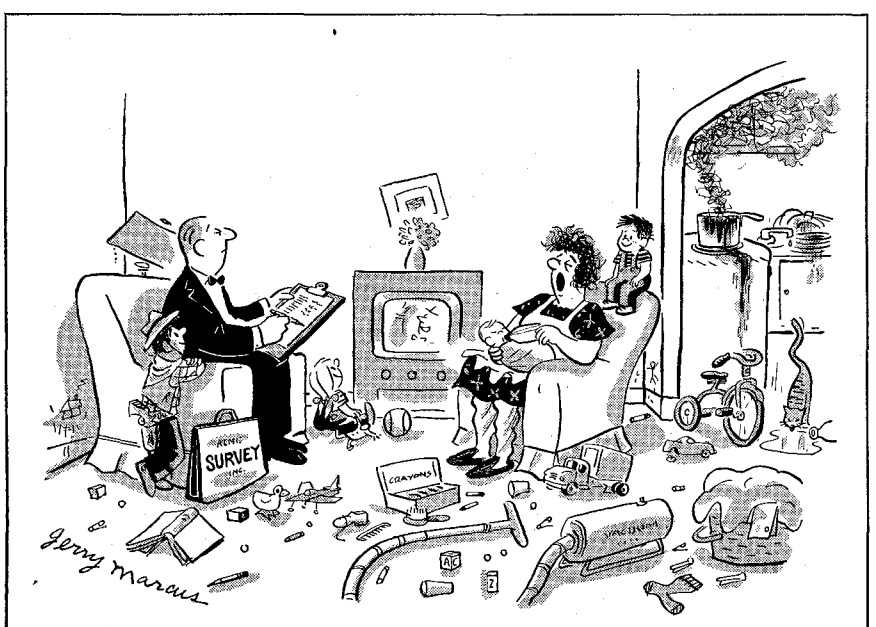
"Not bad," Jack said. "Not bad at all. I'd just as soon be missing with her for a week or so."

The photograph showed a girl in a leotard, posed against a dark studio background—a buxom, long-legged girl with blond hair, arched brows, a full, sensual mouth and large, rather blank eyes. It was a pretty provocative picture for a girl from Oklahoma who held down a routine job in New York, Bruce thought, but also it was evidence that her disappearance could be escapade and not misadventure. He glanced up at Jack Gray and said, "You might send a man around to the studio that made this picture and see what he can turn up."

Harry Banks had left the city room. At least, Bruce thought, he had the decency to give Gordon Gilman time to clear out his desk. He sighed and settled down to work. The only break in his routine came when he made his usual telephone call at half past three to make sure that Mrs. Nelson, the housekeeper, was at home and in charge, and to say hello to Pam.

"She's out on her roller skates," Mrs. Nelson told him. "Everything is fine."

The afternoon hours were sometimes very long for Pam. Mrs. Nelson was nice, but she didn't play games and hated to be bothered with questions. Her answer to almost anything was, "Why don't you go out and roller-skate?"




"Housewife."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Pam had known better skating in the parks abroad. Here in New York they used so much concrete and it had wide, clicking cracks and a rough surface that made your legs tingle all the way up to the knees. But on the north side of the street there was a stretch of smooth asphalt sidewalk that was simply delicious. The skates rolled slickly, deliciously, over it. Trouble was, it was on the sunny side of the street and today was pretty hot.

Just around the corner there was shade. The afternoons were always shady on Mr. Silver's side of 4th Street, and besides Pam had twenty cents left of her allowance and a fireball would taste pretty good on a day like today.

After Mr. Silver had given her the little sack of fireballs, he said, "Pammy, you want to do something for me?"

"Sure," she said.

"You know the lady around the corner on your street—Miss Sharp?"

"The one who wanted to talk to pop?"

"She talked to the pop already," Mr. Silver said. "Look, kiddy, it's Number Thirty-three and her name is on the mailbox. She dropped this here envelope on the floor today and I want you should stick it in her mailbox."

With a fireball in her mouth and the envelope in her hand, Pam made her way to the door and skated around the corner to No. 33. She climbed the three steps, holding onto the stone balustrade, and opened the vestibule door. She found Miss Sharp's name written in pencil on a card that had "King" and the number "3-A" printed on it, but there was only a small slit; she could not push the envelope through without folding it.

She pressed the bell button and waited. There was no response from the buzzer that released the door catch, although she rang the bell again and again. She decided that she would go up and push the envelope under Miss Sharp's door, and she sat down and untied her shoes. It was simpler to slip her feet out of the shoes than to unfasten the skates. Standing again in her stocking feet, she pushed another button. Almost instantly the buzzer sounded and she opened the door.

A voice called, "Who is it?"

"Made a mistake," Pam said with the wise insouciance of New York children, and started up the stairs.

Soundless in her short white socks, she climbed two flights. As she raised her hand to knock, the door was softly opened and a man put his head out. His hat was pulled low on his forehead, but she saw his startled eyes as he stepped back into the apartment. Behind him, Pam saw the lady lying face down on the sofa. The door was closing and she said, "Hey!"

There remained only a small crack. The man said, "Beat it, kid."

"Is she taking a nap?" Pam said. "I've got an envelope for her."

"I'll take it." He opened the door wide enough to snatch the envelope from Pam's hand, then he shut it in her face.

She went back down the stairs, carried her skates to the bottom step, and slipped her feet into the shoes. She tied the laces and skated away from the brownstone house, so much like the house next door. The houses looked down on the lone figure of a little girl on roller skates, rolling slickly over the asphalt with her red hair flying and a smile on her lips, and from a sunny window on the top floor of No. 33 eyes secretly watched her as she crossed the street to one of the houses on the shady side, this little girl on roller skates who had looked on the face of a murderer. He knew where she lived, knew where to find her.

TO BE CONTINUED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# Trouble at Midas Creek

(Continued from Page 43)

which plunged the run-off from the spring thaws. All was frozen and static now, and occasionally, as he veered farther to the north, threading the jumbled drifts created by the rougher terrain, Ravenhill found his snowshoes rasping on lately wind-scoured ice.

Now, as he approached the lower edge of the slide, he was forced to pick a trail between snow-crested fragments of rock which had spilled out over the basin. The colossal slide itself had been comparatively recent, geologically speaking. The mass was static now, but Ravenhill could imagine the thunderings and rumblings which must have rolled through the upper Stewart as this great drift of living rock had loosened and come tumbling down in some summer thaw long gone.

Each winter, too, new avalanches had brought down more debris to spill out into the glacier-scoured basin. Thus the lower slope was gradual, but the rate of ascent increased steeply to the huge central mass. At the point where the slide joined the break in the higher ramparts, far above, Ravenhill estimated the slope to be close to sixty degrees—perilously close to the maximum in which loose rock could remain suspended.

But these engineering details meant nothing, except in terms of the task at hand; which was to mount that towering, motionless ridge, whose deep covering of snow, augmented by the surface snow driven down from the snowfields by the force of the blizzard, was held in position only by the anchoring rock fragments beneath it. This ascent must be made so carefully that not so much as a handful of snow was prematurely dislodged on that near-vertical expanse. A minor avalanche on the lower slope or part way up would be ruinous.

Ravenhill paused on the lower slope to catch his breath and seek out his best point of attack. The awesome silence was profound. The reflected light of the stars made the motionless world about him seem bright as day, but he knew how deceptive this was. His trail behind him was clearly visible close at hand, but soon became one of a thousand shadows spangling the flat. An army could have been spaced along that trail in single file, each man standing motionless and the nearest two hundred feet distant, without disturbing this static picture of complete and lifeless desolation.

The snowy curves soaring so steeply upward were etched against the stars, but many vague pools of shadow hid minor ridges and overhanging drifts. For the first time, as he surveyed that awesome climb, Ravenhill saw the true risk of the venture in proper perspective. It was no longer a question of "if" the avalanche could be started. The moot point was: Could he reach the crest without a premature release of the immeasurable forces in suspension here?

As he began the cautious ascent, Ravenhill remembered Shorty's apologetic suggestion of technique, and was thankful for it. His own previous snowshoe experience meant little here. It was probable that few men in the north, other than the hermits here at the Forks, had ever faced these trail conditions, and even the boldest of the hermits had never set foot on the ridge following a heavy snow.

As he pressed on, sidling up the formidable slope, crabwise, Ravenhill did as Shorty had suggested: planting a snowshoe with care and putting his weight upon it slowly before bringing the other up and around. Once a trail was broken, it could be followed easily, since no new surface snow would have to be disturbed, but the initial attempt was another matter. Each step was a new and seemingly more menacing hazard.

On two occasions he missed ruin by a hair. Once was below a great rock fragment whose vertical south face was partially exposed. The trailing drifts below it seemed no different from others he had safely crossed, but without warning he plunged into a hidden crevasse. Though he merely spread his arms as he sank, and found footing when waist deep, the harm was done. For an appalling instant he remained motionless and scarcely daring to breathe, while the loose snow pushed outward by his gloved right hand began to dribble downward.

Fascinated, he watched this tiny, tumbling waterfall gain strength, broaden out, begin an insect murmuring which permeated the utter silence more frightfully than a thunderclap; then the sliding little island of snow impinged upon an upthrust hummock, split, slowed and unwillingly subsided.

Again, with his goal in sight above him, his grim, life-or-death vigilance relaxed for what could have been a fatal instant. He had long since discovered that the greatest danger was on the open slopes extending like a steeply pitched roof above him. He mounted one such expanse, angling toward what appeared to be a huge, upreared rock fragment. When he finally reached its shelter, he paused for a breather and put out a hand upon what he assumed was solid rock.

It was what Shorty had warned him against: a huge snowdrift, anchored somewhere to the right and left, its concave face overhanging. Chilled as his hand was, Ravenhill felt the stresses there instantly. He withdrew his hand and did not run. If his touch had destroyed its delicate balance, it was already too late. He stood motionless while a tiny wave of pellets from the upper edge showered down upon him, indicating that the mass had shuddered a little, but the keystone held and the arch did not fall.

At last, above a huge rock fragment whose partly exposed face had loomed blackly from below, he reached the spot marked *X* on his mental blueprint. He paused above the rock, breathing hard and his knees trembling, to survey his surroundings. He had survived the longest sustained hazard of his career. His situation was hazardous still, breath-takingly so, but at least, at this point, the slumbering monster at his feet would not be roused accidentally, but at his will and command.

He looked at his wrist watch. Nine o'clock. He was in plenty of time. Then he looked about him, savoring the moment, thrilling to the sheer daring of the thing he had conceived. He had survived thus far, a tiny fragment of life crawling and creeping across the face of giant dimensions. Now he stood boldly on this snowy summit, momentarily at least the master of immeasurable forces awaiting release at his feet.

The whitened ridge sloped dizzily down to the vague point where its toe thrust out into the frozen basin far below. The true crest of the ridge was still at his left, though low enough so that he could see the farther edge of the Middle Fork. Halfway down the ridge was the hump which always deflected the avalanches westward. Not yet visible was the precise spot, opposite Midas Creek, from which Homer would—or should—presently emerge.

Ravenhill decided that he should take his final position below the face of the huge rock fragment upon whose crest he now stood. It offered protection of sorts, should an unscheduled avalanche follow from above after he had sprung the trap. Moreover, if he was leaning against the dark face of the rock, he would not be visible from below when the great moment came.

He circled the rock on his left, or eastward side, descending with utmost caution, and found the spot below the face of the rock was perfect for his purposes. There was a narrow ledge, flanked by an up-thrust drift whose outward edge was also the edge of the near-vertical slope below. By merely kicking a portion of this drift outward, the trap would be sprung.

Now, with his back to the living rock and facing down the enormous slope, the long—seemingly long—wait began. He stood clear of the rock a little, stamping his feet cautiously and flailing his arms in the still, bitter cold. The first pale blush of dawn already lay along the southern horizon. Though at this season and latitude the sun would not show itself until after ten, and then for a brief three hours, lighting conditions were improving, moment by moment. Near objects were already plain, and those far off were coming into sharper focus, as details of a negative strengthen in the developing pan.

What had formerly been shadows under the mighty western wall became the weather-beaten buildings of Midas Creek. The snow was deep on all the roofs, except for a melted dimple around each stone chimney. Smoke came from the post chimney and all the others, rising in thin columns on the motionless air. All but LaDue's chimney. The melted crater was around it, but no smoke showed. Why, Ravenhill wondered, had LaDue, sitting up with his prisoner, allowed his night fire to die?

But now Ravenhill's complete attention was fixed upon the area in which Homer was supposed to appear. The precise spot could not be determined, but it would be opposite Midas Creek and below the hump which protected the Middle Fork. The time was at hand—any moment now. . . .

And there Homer was, at first a tiny dark spot appearing above the spotless snow; then a Mackinawed, fur-capped figure plodding methodically but with extreme care westward. Ravenhill thought Homer would look upward, but he kept his head bowed. It developed later that he had seen Ravenhill's head and shoulders in silhouette against the sky the moment he had been able to clear his exit and wriggle high enough to look up the ridge.

Ravenhill drew a deep breath, placed his foot against the drift and sent it tumbling over the edge. Then he drew back and watched, fascinated, as the most enormous spectacle he had been privileged to view in the north unfolded before him.

It began slowly. The snow he had pushed over the edge plunged downward at once, spreading to right and left. At first it slithered only on the surface, widening and deepening as it plunged on. The sound of it was soft and murmuring. Then the moving blanket gained weight and speed, pouring on like a broadening cataract. It seemed to be moving slowly, but this was an illusion; when it struck a rounded impediment, instant waves of snow exploded upward.

Now the blanket was a moving island, and the island became a mounting, tumbling mass whose widening front was bulky with grinding snow. The awesome surf piled up higher as it swept on, accompanied at first by a high-pitched crashing and rending. Then the characteristic rumbling of the full-grown avalanche began; and suddenly—so it seemed to Ravenhill, leaning dizzily back against the rock—

(Continued on Page 102)

## What Would You Have Done?

My husband and I were driving home along a back road one night. Suddenly a tire went flat. The glove compartment yielded a flashlight with a dead battery. As we do not smoke, we had no matches. So we went to work to change the tire in the indirect glare from the headlights. All went well until we started to replace the nuts. Some had been kicked aside on the sandy road. We had no light to look around for them.

Yet we had to hurry home. If you were in our predicament, what would you have done?

One of us held the chromium hubcap in front of the headlight and moved it about to reflect the light into the dark area. The other quickly found the missing nuts.

MRS. HARRISON H. YOUNG

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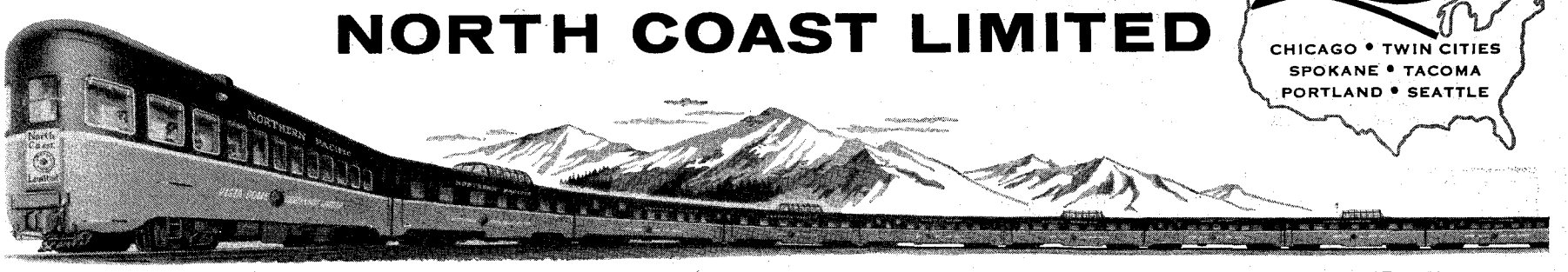


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(*Continued from Page 100*) the whole face of the slope was falling away from him.

He saw Homer but a matter of seconds before the thundering mass leaped up between and blotted him out. It was a tableau so realistic that Ravenhill felt a sudden twinge of horror. It was of a man who seemed not to be play-acting, but literally facing death and struggling desperately to avoid it. Each movement of the puppet on that enormous stage was poignantly clear: the tiny figure's sudden halt and mute glance upward, his floundering back along the trail, his last desperate lunge, his struggles as he fell prone. Then he was wiped out of Ravenhill's view by what seemed like falling mountains.

The edge of the avalanche roared against the western hump, leaped up in a massive wave which fell back upon itself thunderously and rushed on with mounting force and momentum. At this point of greatest sound and movement, it seemed that the entire ridge was shaking; that countless tons of snow, rock and ice were crashing down from above. Ravenhill had no choice but to stand fast, and, an instant later, when no loose snow sprayed down upon him, he stepped fully into the open and looked down toward Midas Creek.

The spectators were there, motionless and knee-deep in the snow. He counted them; there were only three, but now two more came running. Homer's passing had been sufficiently witnessed. At this moment the spot where Homer had lately been was overlaid many feet deep by snow and rocks; and the boiling advance waves of the avalanche, and its following seas, had begun to lose some of their immeasurable momentum on the lower lesser slopes which spilled down to the ice.

The huge path sheared down the slope was speckled with naked rocks uncovered by the scouring monster. A fog of powdery snow was settling there slowly. The main body of the avalanche was now shuddering to a halt, with its forward edge pushing out upon the ice and piling up new mountains of snow before it, like a giant plow. Lesser slides trickled down along the edges. Minor mutterings and muffled grindings came from the heart of the settling mass. The snow haze faded slowly.

And suddenly the spectacle was over. The echoes thundered on among the peaks, subsided to a remote rumbling which seemed to fade unwillingly; and again the majestic amphitheater of the Forks, snow-whitened, except for the dark path of the avalanche, was as motionless, sharply etched and silent as before.

Ravenhill knew that the watching and horrified hermits could see him plainly through the crystalline air, and that their eyes would now be fixed upon him. He threw up his arms in a helpless, sorrowful gesture—and turned away. He paused by the corner of the sheltering rock to get out a cigarette. His chilled hands were so clumsy that he made several attempts before his lighter flared.

He remained there for a moment, hidden from view of the hermits. According to the plan, he must now continue on across the ridge and descend to Homer's cabin. He would either go over directly, taking his time on the steep descent eastward, or descend the now safe path of the avalanche and cross the lower edge of the ridge above Homer's cabin.

Meantime, there was no hurry. If Homer had made his escape successfully, he was now in his cabin, getting his meager equipment together preparatory to stowing away on the plane. It would take some time for the hermits to absorb the disaster. Shorty would permit them to mull it over and reach the obvious conclusion that Homer's supposed demise—which they had personally witnessed—had lifted the cloud of fear and suspense that had hovered so long over the Forks.

Homer's crime, so they now believed, was buried with Homer. The case was closed. They, the hermits, were now in the clear. Devereaux's teeth were drawn. They would feel sorry for Pat, of course, and would presently cross the ridge in a body to commiserate with her. They would believe—this they would assume at once, under Shorty's leadership—that Ravenhill had started across the ridge to confer with Homer; that he had gone high on the ridge to avoid the danger of a snowslide, and had, nevertheless, inadvertently and accidentally, started the avalanche.

Ravenhill puffed comfortably on his cigarette, the thrill of accomplishment fairly tingling to his heels. Until this moment, his gambler's code had permitted him to view possible success only with a proviso attached: if this coup succeeded.

The cat wasn't yet in the bag. Yet the remaining difficulties seemed puny compared with the monumental hurdle just passed. When Sergeant Graham arrived, the episode should be closed by a report all too common in the north: "Accidental death in the wilds." Then Pat would leave with Graham, her title to the claim secure. Shortly thereafter, ostensibly unaware that Homer was lying doggo in the Norseman, Ravenhill would take off jovially across the mountains.

Here, for sure, when the facts were known, was a gesture that would live

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long in the legends of the north—whatever such acclaim was worth! And yet, elemental as it was—and therefore appealing to elemental men—who could truly say that such tribute was not at least the rags and tatters of the thing called glory?

Ravenhill tossed his cigarette into the snow and drew on his gloves. He had decided that since he was near the crest of the ridge here, and since the descent on the other side, though steep, was not too dangerous, why not cross over, hidden from view of Midas Creek, and await the hermits at Homer's cabin? That would provide an interval for something of no consequence at all, but pleasant, nevertheless—a chance to be alone with Pat and be no end self-depreciatory about it all.

As for the hermits, Ravenhill had reserved one final flourish. Just before the Norseman took off for the Mackenzie, he would inform Shorty precisely how close and accessible Homer's great strike was. Point out that the hermits could swarm up there immediately, draw lots for Claims 1 to 5 below discovery, stake them, record them, and, unquestionably, from a strike of such magnitude, each should obtain the wherewithal necessary to clear their individual records. All but LaDue. And even the unfortunate breed, once he was amply financed, could find another and far more comfortable sanctuary in the far north.

All in all, Ravenhill had never felt more pleased with his own accomplishments than when he stooped to don his snowshoes. The next instant, after he straightened and moved toward the eastern corner of the sheer-faced rock, provided an excellent example of one of his own prized adages: "The best-laid schemes o' mice and men ——"

Devereaux was standing there, motionless, hidden from the watchers below. He was on snowshoes, and as snow-whitened as Ravenhill himself. The black muzzle of his Luger was fixed uon the center of Ravenhill's parka.

Devereaux said smilingly, "Hold it." Then, after giving Ravenhill a moment in which to absorb the significance of his presence here, he stepped back a little, motioning with his pistol. "This way, Riv. So they won't see us down below.... That's far enough."

Both were now screened by the massive rock. Devereaux had been here from the first, Ravenhill suspected. Somehow, he had managed to escape the clutches of both LaDue and Shorty—a near-incredible exploit.

"Take it easy for a minute," Devereaux directed. "Not too easy. This is the showdown, and we've got some fast figuring to do. Light a cigarette, if you like. I'll smoke mine."

Ravenhill leaned to his left against the rock, facing Devereaux, and lit a cigarette. He did so deliberately, poker-faced, his thoughts racing. No use upbraiding himself now for whatever had gone wrong in his planned tactics. The immediate and formidable fact was that Devereaux, having witnessed the deliberate starting of the avalanche—cold-blooded murder on the face of it—was now in the dealer's chair.

Or was he? That he had been an eyewitness of the supposed murder comprised the sole strength of Devereaux's position. Yet there had been no murder. At this moment, if Homer was in the clear down there, he was boarding the Norseman, according to plan. Pat's title to the claim was already secure—or would be as soon as the Mountie arrived. If, for example, Ravenhill could manage to take off with the Norseman—and Homer—before the Mountie came ——

Devereaux was plainly in the mood to dally a moment. Just as Ravenhill himself had paused to gloat—too soon—he was enjoying his triumph to the hilt. He was leaning smilingly against the rock, but poised and ready, nevertheless, his weapon at waist level.

"Not bad, Riv," he approved. "I suspected you had some ace in the hole all along. I was sure of it when you wouldn't let the boys work on me down there. My hat's off to you, pal. You'd figured out a dilly. Too bad it blew up on you."

Ravenhill shrugged. Might as well go along with Devereaux's certainty that he was now in control, until Devereaux revealed how he proposed to utilize his supposed advantage. "You must admit it was a good try, old chap. But tell me, how did you manage to extricate yourself down there?"

"Just like you'd have done it," Devereaux returned. "That's your weakness, fella; you don't give the other guy enough credit. Put a hysterical breed like LaDue to guard you, and you'd have been on top of the deal as fast as I was!"

"Specifically?" Ravenhill prompted. He needed more time to think. Also, Homer must be allowed ample time to get aboard the Norseman unobserved. "It makes little difference now, but just how did you manage it?"

"I caught Thompson trying to make a break."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Played on LaDue's weaknesses," Devereaux said complacently. "Try to make a deal with him and he'd cut your throat. Make him cry and he's blind as a kitten. I told him how I'd taken care of that breed gal up on the Kougarok: took her to the hospital, paid all the bills, saw that she was buried properly."

"You did all that?" Ravenhill asked.

Devereaux grinned. "Certainly not. Listen. LaDue's troubles are penny-ante in this game. The gal didn't die. It was only a shoulder wound, but LaDue had a heavy rifle, and it flattened her. The camp doc fixed her up. She wouldn't even sign a complaint against LaDue. Right now, she's back peeling potatoes at the mission, waiting for LaDue."

"My word!" Ravenhill was honestly shocked. "And you permitted LaDue to remain in exile here for five years past, eating his heart out! But you've told him now, of course?"

"I told him nothing!" Devereaux returned. "I had to break him down, not get him more peevish than ever! I got him to crying about poor Claudette, then reminded him that the demijohn was still in camp and was still half full. He got the demijohn and began to load up. I persuaded him to let my right hand free so I could drink with him. In his blotto condition it sounded reasonable. I'm the guy who buried little Claudette, remember—a priest, flowers, the works."

"H'm'm," Ravenhill said. "You're really quite a low form of life, Devereaux. But go on."

"With one hand free, I soon got the other loose," Devereaux went on. "The rest was easy; got a headlock on him. Tied him up. He yelled once and I gagged him. He was sober enough to know what I'd put over on him. You should have seen his eyes stick out! If looks could kill, I'd have been a dead pigeon right there."

"You watched me leave," Ravenhill said, nodding. "How did you manage Shorty?"

"Nothing to it," Devereaux boasted. "Shorty came back with an armload of wood after seeing you off. I raised a ruckus in the cabin—not too loud—like guys fighting. Shorty dropped his wood and came charging over. The cabin was dark and I tripped him up and ganged on him. Would you believe that half pint was tougher than LaDue? Outweighing him fifty pounds, though, I soon had him tied and gagged. Then I sneaked out and trailed you. I could see you against the stars, but you couldn't see me."

"From your mention of the stars," Ravenhill said, "I take it you were watching here from the first?"

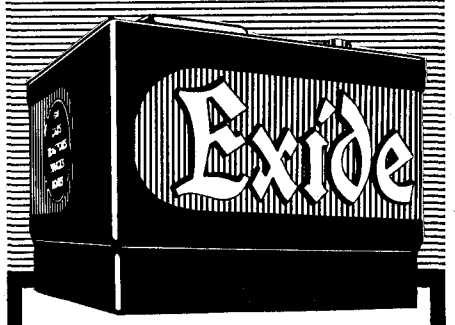
"That's right. A grandstand view," Devereaux said. "Couldn't figure what you were up to—until I saw Homer down there. You knew he was coming over to camp, and what time—you probably named the time yourself." He shook his head with pretended awe. "Wipe Homer out, and Pat's helpless. You'd get the pot, and Pat the peanuts, eh? Not bad, Riv."

"Not bad—on paper," Ravenhill agreed. "You're quite right; I underestimated you. But let's not cry over spilt milk. You appear to be in the saddle now, Devereaux." He shrugged again and leaned back to look down at Midas Creek. "We've little time," he pointed out. "The boys will soon be crossing over to sympathize with Pat. Just what do you want from me, old chap?"

"You know what I want," Devereaux said flatly, his affability changing at once to a formidable confidence. "I want the works. The pot."

"Not even peanuts for Pat?" Ravenhill protested. "No crumbs for me?"

POWER

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Devereaux stared at him for an instant, his face swelling a little. "Listen, Riv," he said. "You've been in my hair too long. I should have knifed you on the way over to Midas Creek last night. It would have been a cinch in the snowstorm."

"I know," Ravenhill said coolly. "I talked you out of it."

"Yes," Devereaux said, nodding. "And again last night. I had my knife on you—and let you run your bluff till you got set and made the break. Not any more. Listen close. I can kill you here—and get away with it. You found I'd witnessed the murder and turned on me, so I shot you in self-defense. Got that?"

Ravenhill nodded. "It would be risky, of course. And far too complicating. Besides ——"

"I'll face my own risks," Devereaux said. "Now here's the program: First, step around here, to my left, on the new snow." He motioned with his pistol, indicating. Ravenhill obeyed, swinging wide of Devereaux. "Stop there," Devereaux directed. "Now notice your tracks and mine. I stopped here. There's where you stood, waiting for Homer. There's where you stepped forward, pushed the snow over and stepped back. There's the break in the snow, and there's the start of the avalanche, fanning out below. The record's plain, isn't it? If I bring the Mountie up here to check it?"

"So it seems," Ravenhill agreed.

"So here it is, step by step," Devereaux said. "You and I drop down to the Middle Fork—right here, where those old boys can't see us. We go direct to Pat. We've got maybe twenty minutes before those old goats cross over from Midas Creek. How long does it take your engine to warm up?"

"It's stone-cold," Ravenhill said. "Perhaps ten minutes with the blowtorch before I turn it over. It should idle for fifteen minutes, but I can cut that to five if I must."

"You must, if getting out from under a murder charge means anything to you," Devereaux said. "Now, at the cabin, you talk and I'll listen. Tell Pat that Homer's done for. Tell her it was an accident, and I won't argue. I'm just listening. Tell her there's nothing more you can do for her and you're getting out of here before the Mountie comes. Then tell her the deal you've made with me—about the claim."

"I'm curious about that," Ravenhill admitted. "What's the deal?"

"This," Devereaux said, watching him fixedly: "I'm to have half of Homer's discovery claim and the privilege of staking the claim. In my name. Homer's gone. You're gone. It's the only way to protect her, you understand. Anyone can jump the claim."

"But why should Pat agree ——"

"Because you're telling her—and you're the only one she trusts," Devereaux said. "She tells me where the claim's located and gives me Homer's claim descriptions in his own handwriting. Then you get on your bicycle and get on your way."

"H'm-m," Ravenhill said. It wouldn't do to appear to yield too soon. "Pat isn't a moron," he pointed out. "Suppose she refuses to be bound by my commitments, now that Homer's gone? Suppose she refuses to do anything until Graham shows up?"

"And if you plant that idea in her mind," Devereaux said deliberately, "or stall in any way, if I don't have those claim descriptions in my hand within five minutes after we enter the cabin, I'm speaking my piece. I claim murder and hold you for the Mountie, and when the Mountie comes, I'll prove murder."

Ravenhill pretended to ponder this for a reasonable interval. It was not altogether pretense. He weighed all factors swiftly. To get into the air with Homer was the prime objective now—regardless of how complicating that might later be for Ravenhill. If Pat had staked the claim last night according to the plan—a detail of which Devereaux was totally unaware—what harm now in revealing the claim's location to Devereaux?

Yes, he decided, that was it. Furthermore—a remote possibility, but one which must be attempted—suppose he could yet wangle the LeVeq letter from Devereaux before taking off? But to take off, forthwith, was paramount.

"Well?" Devereaux demanded.

Ravenhill shrugged. "When one loses, one loses. I'm in no position to bargain. Let's get on with it. Let me check on the hermits first. We haven't much time."

Without waiting for permission, he stepped back one pace, so that he could look down past the rock toward Midas Creek. "They're milling around," he said. "They'll be starting across the ridge in a moment."

There was one curious detail: only four of the hermits were grouped before the cabins. Where—and who—was the fifth? Leaning farther back, Ravenhill saw a short, Mackinawed figure plodding northward under the cliff, following the circuitous trail which they—Ravenhill, followed by Devereaux—had blazed to the point. *Good old Shorty*, Ravenhill thought. *Hoping to lend a hand, as usual.*

"O.K.," Devereaux said grimly. "We try it once more. But if there are any tricks, any funny moves whatever ——" He broke off, as though realizing the futility of further threats, and motioned with his pistol. "Let's go. Keep down so they don't see us."

Ravenhill passed him at an angle, bearing eastward and keeping the giant fragment of rock between him and the hermits below. Devereaux tramped silently at his heels. Presently they were across the backbone of the ridge, and the Middle Fork widened below them.

Ravenhill's ship came into view, and Ravenhill paused on the crest of the near-precipice, ostensibly to reconnoiter the treacherous downward descent. The ship, tiny in the distance, was burdened with snow, its outspread wings close to the surface of the white expanse about it. Ravenhill at once noted with enormous relief that a narrow snowshoe trail connected the ship with the hidden cabin to the south. Homer had escaped the avalanche, then, and was aboard the ship.

Devereaux saw the trail too. "Who do you suppose has been out to the ship?"

"Pat, probably," Ravenhill returned. "I told her she could have my spare carton of cigarettes. Look, old chap"—he hastened to divert Devereaux's attention, indicating the hazardous course below them—"be wary, indeed, on the way down. If we had more time I'd vote to swing around below the break up there, and descend that east moraine. We'll make it, however. Provided we step on no sloping surfaces."

"You pick 'em," Devereaux returned. "You're in the lead."

There was no danger of an avalanche on this side of the ridge; the jump-off was so steep that the snow merely clung in wind-blown drifts and patches against the jagged face of the wall. Snowshoes were useless here. Ravenhill took off his "bear-paws" and with a wide swing of the arm, one after another, sent them spinning into space. They cleared the wall, landing in the soft snow below. Devereaux followed suit and they began the descent.

It didn't take long. As always in mountain climbing, it had looked worse from the top. Lowering themselves from fragment to fragment, and trusting only to exposed rock for footing, they were soon on the low moraine skirting this edge of the Middle Fork. Breathing heavily, they retrieved their snowshoes and struck out to the south along the base of the wall.

At a point opposite the ship, but still considerably short of Homer's cabin, Ravenhill halted.

"Two suggestions, Devereaux," he said: "To save time, you should get along to the cabin while I'm warming up the engine. Tell Pat about Homer's death. But don't mention the claim until I show up."

"Why not?"

"Think, man!" Ravenhill spoke impatiently. "She doesn't know you're in the saddle—yet. Show your eagerness about the claim prematurely and you'll cut your own throat."

"You've a point there," Devereaux conceded, watching him. "What else?"

"LeVeq's letter," Ravenhill said. "I'd suggest you tear it up in Pat's presence. I mean, after she's certain that I'm abandoning her."

"So? Why?"

"My word, Devereaux! What earthly use is the letter to you now?" Ravenhill shrugged and turned his snowshoes toward the ship. "You're right; play your own game. I'll see you at the cabin."

"Hold it!" Devereaux said fiercely.

Ravenhill stood motionless, waiting. Devereaux eyed him unwinkingly, his breath rising in white vapor on the chill, crystalline air. The shadows were fading throughout the static basin of the Middle Fork, though the sun was still below the pale band of the horizon to the south.

"You're stalling," Devereaux said, speaking with bitter force. "I don't know why, but we'll find out. I'm coppering all bets. Forget the ship," he directed. "We're going over to the cabin. I'm getting those claim descriptions right now—before those old goats show up from Midas Creek."

"But, Devereaux, old chap," Ravenhill protested, "you're forcing me into a corner. I must get the engine warmed up. If the Mountie should come ——"

"That's your funeral," Devereaux returned. "If I've got Homer's claim descriptions, I can sit it out. You'll have to take your chances with the Mountie."

"But suppose Pat won't divulge ——"

"She will," Devereaux said, between his teeth. "You'll persuade her to—and fast, so you can make your getaway." His hand slid inside his parka. "I can only be crowded so far, Riv! Get this—if there's any slip-up, and I mean any ——"

"No threats, please," Ravenhill said coldly. "Listen, Devereaux. It's your word against mine—how the avalanche started—in spite of the tracks up there. But I can't risk an official hearing on it. The inquest, the trial—all that sort of thing. I'd be held here in the Yukon for weeks. At least permit me to put the nose hangar on the engine and hang a blowtorch under it. Then, when we're through at the cabin ——"

"How long will that take?"

"Three minutes, perhaps," Ravenhill guessed.

"Get going then," Devereaux ordered. "I'll go with you."

This was more than Ravenhill had bargained for, but he led off at once toward the ship. The risk must be taken. Above all, Devereaux must not be allowed in the ship's cabin.

"If you'll lend a hand, it'll speed things up," he told Devereaux over his shoulder, as they plowed around the ship's nose. He indicated the snow-covered engine. "Reach up there and brush the snow off the cylinders. I'll get the blowtorch and nose hangar."

Devereaux did as directed, his height plus the depth of snow enabling him to reach the radial engine. Ravenhill shed his snowshoes and clambered aboard, leaving the cabin door open.

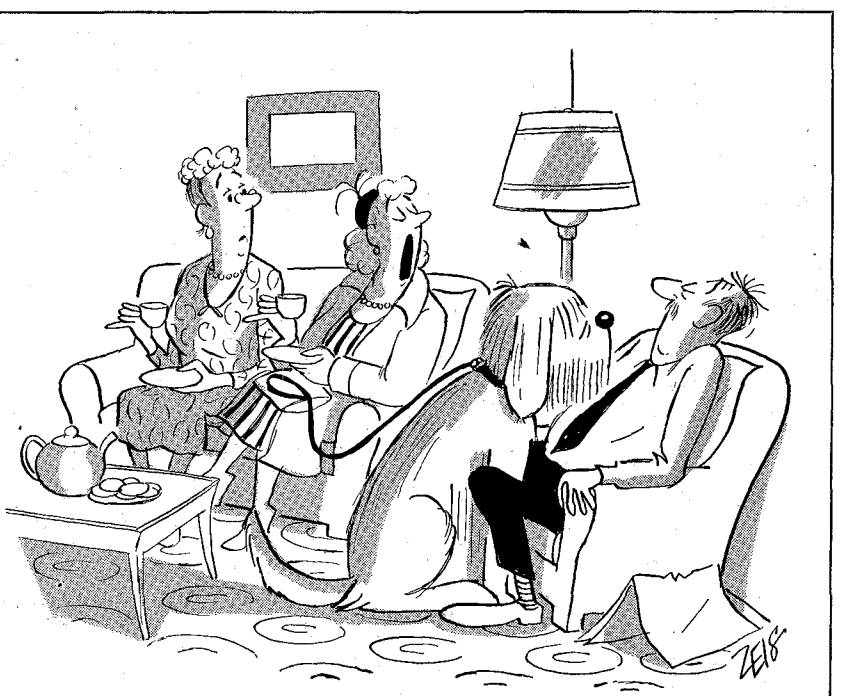
He delved under the emergency equipment, and at once uncovered Homer, to his overwhelming relief. It was his prime reason for insisting on coming to the ship.

Even though the tracks indicated that Homer was here, that last photographic glimpse of Homer below the avalanche—his desperate floundering, his final hurtling dive forward—had been a haunting one.

Homer leered up questioningly from his nest. Ravenhill motioned for silence and leaned low to whisper, "Stay quiet, whatever happens. It may be minutes or hours, but don't move."

He covered Homer again, dragged the folded nose hangar from its place under the seat, snatched up the blowtorch from its container and hurried out, slamming the cabin door behind him.

What had to be done—light the blowtorch, run its flame lightly over the oil manifold and cylinders, suspend it below the radial engine and get the canvas nose hangar (*Continued on Page 106*)



"Let me know if he bites you."

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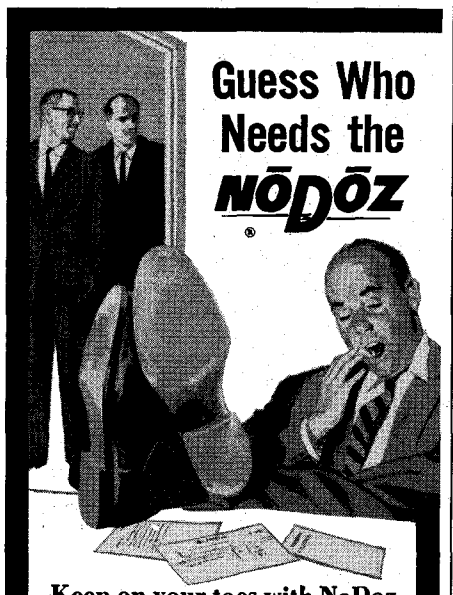

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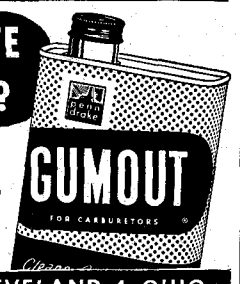


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(*Continued from Page 104*) adjusted with care—took longer than three minutes.

"Get going," Devereaux urged, as Ravenhill hurriedly resumed his snowshoes. "Run. We've got a trail here."

Running on snowshoes was an awkward business, even along the trail Pat and Homer had blazed. It consumed more time. When, Ravenhill wondered, would the leisurely and eternally gossiping hermits arrive?

Ravenhill stamped loudly on the cabin porch to alert Pat. "Come in," her voice commanded remotely.

The cabin was warm, neat and cheerful. Pat was seated at the table by the radio. She turned it off and rose up to face them questioningly. For a sinking moment Ravenhill wondered if she had forgotten her role. She was not grief-stricken; merely tense and apprehensive.

Her first words told Ravenhill, to his inward delight, that she had taken into account a detail he had overlooked. She was not supposed to know, yet, that Homer had been lost in the avalanche.

"Where's dad?" she asked Ravenhill, her eyes searching his face. "He went across the ridge to see you, just before that terrible avalanche. I went up to the top afterward, where I could see over to the camp. There were men there, but I couldn't tell ——" She placed a hand on Ravenhill's arm, her eyes widening with horror. "Is he safe, Riv?"

Ravenhill stood erect and silent, glancing mutely at Devereaux. Devereaux stepped forward at once, pushing back the hood of his parka. His features were grave, melancholy and considerate.

"This is bad," he said. "Bad in a number of ways. I'm sorry now that I got tough with poor old Homer. I'll do all I can to make up for it. . . . The avalanche got him, Pat. He didn't have a chance."

She was an excellent trouper. She remained erect for an instant, looking incredulously from one to the other. Then she reached blindly for the table behind her, supported herself upon it and sank into the chair she had just quitted.

"I'm sorry, my dear," Ravenhill said. "I was crossing the ridge up above when it happened. Devereaux was there too. He'd followed me up from Midas Creek. He also saw the avalanche begin."

She did not react to this at first, other than to rest her chin on her hand and stare up stonily at Ravenhill. Then she fumbled for her handkerchief, turning her face away. Much depended on her caliber now. She had no means of knowing how she must react to this new situation.

"I should have managed things better," Ravenhill apologized. "I came here to help Homer, and now ——" He shrugged "We must make the best of it, of course. I've decided to dash along to the Mackenzie. Devereaux feels that I should too. Before Sergeant Graham arrives, that is."

She looked up at him questioningly, dabbing at her eyes, plainly seeking a cue to her next lines. "Before the sergeant arrives?" she repeated.

"Yes," he said. "If I can be of no further help here, that is." He put the question boldly, "Were you and Homer able to manage the little chore we discussed last night?"

"Yes," she said. "It was terrible—a ghastly experience. But it's done."

Ravenhill nodded gravely. "Then your affairs appear to be in order. I can shove off at once. But first, I should tell you about the deal I've made with Devereaux—the deal he insists on, I mean. Concerning your father's claim."

"The claim!" she said bitterly, her glance shifting to Devereaux. "Must we discuss that now?"

"Yes," Devereaux said, his raging impatience thinly veiled. "We must. . . . Tell her why, Riv."

"Let me say something first," Pat said, rising up. . . . "Riv, do you think it's best ——"

"He hasn't any choice," Devereaux broke in, with a black, menacing glance at Ravenhill. . . . "What's all this, Riv? Who's stalling here? D'you want me to lay it on the line?"

Ravenhill raised a reproving hand. "The lady wasn't through. . . . Do I think what's best, my dear?"

"To leave at once?"

"I'm afraid so," Ravenhill said. "It's all that can be done at the moment. Devereaux insists ——"

"Then you'd better hurry," she interrupted, indicating the radio. "I didn't know whether to mention it before. I'm sorry I held it back. Sergeant Graham broadcast a message to anyone listening here. It was particularly to you, Riv—if you were here. He said he'd arrive in twenty minutes. Don't leave, he said. Meaning you, Riv."

"Gad!" Ravenhill said. "And my engine isn't warmed up. How long ago was this message?"

She looked at her wrist watch. "About twenty minutes ago," she said.

TO BE CONTINUED

## The Crying Cop (Continued from Page 36)

not guilty till proved so. That's the essence of American jurisprudence."

Yvonne took a deep breath. "This begins, Mr. O'Brien, with a threatening letter which I believe was sent in care of the company which sponsors your weekly television program on art."

"Nice little program, isn't it? We've done a lot to awaken the public to true values, haven't we?"

"I wouldn't know."

"Don't you think I have just the right popular but high-domed approach? Haven't you ever watched the show?"

"No."

"Are you sure?"

"No."

"Your witness, policewoman," Tim said. "The defense rests."

"This letter, Mr. O'Brien," Yvonne said, "I understand you laughed it off. However, since the individual signing the communication threatened your bodily well-being, your associates took a more serious view. They informed the authorities. In due course, the letter has been forwarded to us for investigation. You recall the contents, I presume?"

"Vaguely," Tim said. "I get a bundle of crank notes every week. As I remember, this one was from a guy that wrote if I ever saw his pictures and didn't give him a good notice, I'd receive the works. That's kid stuff."

"Not necessarily. The fellow signed the name of Dirk Polgarde."

"Did he? You couldn't prove it by me." Tim glanced at his watch. "Look, officer, I really have to run. Could we meet later—say, in a night club—and ——"

"I'll go with you," Yvonne said, and got up.

"Why, that's wonderful," Tim said, beaming. "Are you still attracted to me?"

"No," Yvonne said. "I have to go with you. I'm paid for it."

"I know," Tim said. "This is the city. You work here."

He led the frowning policewoman downstairs. She mentioned glumly that she had a car, and he accepted her offer of a lift with pleasure. As they drove westward, she unhooked a concealed microphone from under the instrument board and called in.

"Why, this is thrilling," he said.

"Where are you going today after the women's club?" she asked.

He brought an untidy collection of papers from his pocket and shuffled through them, and appeared to stiffen slightly. "To a one-man show by Dirk Polgarde. . . . Do you happen to have that letter, officer? May I see it again?"

"It's in the lab and has been processed. Also, a handwriting expert has worked on it."

"You mustn't make me nervous," he said. "I have to be charming for the ladies. . . . It isn't possible. I'm loved by one and all."

"Not by me, Mr. O'Brien."

"You certainly look different with clothes on. No offense, officer."

Yvonne became crimson. "You might recall I had to do modeling in order to continue my art education."

"I'll never forget those life classes you used to electrify," Tim said. "Those life classes were where good old Roxy and I blew our gaskets. Those were the days."

"Apparently you haven't followed good old Roxy's later career," Yvonne said. "He gave up art for making money, as you have, only he did it the hard way. You may remember he came from Lincoln Heights like me, and had rather queer friends."

"Yes, I do. But lots of talented people come from poor environments. I always suspected he had real ability."

"It turned out he did, for shaking down other tough guys and fencing stuff that didn't belong to him. They indicted him three times and couldn't make it stick, but finally he went up for assault with intent to commit great bodily harm."

"Don't be technical," Tim said. "You mean he's been in prison?"

She nodded. "Three years in San Quentin. He's on parole now."

"Bless my soul," Tim said. "Old Roxy. I knew he wasn't any hothouse daisy, but he was always a gentleman to me."

She parked at the Westside Ladies' Association, checked out with the dispatcher on the radio, and they went inside.

"How am I going to introduce you?" Tim asked. "As Policewoman Risden, Officer Yvonne, little Yvonne or ——"

"As a friend," Yvonne said. "You're an expert liar. I'm Miss Yvonne Smith, and I'll explain later."

Tim was received gladly by numerous women in hats of all ages, three bewildered male curators of galleries, several cringing art dealers, a group of despondent painters, a publicity man from the network, and assorted critics and photographers. He introduced Miss Smith, was charming, sipped a glass of sherry, and strode up and down a long hall hung with everything from still lifes and nudes to a yellow something like a two-faced Picasso. His lips grew pursed and his short hair seemed to stand up straighter. He took off his glasses and polished them. Then he followed his hostesses to the dining

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room, where he had consommé, a fruit cocktail, creamed chicken with rice, salad, and orange ice and coffee.

Miss Smith was placed in the rear with the appetiteless artists, since there was no room for her at the speakers' table. Scarcely cheerier than her companions, she sat through a number of addresses. Finally Tim arose and spoke favorably of the Westside outfit and the onrush of culture in California, and was cute and appealing. Then the assemblage returned to the hall, and Tim gave an informal appraisal of the exhibit.

There was another side to him, Yvonne discovered. On his program and most other occasions he was the professional genial Irishman, full of blarney and smiling compliments, but as an assessor of ideas, brushwork, competence, fidelity to ideals and execution, he could be merciless. He smoothed his barbs and demolitions with jests and an air of insouciance, and yet he was unrelenting. Faces grew pale, eyes filled with tears.

One lady who had been hung, so to speak, approached Tim, inflated with anger. "I want to tell you something, you loudmouthed mick!" she stated. "Maybe I ought to begin by belting you, and I just might ——"

Producing her I. D. card, Yvonne headed her off. "Los Angeles Police Department," she said. "Let's break it up, madam. You've already threatened assault, and you don't want to add the commission of battery to it and get pulled in, do you?"

The gathering fell silent, in surprise and dismay. Tim bade everyone good-by, took his friend by the arm and departed.

"I'm never going anywhere again without you, officer," he said. "You'd be surprised how much ill will I manage to generate in these good-will trips around the country."

"Why do you have to be nasty?" Yvonne said. "They're trying, aren't they?"

"They have to try harder. And some unpleasant man has to tell them that."

"Well, you're unpleasant enough."

"Did you notice anything you liked?"

"No-o."

"Why did you quit?"

"I wasn't good enough," Yvonne said.

"Neither was I," Tim said. "I had dreams and went to Paris and knocked myself out, and finally nobody had to tell me. It was the hardest decision I ever made. I haven't been the same since."

"If that's true, how can you set yourself up as the last word?"

"I can't paint, but I know when somebody can. They need people like me—but I wish so much that I were able to do it myself."

"I think you're a fake," Yvonne said.

"You're sore because I turned you down in an unsuccessful effort to express myself," Tim said. "If I'd had any sense, I would have turned in my brushes and tubes then and kept you. Listen, officer, I have over two hours to kill before my next appointment, and I want to take another look at the Pacific Ocean. Can you spare the gas?"

"Do you think the city owes you a guided tour?" Yvonne asked.

"Yes," Tim said. "And make that guarded, please."

They went to the beach in ill humor, and en route Yvonne was snappish with the dispatcher in reporting her route, which evidently astonished him. Above Santa Monica she parked and allowed Tim to gaze at the sea.

"Hasn't changed a bit," he commented. "Funny how it's the same, year after year, and people are not. . . . How did you happen to go on this law-and-order kick?"

"Oh, I was working in a department store, modeling bathing suits and sports clothes, and I didn't seem to be getting anywhere. Coming from the neighborhood I did, I thought I knew something about the problems of kids, and I wanted to work with them. I took a civil-service examination and got in the Juvenile Division."

"You enjoy it?"

"Yes, I think I'm useful."

"Wouldn't you like some kids of your own?"

"I suppose I would, eventually," Yvonne said, "but I haven't any plans."

"You have to take the first step," Tim said. "This way."

He took her in his arms and kissed her. They clung together for a long time.

"I can honestly swear," Tim said, when he had recovered his breath, "that this is the first time I ever kissed a cop."

"If you were coming back," Yvonne said, "if you were giving up, why couldn't you have let me know?"

"How could I? I was the one who took off. I didn't have any right to. And there was old Roxy waiting ——"

"I only saw him a few times afterward. I didn't like (*Continued on Page 110*)

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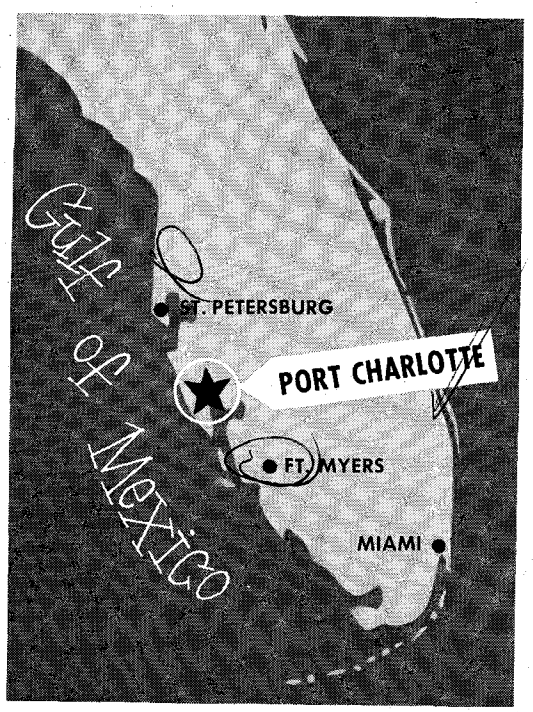


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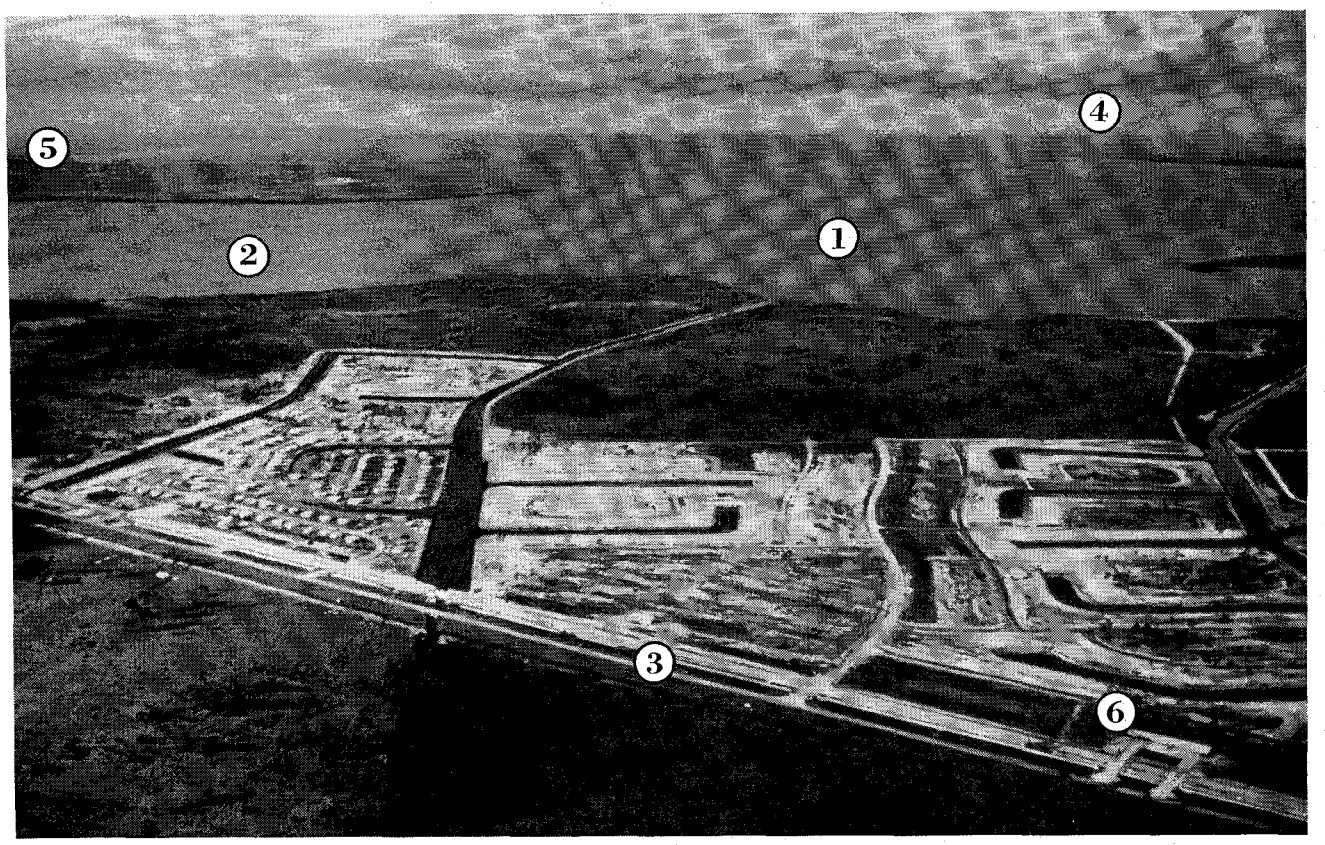


Aerial photo of Port Charlotte shows built-up area at left, including convenient shopping centers, parks, and playgrounds. 1. Charlotte Harbor. 2. Peace River. 3. Tamiami Trail (U.S. 41). 4. Gulf of Mexico. 5. Punta Gorda. 6. Mackle Sales Office.

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| Pompano Beach | 1954 to 1957 | 80% |
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| Ft. Pierce | 1955 to 1957 | 200% |
| Greater Miami | 1954 to 1957 | 200% |
| Port Charlotte | 1957 to — | ? |

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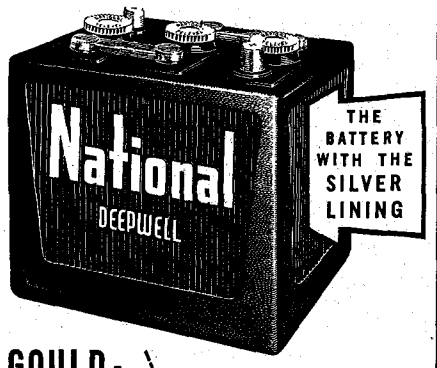


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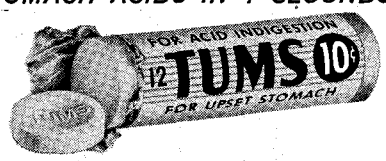


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MORE COMFORTABLE

(*Continued from Page 107*) what he was doing. But, Tim, he wasn't sore; he ——"

"Do you watch me on television?" he asked.

"Every week."

"Why couldn't you have written or telephoned or telegraphed or ——"

"What do you think I am?"

"A girl," Tim said. He kissed her again.

Yvonne pushed him away with skilled hands. He tried to recapture her. "I hope I won't have to break your arm with a jujitsu hold," she said.

"Absolutely not," Tim said. "I'm a perfect gentleman when broken bones are involved. However, provided I am not breaking any ordinance, I'd like to say I still love you."

"And I'd like to say," Yvonne said, "that I still hate you. From the beginning, when we used to sit in class together, you were a Hibernian confidence man. I trusted you and got my brains beaten out, and I'll never forget it. The purpose of this beach experiment was merely to see if I had my control back. I have. Drop dead."

"You're a disgrace to the force."

"But I got even, didn't I?"

"Oh, yes. Only cops don't get wet eyes very often, do they?"

Yvonne mopped her cheekbones. "Look, we have to make your next appointment—and my last with you. Do you know who Dirk Polgarde is?"

"Should I?"

"Since coming out of stir," Yvonne said, "Roxy has resumed his painting. He's very serious, and 'Polgarde' is how he signs his canvases."

"Oh, my goodness!" Tim said.

"The letter to you was typewritten and the signature disguised, but the envelope was postmarked Los Angeles and our lab has every reason to believe Roxy sent it. Now, if this were merely another case of some harmless crank without a record, we could warn him and not take definite action if he was properly scared. But we're evidently dealing with a known lawbreaker. Besides, if Roxy sent that message to you, it is a violation of the terms of his parole and could return him to prison. He may actually be dangerous. I hope you're going to co-operate with us in protecting you and society, Mr. O'Brien."

He stared at her. "And you'd let yourself in for this?"

"I have to do what I'm told. Assigning a regular detective to you would scare off the suspect; he'd be too smart to make an open move when tipped off, and we need an overt act to make the charge stick. Otherwise, we have nothing but circumstantial evidence. The odds are that he has no idea I'm with the police."

"Oh, little Yvonne, you are a rat."

"Go ahead," Yvonne said, "be sentimental. For a parolee, sending threatening letters is nearly as bad as carrying a heater. In getting Roxy now, we might be saving him from a worse mistake in the future."

"I got away not a moment too soon," Tim said. "Why, I could have married you."

"Very funny," Yvonne said. "Let's play this straight, shall we? Be severe in your criticism of his stuff—as lousy as you were earlier today. If he knows I'm with you, it'll probably help to provoke him to try something real rough on you. The point is, we want him to make a definite move so we can really pin it on him. The one way we can do this is with your co-operation. As a law-abiding citizen, you owe us the aid. Don't be frightened; you'll be protected."

Tim got out a handkerchief and dabbed at his brow. "I'm frightened, all right—of you. Gee, I'm glad I'm not in love with you any more."

"I'm glad too," Yvonne snapped. "Believe me! . . . I'll check in with the dispatcher."

She spoke in a rather unsteady voice to that officer, apparently occasioning him some concern; he was cagily inquisitive on the radio loud-speaker. "Nothing's the matter!" she said loudly into the mike. "Nothing whatever! Have the tail pick us up on Canyon Drive."

The drive into Beverly Hills was performed in silence. They halted near the smart gallery which was exhibiting old Roxy, and Yvonne paused to put a nickel in the parking meter.

"You shouldn't have to do that," Tim said. "After all, you're performing a public service, constructing gins and pitfalls for ex-cons."

"Shut up," Yvonne said. "Introduce me here as Miss Risden, to everybody."

... ... ... ... ... ... ...

## Steppingstone

By Betty Isler

Who would have thought
it mattered so?
Yet she has dreamed and
dreamed of these—
Her first white pumps with
tiny heel,
And I have not the heart
to tease.

For no one ever walked so
tall,
And none has ever walked
so proud.
That one scant inch beneath
her foot
Has raised my daughter to
a cloud.

... ... ... ... ... ... ...

"Little Yvonne," Tim said, and took her arm. "Any friend of Roxy's is a friend of mine."

It was gay inside, and loud with conversation. Tim was greeted with enthusiasm, chatted with peers and acquaintances, and kept tight hold of Miss Risden and made her known to one and all. A nervous woman in a black dress gave them cocktails and announced that Mr. Polgarde, to his infinite regret, had to be out of town and couldn't attend his showing. A broad white ribbon barred the way to the principal room; Tim was going to have the honor of cutting it and opening the show. He propelled Yvonne to a table bearing canapés and urged her to eat.

"I can't," she said. "I feel sick to my stomach."

"So do I," he said. "Have the tail come in. Maybe they're hungry."

Minutes later, he snipped the ribbon and headed a rush for the paintings, observing two burly, out-of-place characters watching him and Yvonne; he assumed they were the tail. Then he forgot other considerations and glued himself successively to the twenty-two pictures, his hair erect, his lips protruding. Policewoman Risden followed him doggedly. Others had their say, and most of the opinions were highly favorable. Then it was Tim's turn.

"I think it's great, children," he said. "This man is going to be important. Here is the best one-man show I have ever attended. Polgarde has an imagination of great dimensions, originality, inventive design and elegance. I love his thick pigmentation. He plays a magnificent game with color, not unlike Matisse. The complex energy he displays flashes like lightning through his canvases. May I use some of them on my next program?"

The woman in the black dress, no longer nervous, said she was positive Mr. Polgarde would be agreeable to that. Everyone looked tremendously pleased and relieved. As soon as possible, Yvonne pulled Tim aside.

"You coward," she said. "I knew you didn't have any nerve and you were a fake. Now we'll never get him."

But her eyes were shining with something besides unshed tears.

"What did you want me to do?" Tim asked. "Risk my life? Are you crazy?"

He left her, had another cocktail, and joined a group in front of the largest of the canvases.

"Compare this with Pissarro, Renoir, Monet, Boudin, the other Impressionists," he said. "Here's a twentieth-century painter, children. He has unity, timing, emotion, and he projects light and color values. He reduces forms to a complete simplicity and still makes a clear statement. He has structural control. I love him to pieces."

There was a respectful silence.

The woman in the black dress eased up beside him. She whispered, "Mr. Polgarde is here, upstairs, but didn't come down for various reasons. Would you care to meet him?"

Tim nodded.

"Go to the rear. Open the fire door—a hallway is beyond. It leads to the back stairs."

"O.K.," he said. "See that girl in the gray suit with the strap purse?"

"Yes. Miss Risden, isn't it?"

"Yeah. Distract her while I float out."

The woman departed and smilingly cornered little Yvonne. When he could, Tim slipped away, passed beyond the fire door and the hallway, and ascended the stairs. As he reached the second floor, he heard movement behind him, and turned and observed that the pair of burly characters were following him. For an instant, he was rattled and disappointed, and almost went back, but then he decided it was too late and wrenched at a knob and entered a room without knocking.

Roxy was sitting at a table, a book of prints spread out before him, a cigarette dangling between his lips. Tim stared at him—at the thick, black hair; the dark face; the tired eyes, the heavy body.

"You haven't changed," he said.

"Hi, Tim," Roxy said.

He got up and they shook hands hard. The two men who had been following Tim came in, exceedingly jovial in mien.

"This is Larry, and this is Herbie," Roxy said. "A couple of pals of mine. . . . Tim O'Brien, another pal."

Tim shook hands with them.

"You look kind of surprised," Roxy said.

"I thought they were cops," Tim said.

"I'd resent that," Herbie said, "but after what you said downstairs about our pal Roxy's work, you can say anything. . . . Listen, Roxy, you should have been there to get a load from this guy. I couldn't exactly understand what he was getting at, but it wasn't no knock."

"The boys have been bringing me a blow-by-blow report," Roxy said, and grinned.

"It was the usual jargon," Tim said. "What else can you do with the hep types? I was just trying to say that you're wonderful and doing the work I wanted to do, and that I'm hurt and jealous."

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"I was sweating it out up here, pal," Roxy said. "You were the guy that counted. Now I'm home."

"When I heard you were working again at what you should, I knew it was going to be O.K. You ought to have been there."

"Maybe you don't know—I'm an ex-con. Somebody might make me down there, and it wouldn't be good publicity."

"I know. But you were an artist first, and now last. That's all that matters."

"Did you get my letter?"

"Yes," Tim said. "And I recognized the name you'd chosen and had a big laugh. I didn't answer it because I wanted to appear in person, but when I got an invitation from your gallery I told them I'd show up."

"I couldn't send a square letter," Roxy said, "and ask you to come by. It would have been like hollering for help. And I couldn't very well put into words the main reason I wrote. I knew I'd have to do that in person, provided you were interested."

"I'm interested."

"It's that lousy model you powdered on." Roxy hesitated. "The one I messed with and almost fractured myself. Well, I don't see her any more, but I hear she's still around and carrying a big, bright torch—for guess who. Look, it's none of my business and you may have other plans, but ——"

---

College will fit a man for marriage, especially if he worked his way through by washing dishes.

KENNETH L. KRICHBAUM

---

"I understand," Tim said, "and I'm working on it. . . . Roxy, you need more work—the kind you're doing now, not the kind that landed you in San Quentin. I'm going to butt in with some advice, and help you along in the painting racket."

"Oh, I was sort of active once," Roxy said, "but not any more. I did time and paid off. I'm cured and you can depend on me, see? The free advice I got to have. Thanks very much."

Larry put an arm around Tim's shoulders. "Sit down, pal," he said. "I like you. Should I go get you another snort?"

Through the open door came Yvonne, stiffened at Larry's pose, and rapidly produced a .38-caliber pistol from her purse. The men's jaws dropped.

"Los Angeles Police Department," she said. "You're under arrest. Face the wall, place your hands above your heads and stand still."

"Why, little Yvonne," Roxy said.

"Get over there!" Yvonne said. "I've got two men downstairs backing me up."

Roxy, Larry and Herbie faced the wall and spread-eagled themselves. Tim started to join them.

"Not you, stupid," Yvonne said. "Frisk them."

"Eh?" Tim said.

"For concealed weapons!"

Tim went through the motions of patting his pals.

"I got a nail file that's pretty sharp," Larry said. "You better lift it, pal."

"You wonder why I quit?" Roxy said to Tim. "What chance have you got when your old girl friends start carrying guns and shaking you down in art galleries?"

"They're clean, dear," Tim said.

"You may turn around," Yvonne said. "Keep your hands where they are. I want to warn you that both downstairs exits are covered." She was very flushed.

She restored the pistol to her purse. "Why did you send that letter, you ape?" she said. "Are you punch-drunk? That's a parole violation."

"Huh?" Roxy said.

"A silly thing happened with it, Roxy," Tim said. "I put it aside and my secretary got hold of it and took the message big. She sent it to the cops without telling me."

"Oh, mercy," Roxy said.

"Trying to make a career by strong-arm methods!" Yvonne said. "You always were an idiot. And you're so dumb you wouldn't even let Tim save you; he stood down there and lied about your daubs and tried to get out. But you had to haul him up here and get tough and ruin it! I could cry!"

"Go ahead, little Yvonne," Roxy said. "We'll stand right where we are."

"Has he told you yet you're a bum?" she demanded. "He will, believe me. That's his specialty—cutting people down."

"Oh, yes," Roxy said. "But I knew it already, so it wasn't a surprise. You agree with him?"

"I—I don't know," Yvonne said. "I didn't examine your work too closely. I was too busy."

"Remember how she used to sketch?" Roxy said to Tim. "She couldn't draw a straight line. How did she ever get mixed up with serious art?"

"By taking off her clothes," Tim said. "What do you care? You had all the talent among us. We don't need her vote."

"I'm terribly sorry," Yvonne said. "I have to do my duty." She swallowed with difficulty. "Tim, were you telling the truth down there? I thought myself that ——"

"I was telling the truth. He's got it in the large economy size."

Her eyes brimmed. "I'm so happy. . . . How do we explain that letter?"

"By simply telling the truth," Tim said. "Back in school, Roxy and I had a private joke—we invented an ideal painter who could do anything, and we called him Dirk Polgarde. We had a whole routine about him. He did perfect pictures, romanced beautiful ladies, traveled over the world, fought duels—lived the way we wanted to. Roxy knew when he sent the letter that I'd get the connection."

"Oh, for Pete's sake!" Yvonne cried. "Who would believe that?"

"Actually," Tim said, "my pal wasn't writing for himself, but trying to get me out here so he could sound me on meeting you again."

"Oh, no!" Yvonne said.

"Tim," Roxy said, "if there's anything I don't like, it's a crying cop. Take her away."

Advancing to the policewoman, Tim extended his arms. She went into them, put her head on his chest and wept.

"I thought they were starting to work you over," she said brokenly. "I'd kill anybody that harmed a hair of your brushy head."

"You know something nice?" Roxy said. "None of us have changed. It's just like old times. I'm still the third one that makes the crowd."

"I've got the officer," Tim said, "but you've got the message. I envy you."

"You think I don't envy you?" Roxy said. "Tim, am I going up again for trying to make a couple of pals happy?"

Tim took Yvonne to the doorway.

"I'm going to the chief of police," he said, "so Sergeant Friday here can turn in her resignation. I'll take along some lawyers and character references and enough money to post bond, and discuss you. Oh, yes, and one of your pictures for them to see. All right?"

"Sure," Roxy said. He shook his head and grinned crookedly. "Lovely flatfeet. What'll they think of next?"

"The dames pinch you instead of you pinching them," Herbie said.

"I knew it was too good to last," Larry said.

THE END

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# Ivan Goes to Sea (Continued from Page 25)

Though our concern over Russia's accomplishment has lately centered on her launching of the first earth satellite, the Soviet navy cannot be ignored. Since World War II it has expanded, in personnel and in matériel, faster than any other Soviet armed service. It has built more cruisers and destroyers since the war ended than any other power in the world. Its magnetic mines were a major threat in Korean waters. It has more than 3600 planes, many of them jets, but all of them land-based. It has pioneered in ice navigation. It is the master of the landlocked and shallow seas that girdle Russia's coasts—the Black, the Caspian, the Baltic, the Sea of Okhotsk. It has almost nine times as many submarines as Germany had at the start of World War II, and its goal may be 1200. In short, Russia is becoming a naval power—with all the consequences to future history that this fact indicates.

Moscow's dawning understanding of the importance of sea power was emphasized with dramatic force this last summer. In June and July: Three Soviet submarines cruised through the English Channel and the Strait of Gibraltar into the Mediterranean. They were delivered to Egypt—the first submarines owned by a mid-Eastern power. Two Soviet destroyers passed through the Suez Canal—the first Russian men-of-war to do so since 1917. A modern Soviet cruiser, two destroyer escorts and a destroyer steamed out of the Black Sea through the Dardanelles into the Mediterranean, and thence north from Gibraltar to the Baltic. Soviet mine sweepers steamed into the midst of maneuvers of the new West German Navy in the Baltic.

These events were not simply coincidence. The elephant—as Churchill once described Russia—is challenging the whale—the Western maritime powers—in the whale's own element. The Heartland empire of Soviet Russia is expanding into the Rimlands, or coastal powers of Eurasia.

Russia's naval past is very spotty, distinguished by bravery, but also by ineptitude. The Communist record at sea in World War II was almost as inept as that of the Czarist fleet in the Russo-Japanese War. There were no Tsushimas—the annihilating defeat of a Russian fleet by the Japanese in 1905—but there was nothing else either. The Soviet Navy simply had virtually no influence on the course of the war. Except, paradoxically, on land—Soviet sailors, organized as ground units, joined bravely in some of the bloodiest battles of World War II—the record of the Red Fleet was poor.

This lack of a tradition of victory and of combat-trained leaders—no Communist fleet has ever fought a naval battle—is not the only handicap of the Russian Navy. Geography and climate are its principal enemies. The Black Sea, the Baltic, the Arctic Ocean, the Sea of Okhotsk are either fringed with ice much of the year or are virtually landlocked. The entrances—the water gateways—to these seas are controlled by other powers or are easily barred by mines and bombing. Petropavlovsk, in Kamchatka, is the only Soviet naval base which fronts upon the open ocean. It is icebound three months each year.

The Soviet fleets, therefore, are separated by thousands of miles of steppe and tundra. They are not mutually supporting and never can be. In strategic terms this means that Russia's favorable "interior" land position, with its shorter lines of communication, is lost in naval warfare, for her ships must skirt the periphery of the Eurasian land mass with the tremendous distances such routes mean.

Thus geography and climate impose a tremendous handicap upon the development of any deep-sea naval strategy. On the other hand, the very same factors make the U.S.S.R. strong in a defensive naval sense within her narrow seas and along her coasts. It is enormously difficult to reach the vitals of Russia by ship.

Russia has built an unconventional navy to meet these difficult geographic and climatic conditions. Until after World War II, the Red Fleet was a mixture of obsolete vessels and some modern light craft—the product of a strategy based on coast defense and prestige. But Fleet Admiral Nikolai G. Kuznetsov, who has been called the "father" of the modern Soviet Fleet, impressed upon his Communist buddies the importance of the German submarine campaign and the American victory at sea in the Pacific. Russia acquired as prizes of war some German Type 21 (high speed) submarines and German submarine designers and technicians. Soviet postwar five-year plans provided for major expansion of shipbuilding industries, and Kuznetsov, aided by his political power—he was at one time the sixth- or seventh-ranking military man in the Soviet Union—built a fleet. Out of the Soviet shipyards came the Sverdlovs—a class of big, rangy cruisers displacing 12,800 tons, bows strengthened against ice, with high freeboards for stormy seas and armed with guns, torpedoes and mines. The Sverdlovs are lightly gunned for their tonnage—twelve 5.9-inch guns, plus heavy antiaircraft armament. But they appear to have fast heels and considerable cruising range—vessels suitable for the deep seas outside as well as Russia's waters closer to home.

Two classes of big, heavy destroyers—the Skorys (2200 tons) and the Kotlins (3100 tons), fast and powerful—were also added to the Soviet Navy list in formidable numbers. And about 1950, Soviet shipyards—some of them on Russia's great rivers far inland—commenced to spew a tremendous fleet of new submarines based on German designs.

During the last two years this process of building one of the world's greatest fleets was interrupted by a crisis which cannot yet be fully evaluated. Kuznetsov, almost a fixture in the Soviet naval scene—a Stalin protégé who survived the Stalin era to become politically and militarily important in the period of so-called committee rule—disappeared with a "heart attack." He was succeeded by a naval unknown—Admiral Sergei G. Gorshkov—whose climb to power apparently has been based on his political ability rather than as a seagoing commander.

When Kuznetsov's displacement became known, it was linked to the reported capsizing of the old Soviet battleship October Revolution. This obsolete hulk was supposed to have struck a mine in the Black Sea and to have capsized with considerable loss of life. The accident is said to have revealed the poor condition of the ship and bad discipline and morale of the crew.

Kuznetsov's disappearance was accompanied by a shift in one or two other high naval commands, a reduction in naval membership in the Central Committee of the Communist Party, a spate of spiteful remarks about the Red Fleet by Khrushchev and others, and—most important—a halt in the Soviet cruiser-construction program. Work stopped on ships still on the ways at Leningrad and elsewhere. Subsequently high board fences ringed in the shipyards, so that passing observers could no longer see the unfinished hulls.

Latest reports indicate that hulls which were unfinished a year ago are still on the ways, and that other empty shipyards—scheduled for additional cruisers—are still empty.

All these changes add up to the end of one era for the new Soviet Navy and the start of another. Contrary to Khrushchev's words, there has been no abandonment of naval construction. Submarines are still being launched at the rate of three to six a month; it is likely that the unfinished cruisers are being modified, not abandoned, and that the empty ways may soon be filled with merchant ships or new types of men-of-war.

Apparently the Kremlin took a new look at their navy, and decided that the revolution in naval technology which has been so pronounced in the United States Navy was not being applied fast enough to the Red Fleet. Instead of constructing more large-hulled, lightly gunned Sverdlovs, why not build missile cruisers? And what about nuclear-powered ships? The current Soviet five-year plan includes a nuclear-powered icebreaker—a natural for the northern sea route where oil is sometimes in short supply. And undoubtedly nuclear-powered submarines and perhaps whaling ships are in the plans.

Thus the Soviet Navy—already numerically the world's second largest fleet—appears to be entering upon the nuclear-and-missile age at sea.

It opens the new chapter with a fleet that is already formidable defensively and—for the first time in a century—offensively.

In terms of personnel, the Soviet Navy is far larger than the British, and just about as big as the United States Fleet. In terms of ships, the Soviet Navy is closer to ours than ever before, as the result of the economy cut of ninety-six ships made from our fleet five weeks ago. The Red Fleet numbered in 1956 more than 800,000 men—probably as many as 850,000. (U. S. Navy personnel number about 665,000; U. S. Marines almost 190,000.)

In that year Moscow announced with a lot of fanfare that their armed forces were to be reduced by 1,200,000 men—and an unannounced portion of this cut was to be borne by the navy. Then came the Hungarian uprisings, and to date there is no proof that the cuts ever have been made.

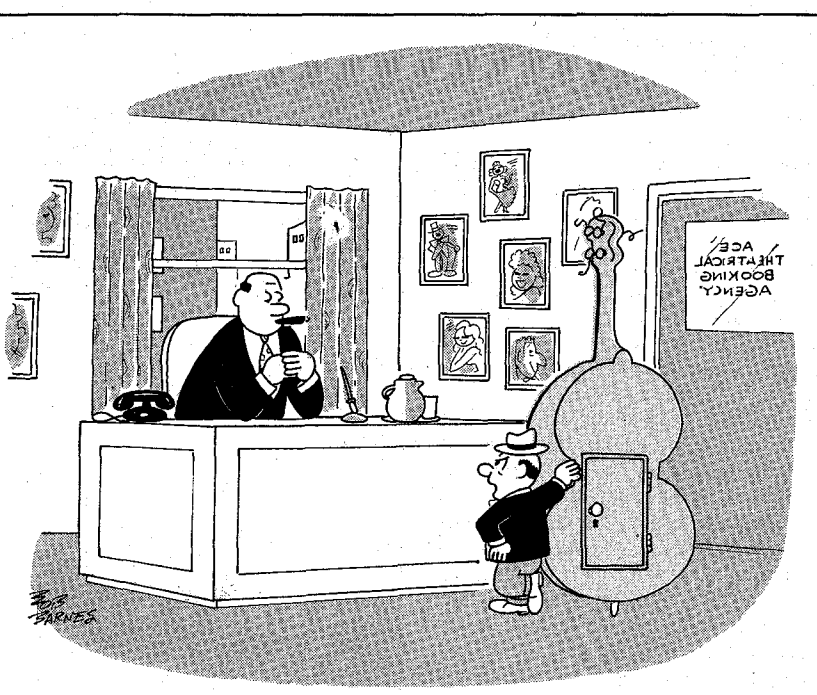
The Soviet naval organization, unlike our own, includes coast-defense forces. The navy is responsible for the defense of certain areas of the Soviet coast up to fifty miles inland, and its men man coast-defense and antiaircraft guns, radar and communications stations in these coastal strips. About 300,000 to 350,000 men in the Soviet Navy are assigned to these land-based coast-defense forces and to the naval infantry, a unique corps, founded in 1705. These naval-infantry units—differing somewhat in concept from our marines—are organized and trained to fight alongside the Red Army in land battles. Another 75,000 to 110,000 men operate and maintain the navy's 3600 land-based planes. The rest—340,000 to 475,000 men—comprise the seagoing and shore administrative elements of the Soviet Navy. A minority, chiefly officers and petty officers, are permanent career personnel. The rest are conscripts who serve a minimum of four to five years, longer if they are specialists.

The Soviet sailor leads an exacting—and from the American point of view—an austere life. His service is a continuous cycle of training and political indoctrination. The Kremlin rulers never allow themselves to forget that Russia's history, in both Czarist and Communist days, has been marked by naval mutinies.

Aboard the modern Soviet ships the sailor sleeps on a lumpy cork mattress which becomes a liferaft in case his ship goes down. The washrooms and heads are adequate, though by American standards primitive. The heavy food is plentiful. Sick bays are generally modern. Recreational facilities all have the Marxist tinge. The ship's libraries in the Sverdlov cruisers, for instance, are roomy and contain a lot of books, but there are no Russian whodunits and little of Russia's great literature. The volumes deal chiefly with the dialectics of Communism and professional subjects. The libraries appear to be used chiefly for lectures.

The Red Fleet, by American standards, is unbalanced. It has no aircraft carriers, and, despite repeated rumors, none is being built. Its two or three forty-year-old battleships have some very limited utility for coastal bombardment, but they are maintained chiefly as training ships and for show.

The Soviet cruiser fleet, now numbering about twenty-seven ships—with other unfinished hulls still on the ways—is larger than Britain's. About twelve cruisers (*Continued on Page 114*)




"Sure, a lotta guys play bass fiddles—but how many from the inside?"

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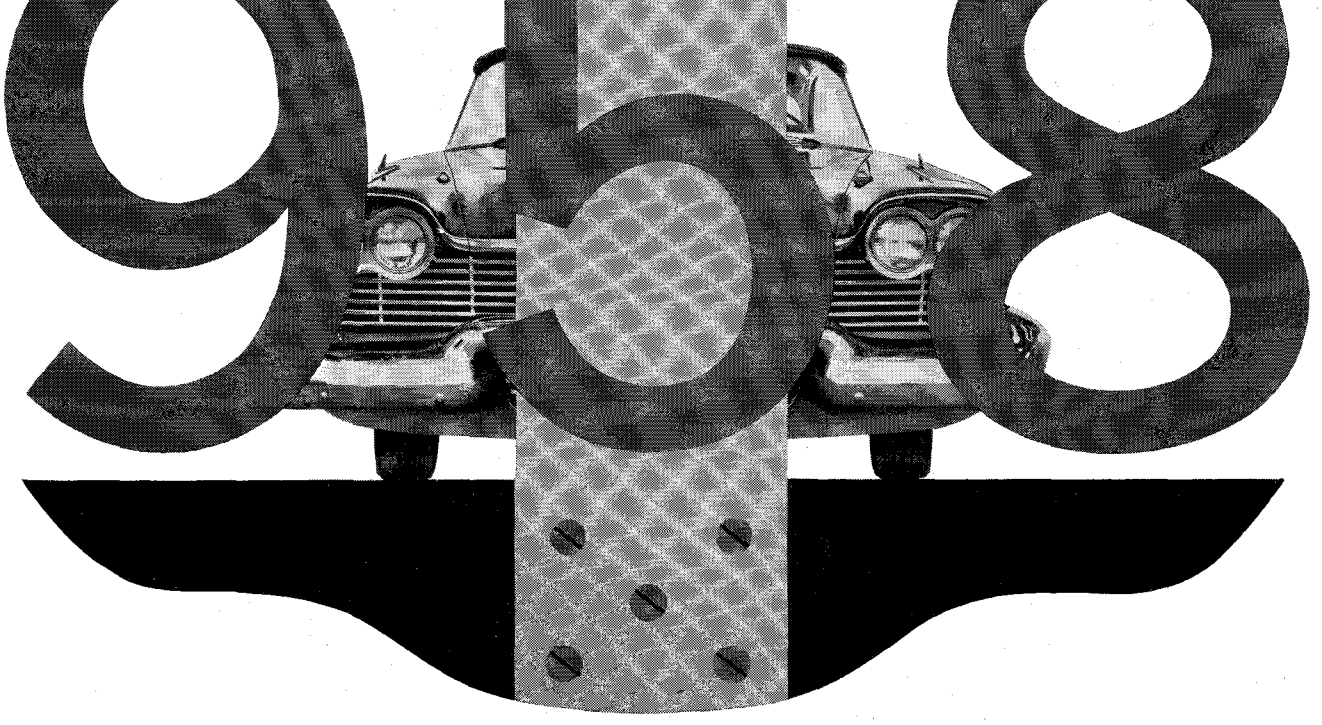

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(*Continued from Page 112*)

are of postwar construction and the rest are older. There are about 200 destroyer types—many of them small, short-legged and obsolete—but about half of them powerful, fast ships built since World War II. Some of the destroyers reflect the rakish, high-speed, short-range, powerfully gunned design of the Italians. The newer and bigger ones of the Skory and Kotlin classes are somewhat more like the longer-legged, deep-sea United States ships.

There are hundreds of mine craft, motor torpedo boats, patrol craft, landing craft and auxiliaries. The Soviet Fleet maintains more mine layers, mine sweepers and small coastal craft—what La Revue Maritime calls "the dust of the sea"—than any other power.

But her submarine force is Russia's great ace in the hole. Today, about 500 submarines—forty of them obsolete and inactive—have been identified in the Soviet Navy list, and more are being added weekly. Russia has built so many subs that she is transferring modern ones to some of her stooges. Egypt recently acquired two long-range W class and one coastal submarine, and some subs have gone to the Eastern European satellites.

The Soviet undersea fleet includes three general types of several classes each. Coastal submarines of the M class—small and of very limited cruising range, suitable for work in the Baltic and Black Sea—are the most numerous. They are plainly a defensive type. But probably 200 to 250 submarines are medium-range or long-range types, built since World War II. These are all equipped with the snorkel—or breathing tube—which enables a submarine to use her Diesels and hence to cruise indefinitely at periscope depth, at high speed.

The medium-range Q class appears to have been designed with sufficient cruising radius for operations around the British Isles and in Western Pacific and European waters. There are probably more than 100 of these. The long-range type which displace from 1700 to more than 2000 tons are of two classes—the 240-foot-long W class, and the even larger and newer Z type. Both have trans-oceanic cruising ranges; many carry mines as well as torpedoes.

Soviet naval aviation is tailored to two missions—support of the surface forces in defense of the Soviet coasts and contiguous shipping lanes, and co-operation with submarines. The Red Navy flyers use army titles of rank, but they wear naval uniforms and they are an integral part of the Soviet Fleet, though they are all land-based. Each of the principal fleet commanders—there are two fleets in the Baltic, two in the Far East, one in the Arctic and one in the Black Sea—controls his own supporting air element. Like the surface forces, Soviet naval flyers specialize in mine laying, but they have many other capabilities, including torpedo and bomb attacks against shipping, reconnaissance, coastal fighter defense, and so on. Most important, perhaps, is their co-operation with submarines in scouting.

For this last job, the Russians have a lot of long-range planes—like the great turboprop Bear, shown at the Moscow air show in 1956; the heavy bomber Bison, with four turbojets and a speed of 550 miles plus, and a newer and much faster medium bomber. The Soviet Navy also flies modern jet fighters, seaplanes, transports and special naval attack planes.

Such is the 1957 Red Fleet—a mixture of old and new, obsolete and modern—a mixture, too, of concepts.

Prestige is undoubtedly one of the factors behind the enormous Soviet construction program of the last seven years—a program which has outbuilt the United States in new submarine tonnage by 6 to 1, in destroyer tonnage by 9 to 1, and in cruiser tonnage by 14 to 1. But prestige alone is a diminishing factor. In fact, Khrushchev's caustic comments of last year indicate that to him it wasn't of sufficient importance to justify such a construction program.

The Soviet Navy is tailored to two primary concepts. One is purely defensive—an extension seawards of the land strategy which always has been the dominant *motif* of Russian military thought. Powerful elements of the Soviet Navy—its land-based aviation, its tremendous fleets of mine craft, coastal submarines and torpedo boats—are clearly earmarked for coast defense, to make Soviet lakes of the Baltic and Black Seas and to protect the sea flank of the Red Army. This defensive concept includes short-range amphibious operations around the Eurasian land mass, backed up by the cruisers and destroyers of the Red Fleet. Such operations against the Turkish coast; Hokkaido, Japan; the outer Aleutians; Northern Norway or even Iceland fit into Moscow's strategy of denying any enemy the flanking sea approaches to the Russian Heartland.

But in addition to this powerful defensive capability, the Soviet Navy for the first time in a generation has an offensive punch. Russia's medium- and long-range submarines, long-range planes and a few of her surface ships implement a plan for guerrilla-warfare strategy at sea. Enemy shipping routes—the basic maritime links that are the vital arteries of the grand alliance of the West—are plainly the objectives. Soviet offensive maritime strategy aims to sever those arteries. They are vital. Less than one half of one per cent in tonnage of all personnel and matériel that goes overseas is transported by air—all the rest is carried in ships.

In any one day there are about 2000 merchant ships in the North Atlantic sea lanes and about 600 in the North Pacific. Sink them and Western Europe dies, the American economy runs down and the grand alliance disintegrates.

Moscow plans submarine warfare on an unprecedented scale against Allied shipping lanes; torpedo attacks against convoys and single ships; extensive mine laying along the Eurasian and North American coasts; mass attacks from subsurface and air against the U.S. 6th Fleet in the Mediterranean, the U.S. 7th Fleet in the Far East, and against our naval vessels and merchant ships everywhere on the high seas. Such tactics have only one objective—to sever the United States, "Arsenal of Democracy," from its allies.

Unrestricted submarine warfare on such a scale implies many things. It represents essentially a war of attrition—relatively slow in its results. It would complement a Soviet land offensive in Western Europe. But its results would be felt too slowly to complement or supplement unrestricted air or missile warfare, or the unlimited use of nuclear weapons.

If the Russians plan unrestricted submarine warfare, they probably are not planning to use A-weapons first. But this somewhat oversimplified conclusion begs some questions. It suggests, really, that Russia is developing alternative strategies, flexible military concepts—several ways to win a war, instead of putting all her eggs in one basket.

But it also suggests that her submarine fleet and her surface fleet are now undergoing major modifications, that in future they may not be intended solely for commerce destruction.

From the Baltic have come reports of the sighting of a Soviet submarine with a small winged missile, like our Navy's Regulus type, on deck. Missiles of this kind are pilotless aircraft, with 500 to 700 miles range and speeds of 500 to 800 miles an hour. They can carry nuclear warheads.

This missile-firing submarine is indicative of the shape of things to come. The Russians have not yet succeeded in the difficult task of mating a ballistic missile—a great rocket like the German V-2 which bombarded London in World War II—with a submarine. Moscow has not yet built a nuclear-powered submersible, like our Nautilus, with its underwater cruising range limited only by the endurance of its crew.

But the day of the nuclear-powered, missile-firing submarine, armed with a giant rocket with a range of 1000 to 1500 miles, carrying a nuclear warhead, is clearly forecast. Russia is unquestionably adapting her navy to that day. And when that day comes, the Soviet Fleet will have an offensive strategic capability previously unknown in Russian history. Its submarines will be able to launch devastating attacks deep into the heart of North America.

The Soviet Navy, therefore, has acquired a strategic importance unprecedented in the past, and the pattern of its naval program is becoming plain. But programs and hopes are far different from capabilities.

How good is the Red Navy?

There are many and contradictory clues. One of the most puzzling is that Soviet submarines—like the bombers of Russia's long-range air fleets—very rarely cruise far from the Eurasian coasts. There have been, of course, repeated "Russian sub" scares all over the world—on our Atlantic and Caribbean coasts, in the Pacific off Hawaii and our Eniwetok nuclear proving ground, and elsewhere. Most of these are like "Flying Saucer" reports—unverified and unverifiable. There have been a few of what the Navy calls "positives"—sightings evaluated as definite—and some "probables." But visual sightings and complete identifications of Soviet submarines on the high seas far from their own bases are very rare, indeed. And this poses the paradox:

How can the Soviet submarine crews train properly unless they take long cruises far from their bases? There is no easy answer to this question, and it poses only one of many similar contradictory clues to the capabilities of the Red Fleet.

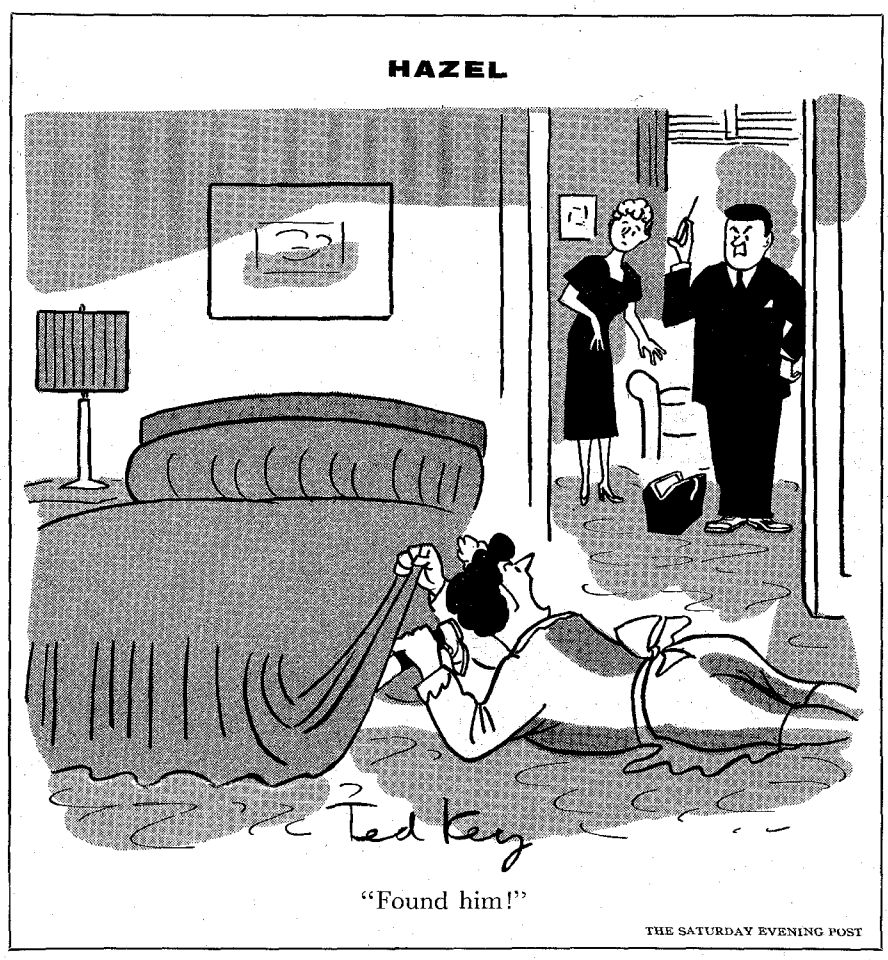
Churchill once described the U.S.S.R. as a "riddle wrapped in a mystery inside an enigma."

Yet a more accurate assessment would be: "Everything you say about Russia and the Soviet Navy is true. There is no real mystery, only varying degrees of ignorance. Our factual knowledge is limited by the Iron Curtain and the secrecy with which the Russians shroud even simple and unimportant things. Russia is a land of contrasts; all of its institutions are uneven."

The Russian Navy, in other words, is good and bad—at its best, very good; at its worst, slovenly, unskilled, unimpressive. It is a navy on the make—far from finished. It has a solid cadre of well-trained professionals, but too few in number and very limited in real seagoing combat experience. It is strong defensively in its narrow seas and it is a master of sea mining. But it lacks that vast body of know-how—of salt-water tradition, of nautical experience, of global cruising, the habit of victory—for which there is no substitute.

The Red Fleet is becoming a formidable strategic instrument. But in this one man's opinion it has not yet become the major offensive menace which its great numerical strength would imply. But, potentially, it provides the Kremlin with that most precious of military assets—alternatives, or choice. It enables a flexible strategy; it is quite clear that Russia has not put all her military eggs in one basket. The Red Navy means that Moscow does not intend to depend upon the air-borne delivery system alone; that, indeed, she has—if she needs to employ it—an alternative to the A-bomb in waging global war.

In the long-term history of our times it means that the muzhik of the Heartland, the peasant of steppes and tundra, is trying to become a hard-case shellback, with all that that implies. THE END

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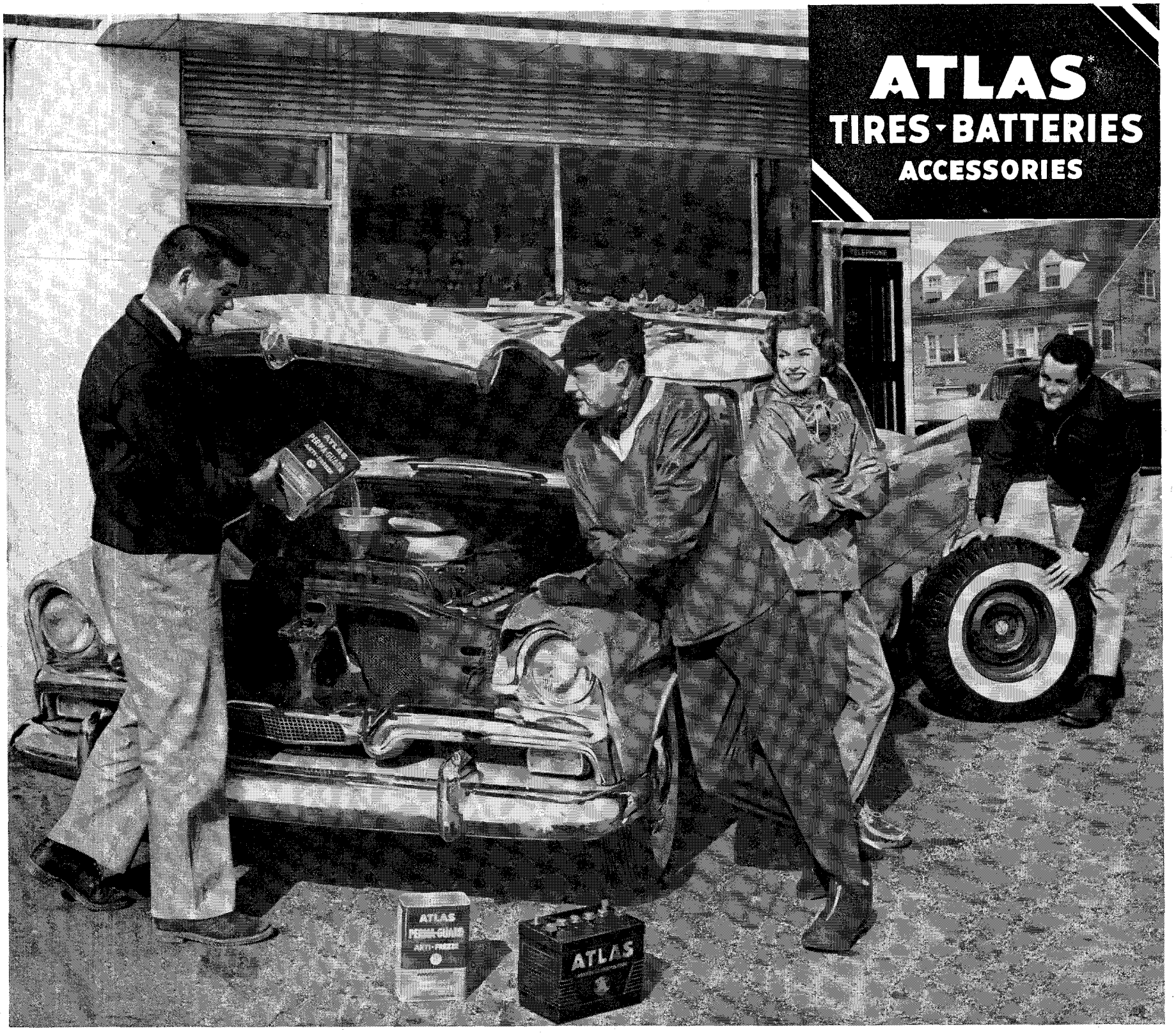


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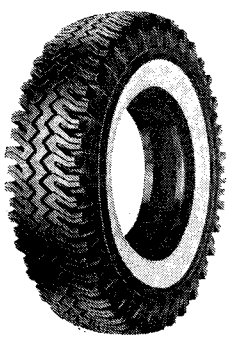

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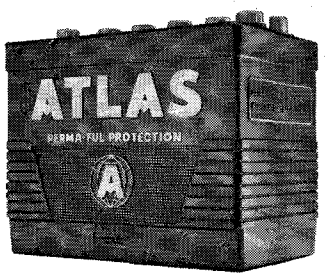


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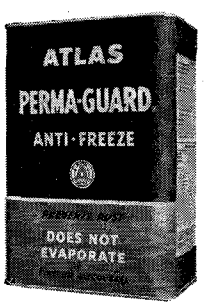


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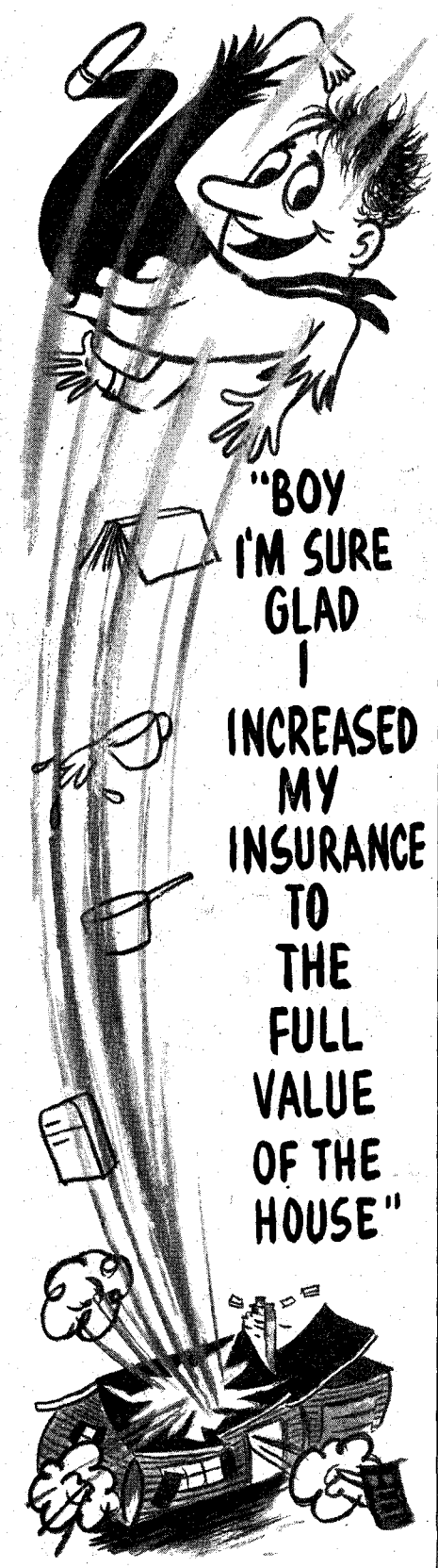


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# Keeping Posted

## Meet the Linkletters

**Art Linkletter** was born in 1912 in Moose Jaw, Saskatchewan; from there it was quite a journey to Hollywood and fame as an entertainer, but he made it. Art's father, a shoemaker and itinerant evangelist, moved the family to Lowell, Massachusetts, when Art was two, and later they settled down for keeps in San Diego, California. After high school, young Linkletter roamed the U.S., sampling such jobs as bus boy, forest-fire fighter, theater usher, meat packer and Wall Street clerk; then he acquired an A.B. degree at San Diego State College, married Miss Lois Foerster, got an announcing job at local radio station KGB—and away he went on the fameward road. Special fame came to him (with a bow to his partner, John Guedel) for the People Are Funny TV-radio program, and later his House Party show, whose uninhibited children inspired his current book, Kids Say the Darndest Things (Prentice-Hall), now being extracted on page 22. And speaking of children, Art's own brood consists of Jack, 19; Dawn, 17; Robert, 13; Sharon, 11; and Diane, 9. Their father recalls that when Jack was eight, he joyfully said the darndest thing one day, "Hey, it says here in Variety that we're going to have a new baby! What's his name?"

The Linkletter home is a lively place. Recently Mr. and Mrs. L. gave a poolside party with flowers as floating decorations, and early next morning, while adults slumbered, youthful Diane collected some friends and they opened a flower-selling stand for passing tourists. Before Papa Linkletter intervened, the merchants made $4.75.

The seven Linkletters in the family car.

## Post Author Has Winning Ways

Steven Spencer.

Science editor **Steven M. Spencer**, having won many annual awards for his medical articles in the Post, has switched to a new routine—the winning of two in one year. His receipt of the Distinguished Service Award of the National Cystic Fibrosis Research Foundation, Philadelphia Chapter, for contribution to lay understanding was noted here last June. Last month he received American Heart Association's Howard W. Blakeslee Award (including $500) for They Repair Damaged Hearts, in the April 7, '56, Post—"the past year's outstanding magazine article in the cardiovascular field, written with warmth, understanding and meticulous care for scientific fact." Spencer's heart article ran recently in the State Department's magazine America Illustrated, which circulates in Russia; and his book, Wonders of Modern Medicine (McGraw-Hill, 1953), is out in a Spanish edition, soon will appear in Italian. You can read Spencer in English on page 34.

## Sic Transit Gloria Mundi—and How!

**Bob Sherrod,** who was the Far Eastern correspondent for this magazine before he became its managing editor, recently took a trip out to Tokyo. His wife didn't go the whole way, but decided to stop off and stay with friends in the Hawaiian Islands, specifically at Pearl Harbor. When Mr. S. arrived in Tokyo he addressed a cablegram to "Mrs. Sherrod, Makalapa Drive, Pearl Harbor" and left it with the clerk at the desk of the Imperial Hotel. A few minutes later a bellboy was chasing Mr. S. across the lobby, exclaiming, "Sorry, sir, cable office they say where is this place Pearl Harbor?"

## The Author Who Shuns Words

Louis Paul.

Author **Louis Paul** reports from Huntington, New York, that because words are his work he goes for hobbies that *don't* use words. Such as ballet and orchestral music, where he can try to guess what dancers and composers are trying to say; and he deeply enjoys turning off the sound on television and letting the mum actors just sweat it out. The demise of the silent movies made him sad. "Yet," he says, "I *do* love words, when articulately arranged." As on page 28.

**NEXT WEEK'S POST:**
"Soapy, the Boy Wonder"

Michigan's Governor G. Mennen Williams, a wellborn Democrat, is surprisingly talented as a shirt-sleeve vote getter. How durable are his glittering political charms?

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